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THE

PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN FRANCE;

OR,

HISTORY OF THE HUGONOTS.

VOL. II.

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The Wood-engravings given in the following Work are executed by Mr. G. MEASOM.

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE HUGONOTS.

BOOK III.

FROM THE RISE OF THE FIRST TROUBLES TO THE DEATH OF CHARLES IX.

CONFERENCE OF CATHERINE, DUKE DE GUISE, AND CARDINAL DE LORRAINE.

CHAPTER I.

PROCEEDINGS AFTER THE PEACE.—SIEGE OF HAVRE.—MAJORITY OF THE KING.—THE GUISES PURSUE THE ADMIRAL FOR THE MURDER OF THE DUKE.—CONDE AT COURT.

THE endeavour to carry out the articles of the Edict of Pacification throughout the kingdom proved to be an affair of more or less difficulty, exactly according to the opinions which prevailed in the several towns and governments where it was addressed.

Where the Protestants had the upper hand, much as they were disappointed by its provisions, immediate submission was rendered to the enactment. Arms were laid down—churches, relics, and confiscated property of all sorts restored—and the Reformed yielding a large proportion of the scanty privileges granted by the Edict of January, consented to limit the public celebration of

the rites of their religion to the places appointed by the law; namely, a large town in each district; these districts being of such extent that the members of the congregation in order to attend divine worship had most frequently many leagues to go. On the contrary, where the Catholics had the upper hand, obedience to the Edict was openly refused, and it was with difficulty these ferocious and turbulent fanatics were persuaded to suffer their fellow-subjects even to exist.

Contrasted with the violence, ferocity, and insubordination of the Catholic population, this peaceable and reasonable temper upon the part of the members of the Reformed churches speaks volumes for the moral effect of their principles of religion—and should teach us what, in the course of even one generation, may be effected for the improvement of mankind by a simple and earnest adherence to the leading principles of Gospel truth. It is with much hesitation that I venture to differ upon this subject from two such historians as MM. de Sismondi and Capefigue; but I think neither of them have done justice to the spirit of the Reformed churches at this period. M. de Sismondi, benevolent as are his feelings, strong as is his love of justice, and his heart so ever ready to maintain the cause of the oppressed, appears to me to have scarcely sympathised, as might have been expected, with these unequalled sufferings, and this unmitigated oppression. Misled, I cannot but think, by the vague invectives of the Catholic historians, he seems to have considered the Protestants as gloomy fanatics—ready for, and guilty of, almost equal violence with their adversaries; the detail of their proceedings, as I have laboured to show, tells us a far other tale.

M. Capefigue, on his part, appears to me — if I may presume to say so—to have taken his impressions too

much from the hot and exaggerated statements which he finds in the papers and pamphlets of the high Catholic party, and to have represented the proceedings of the government rather as the result of an overruling destiny—or of some invincible external force perhaps I should say—than as a necessary consequence of the want of all moral rectitude upon the part of the directing powers. He speaks with contempt of that *Tiers parti* with De l'Hôpital at at their head, which, if one may believe the detailed accounts of the Protestant historians, would have found supporters in a great mass of the Catholic, and almost the whole of the Protestant population, had but the more violent and turbulent spirits been kept effectually in check—as might easily have been done—by a determined perseverance in the administration of equal justice upon the part of their rulers.

My limits will not allow me to support my opinion by enumerating the facts upon which it has been formed, but to a candid examination of the facts I appeal in defence of it.

I will summon one only from the host of witnesses I could call up in my support, and that is rather a singular one. It is the fierce Montluc, whose barbarities during the late troubles had made his name a bye-word and a proverb. This example shows the result which might have been anticipated, had there been a general adherence to the rules he proposed to himself, when endeavouring to surmount the difficulty imposed upon all by the rapid progress of new opinions among men surrounded by an ignorant and hostile population.

No sooner had he received the Edict than with his usual rude energy he immediately set about carrying it into execution. He disbanded the new levies,[1] he tells

[1] Mém. de Montluc.

us, brought back the artillery, and drew together his bands of soldiers, horse and foot, "in order that the people might not be eaten up, so that in eight days every one had retired; for I felt sure that I could keep Guyenne without à garrison of either infantry or cavalry, and so I did for five years. Horseman or footman pillaged, no not so much as one pullet in all that time, *et avec bravoures et menaces je tenois tout le monde en crainte et fit poser les armes.* No one was allowed to carry arms except gentlemen, *l'epée et la dague*—I put the whole country into a fright by hanging up two Catholic soldiers for transgressing the Edict; after which none of them dared take any mischief in hand. Upon this the Hugonots fancied they should come off easy, and that I should not punish *them.* Two of their religion transgressed the Edict, *et soudain ils furent pendus pour faire compagnie aux autres.*[1] Now when these good people saw that neither one side nor the other would meet with any indulgence if they transgressed—they began to like and frequent each other, *à s'entre aimer et s'entre fréquenter.* Thus I preserved peace for three years in the province of Gascony; and I believe if every one had done the same—without partiality to one side or the other—we should never have had so many troubles in this kingdom."

The death of the Duke de Guise had restored Catherine de Medicis to the possession once more of the supreme authority. The Edict of pacification had again assembled around her the leading men of both the great existing factions, and the opportunity was yet offered of selecting from among them the materials of a strong and equitable administration, built upon a just consideration

[1] But I hanged them up in a twinkling, to keep the others company.

of the claims of the contending parties. An administration prepared to support the authority of her son, and strong enough, to maintain by a courageous repression of every disorder, that peace which it was so evidently the best interest of the government to establish.

Unhappily the qualities necessary for the noble part assigned to her were, as we have seen, entirely wanting in this Queen; and the black system of secret treachery, which beginning now, or soon after, was carried on for so many years, is, it may be hoped, almost without parallel in the history of mankind.

At first there is a show of moderation and of single-handed justice in the proceedings of the government which almost puzzle us, when a Catherine de Medicis is at its head. But it is probable, that the Queen, in the absence of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and after the death of the great and powerful Duke de Guise was for some time actually under the influence of the wise and good men who were now again thrown into communication with her; and it was not till subsequent events had exposed her anew to other influences, that her character, so vacillating, so temporising, and founded upon no solid basis of duty or principle, finally took that fatal bias which proved the cause of so much bloodshed and misery.

Le Laboureur gives it as his opinion, that Catherine committed a capital error at the very outset of her new career.[1] In spite of her promises expressed or implied, she disappointed Condé of the Lieutenant-Generalcy of the kingdom. For she was too jealous of her own power to bestow it upon him. "Had she," says he, "nominated him in performance of her promise, as was to have

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.

been desired for the tranquillity of France—he would have changed his religion, or, at least, would never again have made it an affair of state, and by degrees the zeal of the *novateurs*, when irritated by no resistance, might have declined."[1]

Le Laboureur does injustice to Condé by what is here implied. His religion, whatever his faults, was not an affair of state merely. His persuasions upon the subject were deep and sincere, though no doubt his zeal and devotion to the cause of the Reform were encreased by his generous sense of the miseries he saw around him. Had he been endowed with the high place and consequent influence which would have enabled him to shelter those of his persuasion from a repetition of the grievous cruelty and injustice they had suffered, there is reason to agree with Le Laboureur that he and they would have remained perfectly quiet and obedient.

The negotiations being concluded, the principal parties separated. The Constable retired in high discontent to Chantilli. The Admiral went for the present to his own favourite estate of Châtillon sur Loire, where we will follow him for a short space, and learn from Beza,[2] how he employed himself.

"The Sieurs Amiral and D'Andelot," says he, "with what remained of their families, (the Sieur Amiral having lost his eldest son, of an inflammatory fever at Orleans, and the Sieur d'Andelot, his eldest daughter, of the plague at Châtillon) being returned home, celebrated the Lord's Supper at Easter, which fell that day upon the 4th of April.

"Which was done not without great rejoicings upon the part of those of the Religion, who had, indeed, much

1 Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.
2 Beza, Hist. des Églises, b. 7, A.D. 1563.

reason to return thanks unto God on account of the present state of their affairs. The 15th of that same month the said Sieur Amiral, followed by a large company of gentlemen, came to his seat of justice—'*son auditoire de justice*,' where, after having invoked the name of God, and commanded that the sittings should in future open with prayer, (according to a form which soon after was engraved on a tablet and fixed up in the hall) Jean Mâlot, his minister, made a long explanation, *remontrance*, of the causes of the calamities and ruin of princedoms and kingdoms; exhorting magistrates to do good and prompt justice, and subjects to live in peace and obedience to the laws of their superiors, and the said Admiral to look well to these things. The said Admiral afterwards, as he was one of the rarest personages, *comme c'étoit une personne des plus rares*, who ever appeared of his quality in France, made also a most excellent remonstrance; declaring from how many dangers God had delivered him in so short time, to whose glory and the preservation of his people he dedicated and devoted the rest of his life. Then, having exhorted his officers of justice to fulfil the duties of their several places worthily and well, he said, that he should increase their salaries, in order that they might lie under no temptation to administer justice for bribes. Admonishing them to chastise all with due severity, who, under pretence that justice might be had for nothing, should abuse this advantage. Finally, he protested, that though, during his absence, many had grievously offended him both by word and deed, of which he was well apprised—nevertheless, he frankly forgave the past, hoping thus to encourage every one to do better in future: and he prayed of them, each and all, to give diligent hearing to the word of God, which he would do all that lay in his power to provide should be purely

and sincerely preached to them, and in obedience to the edicts of the King his sovereign lord."

We further learn that, by his orders, the Reformers quitted the church which they had occupied during the troubles, restored it to the Catholic priests, and contented themselves, for want of other accommodation, with preaching in the open air—though some time afterwards, as it appears, the priests refusing to return and resume their religious offices at Châtillon, the Calvinists once more used the church as a place of worship.

Condé, young and fond of pleasure, and as yet little disciplined by adversity, was led by the Queen in triumph, a willing captive to the Court—there to be cajoled by flatteries, caresses, and false promises, by which his public virtue was put in jeopardy, while his fidelity to his admirable wife was betrayed, in the midst of those guilty pleasures, which Catherine loved to encourage — completing the mischiefs she was preparing for France, by poisoning the spring at its source, and corrupting, as far as in her lay, the manners and habits of the higher nobility of the kingdom. Courts are seldom remarkable for morality, but hers was distinguished above all which had preceded it for the excess of its disorders. Here, shame in women, and fidelity in men, were alike a jest. The softest feelings of nature were depraved to base and selfish purposes; and the very children imbibed lessons of licentiousness, which bore lamentable fruit in the succeeding generation. To the Demoiselle de Limeuil was confided the task of engaging the affections of Condé,—of obtaining possession of the secrets of his party, and binding him by the influence of her charms to the Court. The task was unhappily too easy. The young lady succeeded in seducing his affections from his admirable and devoted Princess, who, educated by an excellent and pious

mother, and a stranger to the dissoluteness of the times, was formed to feel in all its intensity those sentiments of mingled surprise, regret, disgust, and horror, with which the approach of actual vice into her own domestic circle first fills the heart of a virtuous woman. But her tears were vain. The beautiful Limeuil, in her endeavour to captivate, had herself fallen a victim to the passion she wished to inspire, and what she began as a passing commerce of gallantry, ended in a violent and absorbing attachment on both sides.

Under such influences the conduct of the Prince was such as to fill his best friends with regret and anxiety; and the very first step he was persuaded to take appeared alike inconsistent with the obligations of gratitude and the interests of his party—though it was probably coloured to him by an appearance of patriotism. The measure in question regarded the occupation of Havre by the English.

It will be recollected that the place had been surrendered by the Hugonots to Queen Elizabeth, as a pledge for the repayment of the sums she had advanced to their party. The proceeding was impolitic, for nothing that had passed had inspired such general indignation as thus to have given once more to the dreaded English a footing in France. The whole nation regarded the transaction with the greatest dislike and jealousy; while Queen Elizabeth set a very high value upon the possession; looking upon it as the means of offering an indemnity for, and thus securing the restoration of Calais: the loss of which the English nation had never ceased to deplore, and which she considered as unquestionably forming a part of her dominions, and was resolved to recover at any price. It had been made an article in the treaty of Cateau, 1559, when Elizabeth, who had at that time just ascended the throne, was without power to establish her claims,

that Calais should remain during eight years in the possession of the French King; after that time to be restored to the English "provided *le Sieur Roi, Reine Dauphine, ou la dite Reine d'Angleterre* should not undertake, or attempt directly or indirectly any thing one against the other in prejudice of the present treaty, under pain of forfeiting all right to the City of Calais." Upon this article arose a question as to which of the contracting parties had first infringed the treaty. Elizabeth asserted that it was the French, when Francis II. sent troops into Scotland; the French government maintained it to be Elizabeth when she assisted the Hugonots.

No sooner was the Edict of Pacification published, than Condé dispatched Briquemaud once more to Queen Elizabeth, to offer, upon the part of the King, the reimbursement of the sums lent to the Hugonots, and to demand in return the evacuation of Havre.

Elizabeth had been greatly offended by the manner in which Condé had concluded the peace; she, however, received Briquemaud graciously, it not being her intention to break with the party altogether, but she decidedly refused to surrender Havre. Upon this Catherine dispatched Robertet on her own part to endeavour to persuade the Queen of England to make the demanded cession; but he met with no better success. Elizabeth persisted in her refusal to evacuate the place, except upon the condition of receiving an equivalent in Calais.

It is extraordinary, however, that, great as was the value she attached to it, she seems to have failed in her usual activity as regarded the reinforcement of the place. It is probable that she had not calculated upon the possibility that parties apparently so hostile, and separated by such a long train of mutual affronts and injuries as those in France, could so speedily pass from the bitterest

animosity to the most cordial good understanding. She little expected to see Catholic and Protestant—Guisarde and Bourbonist, cheerfully marching under the same banner to drive her—the best friend of some of the most influential of the company,—across the channel again.

Pity that the feeling of common country which now united them should so soon give way before their fatal dissensions.

The siege of Havre being resolved upon, the Hugonots, with few exceptions, prepared with the greatest alacrity to march with their King against their old ally. And Condé, blinded by his passion, and ready to follow the Court wheresoever bound, cheerfully acquiesced in the Queen's laughing assertion, "that as he had led the English into France, he was bound to help to drive them out again." With the greatest imprudence he overlooked the fact, that Havre in such hands, was the strongest, and perhaps the only pledge for the faithful performance of the treaty of pacification.[1]

The Admiral endeavoured to dissuade the Queen herself from the undertaking; but we cannot wonder that his arguments were looked at as too interested to be regarded. He and D'Andelôt refused to take any part in the enterprise.

Before the Queen, however, (who looked upon herself as very capable of commanding a military expedition, and among her other ambitions had that of being considered an accomplished general)[2] could set out with the King to join her army, it was necessary to settle two matters of most pressing urgency—one regarded the

[1] De Thou and D'Aubigné.

[2] The Queen, when the Duke de Guise was before Orleans, tormented him by her military suggestions. Matthieu declares he saw one of her letters, in which she pressed him to surprise Orleans, and gave very particular directions as to the means for carrying her advice into execution. "Show your wife war," says she, "and let her learn as much experience as I have, that she may be my lieutenant, as you are that of the King, my son."

payment and dismissal of the Reisters, and other auxiliaries engaged by the Union; (the government having stipulated to furnish the means of discharging their arrears, and clearing France of these alarming visitors) and the second, the arrangement of the questions between the Admiral and the Duke de Guise.

The state of the finances, as declared by De l'Hôpital, exemplify, in a very striking manner, how scanty are the resources of a government in arms against its own children. To discharge the foreign soldiers alone (to say nothing of the arrears of pay due to the gens-d'armerie, amounting to an immense sum) there was wanting for the King's reisters 230,000 livres, for the King's German infantry 1,050,000, for the Italians 75,000, for the reisters and Germans of the Hugonot army 600,000, for the Swiss 1,030,000; making in all 2,985,000, which, added to the arrears due to the native soldiers, was calculated as amounting to about 5,000,000 livres tournois. How was this to be provided for out of a revenue of 8,460,000 livres, with an annual expenditure of nearly 18,000,000? "*Chose*," says De l'Hôpital, "*aussi véritable que la vérité même.*"[1]

To raise the sums now became absolutely indispensable, a sale of the temporalities of the church to the amount of 100,000 crowns rent was proposed; but this measure met with the most vehement opposition from the Parliament, indifferent as it would seem to the pressing necessity for paying off and clearing the country of these greedy and dangerous foreigners. They laid it down as a principle, according to De Thou,[2] *qu'on ne pouvait toucher aux biens consacrés à Dieu sans y être autorisé par un decrêt du Pape;*[3] and they obstinately refused to register the

[1] Speech of De l'Hôpital, from Mém. de Condé, 17th May, 1563.

[2] De Thou,—Mém de Condé.

[3] That what was consecrated to God could not be touched without an autorisation from the Pope.

Edict presented by De l'Hôpital. An excessive and increasing animosity against the Chancellor, whose moderate and tolerant opinions became every day more and more abhorrent to these fanatical lawyers, appears to have been the principal motive for this refusal. To obtain the registry it again became necessary to resort to the means usually employed upon such occasions—that of commissioning a Prince of the blood to carry down the Edict to the Palais de justice, and command obedience. This measure was not always unacceptable to the Parliament, as it was the means of sheltering them from all responsibility upon the subject; it being understood that a command so conveyed was not to be resisted. We find no objection made to a registry in this form.[1]

At first the Queen had determined to honour her second son Henry,[2] Duke d'Anjou, afterwards King as Henry III. of France, with this commission. This youth, gifted with extraordinary beauty and considerable talents, had already become the object of her most extravagant and exclusive affection; and something, it might seem, would be wanting to complete the character of Catherine de Medicis, if that worst form of injustice, blind partiality in a parent, had not made a part of it. For this young man, the basest and most vicious of a base and vicious family, she proved herself at all times ready to sacrifice not only every consideration of truth or justice as regarded society in general, but the advantage and well-being of every one of her other children. Her wish, however, to introduce him at the present moment to the public eye, was prompted by her desire to give him importance as a counterbalance to the Prince de Condé; in order to put an end, as early as possible, to those claims for distinction as first Prince of the blood,

[1] Garnier. [2] He was at this time Duke of Orleans.

which must expire as the Duke d'Anjou advanced to manhood. She had at first considered the present opportunity as a fit one for her purpose; but learning that the obstinacy on the part of the Parliament was such, that a very disagreeable and perhaps degrading altercation might ensue, and even the purpose of the commission be unattainable, she resolved to spare her favourite the disadvantage of an unsuccessful *début*, and decided that the young King should himself go down. On the 27th, therefore, the King, accompanied by the Queen-Mother, the principal members of his Council and Court,—and, among others, by young Henry of Navarre, then ten years of age, held a *lit-de-justice*, and the Edict was registered without further opposition.

The sales were now made, and the prices given are considered enormous by the historians of the day. Some confirmation, it would seem, of the observation made by Brantôme upon the immense quantity of gold and silver brought into circulation, "*par la grace de cette bonne guerre civile.*"

The affair between the Admiral and the family of the Duke de Guise was less easily settled. Immediately upon the death of her husband, the Duchess, in defiance of his last injunctions, had solicited *une information juridique* upon the subject of the assassination. But at that critical moment, the peace being still in suspense, Catherine forced her to keep silence. She now, however, renewed her solicitations. The Admiral published a second apology, in substance like the former, but he ended it by this defiance, "*S'il y en a qui veuillent être éclaircies davantage, qu'ils me parlent, et je leur répondrai.*"[1] He followed up his apology by immediately

[1] If any one wishes to be further enlightened upon this subject, let him address himself to me.—De Thou—Garnier.

leaving Châtillon for St. Germains, where he arrived, attended by 5 or 600 gentlemen. Terrified at the probable consequences of a meeting between the hostile parties, the Queen dispatched Condé to remonstrate with him. At his persuasion Coligny retired, leaving the Prince and D'Andelôt to defend his cause before the Council. What passed there soon showed that the Admiral had friends powerful enough and determined to support him. The Prince warmly defended his cause, and asserted his innocence. He complained of the execution of Poltrôt, contrary to the express prayer of the Admiral: but though he defended him, he at the same time denied the competence of the Council to call Coligny to account for anything which had passed while "we had arms in our hands for the service of his Majesty!" Condé concluded by demanding impartial justice, and by saying, that "if any one meant to attack him *ou de fait ou de parolles*, I wish him to understand, that I shall consider it as done to myself—I being his friend."

The Maréchal de Montmorenci said, "Since in truth this private dispute neither concerns the King nor the interests of religion, it is the intention of M. le Connétable to consider his nephews as his children, and to employ all the power he is in possession of in their behalf. This declaration, the young Maréchal added, was to be understood as made upon his own part, as well as upon that of his father."

D'Andelôt in the name of the Admiral said, "since the Guises demanded justice on their side, he demanded it also on his, and that he should be permitted to lay informations of certain actions of the late Sieur de Guise: he, hoping to bring evidence of some things which might make some persons repent of this *remuement de mes-*

nages."[1] The rising animosity of both parties was for the present smothered, rather than extinguished by a decree forbidding either side to proceed in any manner in this affair until after the expedition against the English.

To pacify matters still further, the Queen gave Condé the government of Picardy—appeased the ill-humour of the Constable by promotions in his family, and then set out in high spirits, attended by all the considerable men of the kingdom, with the exception of Coligny and D'Andelôt, to undertake the siege of Havre; where the Constable took the command, Condé showing himself most assiduous in the trenches.

The siege of Havre offers nothing remarkable. It is enough to say, that the Earl of Warwick, enfeebled by the plague which raged in the place, and disappointed of the succours he expected, made an honourable capitulation eight days after the trenches had been opened, July 28, 1563.

The English could scarcely contain their surprise when they saw the French of either religion fighting so cordially side by side. The Chancellor, who justly regarded it as the effect of that Edict which was, in a great measure, his own work, and the result of that indulgent and tolerant spirit he so assiduously cultivated, looked on with honest exultation. "Where!" said he, pointing to the troops; "On which side shall we say are the best citizens, the bravest soldiers, the most zealous servants of the King? Behold the effects of a pacification, of

[1] The Admiral persisted in this recrimination on the Duke de Guise. It is remarkable that, in the 2nd edition of the letter of the Evêque de Riez—evidently amended for the first was suppressed—the Duke is made to say, "That he wondered such malice could exist in France. For himself he never would engage in such affairs, he would rather die than be guilty of them." This added declaration as it is, has very much the air of a conscious defence.—Mém. de Condé, De Thou, Garnier.

which many have dared to complain. It reunites the royal family, restores to us our brothers, our relations, our friends, establishes public safety, and once more renders the nation respectable for its virtue and its power."

The English, according to the terms granted, immediately quitted Havre. Upon the 30th not an Englishman—save a few sick of the plague—remained in the place, and Sunday, the 30th of June, Sarlabras took possession of it as governor in the name of the King, to the unspeakable joy of the French nation, thus delivered from far the most formidable of those foreign enemies which their dissensions had brought within their confines.[1]

With the hope to strengthen the royal authority, and confirm the present tranquillity, the Chancellor next persuaded Catherine to declare the majority of the young King. The term of the royal minority had been fixed by Charles the Sage at fourteen years; but, as he had neglected to specify whether the commencement or close of the fourteenth year was intended, De l'Hôpital advised Catherine to take advantage of the ambiguity, and declare the minority ended with the thirteenth year. He trusted that to be declared major, would give even to a boy of that age considerable additional power to curb his turbulent nobility; and he clearly showed the Queen that her authority, built as it was upon personal influence, would increase rather than diminish under such circumstances. A stronger motive with her was, that it would

[1] To shew her gratitude to Heaven for this deliverance, it was proposed by the Queen to execute some signal work of charity, and to establish an hospital for maimed soldiers, with good rents and revenues. This had been a favourite project with Coligny, and had his power continued, would, doubtless, have been carried into effect. But by the Queen, who wanted perseverance for such objects, it was speedily forgotten.

enable her to evade the claims of Condé, who persisted in demanding the fulfilment of her promise of bestowing the Lieutenant-Generalcy upon him; and who was most active in introducing all his Hugonot friends to the Council, and advancing them at Court. The ceremony of the declaration took place at Rouen. The King made a solemn entry into the town; and, on the 17th of August, attended by the Queen, his brother Henry, the young King of Navarre, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Prince de Condé, Duc de Montpensier, Cardinals Chatillon and Guise, &c., went down to the Parliament, where, seated upon his throne, he addressed the assembly.

He began his speech by announcing his majority, and went on to declare that he would not henceforward endure from any of his subjects such acts of insubordination as he had witnessed during the late hostilities. "*J'entends et j'ordonne,*" said he, "*que mon Édit de Pacification soit éxécuté dans tous les points;*"[1] and that all towns and communes which have not yet laid down their arms, shall do so without further delay.

De l'Hôpital ended a long harangue with these words,—"Though the simple declaration of his majority made by the King, ought to suffice you, he thinks it right that the Princes and other lords should conform to the usual custom on such occasions. Madame (to the Queen), will you set them the example?" Then Catherine, rising from her seat, bent her knee at the foot of the throne and said with a loud voice, that she deposed in the hands of his Majesty that portion of his authority with which she had been entrusted by the States-General. The King, descending from the throne, cap in hand, embraced his mother, and declared that it was his intention still to

[1] I understand and I command that my Edict of Pacification shall be executed in all its provisions.—De Thou, La Poplinière.

take advantage of her counsels, and that she should continue to govern conjointly with him—possessing equal if not greater authority than she had enjoyed before. Then the Princes and nobles present passed in file before Charles, and kissed his hand; after which the doors were thrown open, and an edict, which had been prepared, was publicly read.

It confirmed the Edict of Pacification, forbad the *bourgeoisie* to carry arms, and prohibited, under the penalties of high treason, either any correspondence whatsoever on the part of private individuals with foreign powers, or the levying contributions at home, or the noblemen being accompanied by any train except the gentlemen of their household.

Charles IX., long held up by history, through the atrocities of his unhappy reign, as a mark for the detestation of mankind, "was naturally," says Brantôme, "*courageux, bouillant, et hardi.*" His early education had been entrusted to La Cipière, a brave and honourable man; but after his death the unhappy boy fell into the hands of one of the meanest and most odious of human beings, Albert Gondy du Perron,[1] afterwards the Maréchal de Retz, who soon contrived to gain the most extraordinary influence over his pupil, and by whom he was entirely perverted; *oubliant toute la belle et brave nourriture de son gouverneur.*[2] Among other things he taught him to swear, says he, outrageously (*débordement*), as he did himself. It is true, adds Brantôme,[3] "that M. de Cipière himself indulged in an oath sometimes, but it was *en*

[1] It was the vices of the father which threw the son into this evil connection; the mother of the Maréchal de Retz, Mad. du Perron, in the exercise of the basest of all human professions, came into favour with Henry II. who made her *gouvernante* to his children, and she placed her son Du Perron about the Prince. Thus are vice and evil perpetuated.

[2] Forgetting all the noble and fine education of his governor.

[3] Brantôme, Charles IX.

cavalier, not like Du Perron, who blasphemed like a common catchpole when he seizes a poor wretch by the collar. . . . At Court we held Du Perron for the greatest blasphemer in cold blood that ever was heard. *Avec les loups ont apprend à hurler*, and so the King learned this vice, and became so accustomed to it, that he thought this horrid blasphemy and swearing a mere form of speech and discourse, *plus de braveté et de gentillesse que de péché*;[1] on which account also he made no difficulty to break his faith (*fausser sa foi*) whenever it came into his head."

Charles was, in fact, a man of a rough and brutal temper, coarse in his conversation, and blunt in his manners; yet had he a certain rude generosity in his disposition, and could value greatness and virtue in others. He was less licentious in his pleasures than might have been expected in such a court, and with such a mother; had some taste for intellectual enjoyments; and he composed several pieces of poetry. "In cold weather," says Brantôme again, "he would send for *Messieurs les poëtes* (of whom Ronsard and D'Orat were his favourites), and would pass his time with them in his cabinet; but when it was fine, he was always in action, playing tennis, leaping, playing at the *paille maille*, and other pleasant and violent exercises, out of doors, for he hated being in the house, calling it the grave of the living. He spoke and wrote well, and harangued eloquently, though *plus à la soldate qu'au royauté, sans grace ou façon belle*;[2] yet he received foreign ambassadors with an air that was very imposing, showing a majestic and assured countenance, listening attentively, the head a little on one side;

[1] Having in them more of spirit and elegance than of sin.

[2] Though in a soldatesque rather than royal manner, having little grace or elegance.

but he never equalled the eloquence or fine carriage of his brother, who, the head raised, the face elevated, the regard fixed, the eye a little bent downwards, listened, and then answered with an eloquence that was enchanting." Charles seems to have possessed a sufficiently good understanding, but unimproved by discipline or reflection; and his violent and thoughtless temper made him an easy prey to the deceits and insinuations of those into whose hands he had the misfortune to fall. The Queen-Mother and De Retz found it easy to impel such a character in any direction they chose; and though his share in the deep dissimulation she practised may be doubted, there can be none as to the part he took in the barbarities which disgraced his reign. But the violence of his subsequent remorse would lead us to hope that such atrocities were not consonant to his natural disposition, In stature he was tall, strongly, but not gracefully, built. his head a little bent, his shoulders slightly curved, his countenance with a certain air of coarse comeliness, the expression energetic, but fierce and unrefined. Such was Charles IX. of France,—a name which the most superficial reader of history has learned to execrate. He seems, in fact, to have concentrated upon his own head the detestation excited by the wickedness of those who governed in his place, and in some degree justly, for he who has authority to prevent, is rightly deemed accountable for the crimes perpetrated in his name.

The remainder of the year passed in tranquillity, though several commotions shewed the ill will of the Catholics, and their dissatisfaction with the toleration allowed by the Edict, serving to put the Hugonots upon their guard. The Parliament of Paris, alarmed at the liberal spirit in which the Edict of Rouen had been conceived, sent deputies to remonstrate with the King. He received

them at Nantes, and answered them in a spirited harangue. He asserted his determination to govern by his own good pleasure, as had done his predecessors before him, and signified that it *was* his good pleasure that the Edicts of Pacification should be maintained; and that his Parliament should in future confine itself to its proper office, namely, that of administrators of justice, not advisers of the Crown. "If you continue to act as you have done while you imagined yourselves my guardians, I shall not be long in letting you know that I see nothing in you but servants and subjects who ought to obey what it is my good pleasure to command." The Parliament seem to have paid little attention to this discourse; they long demurred upon the registry of the Edict, and when at length they submitted, they entered a protest against it upon their secret register, while one of its provisions was at once openly set at nought in Paris, namely, that for disarming the *bourgeoisie*. It happened that when first the Catholic army marched from Paris, the defence of the place had been committed to Brissac, who had divided it into districts, and organised in each a species of national guard. This force, which was already formidable, not only to the Hugonots, but to the government, was, by the provisions of the Edict, to be immediately disbanded; but, in defiance of the regulation, the members persisted in continuing to attend in arms at the meetings of the Corps de Garde, and it was with the greatest difficulty they were at length brought to submission.

An effort to disturb the repose into which all parties were subsiding, was likewise made in the autumn by the family of Guise,[1] instigated, it is said, by the foreign Catholic Princes, who, as we have seen, deprecated that

[1] Ob. Mém. de Castle, p. 312. De Thou, &c.

general union, and tranquillity which toleration was rapidly producing throughout the nation.

The Court being at Melun, the whole assembled family of the Guises, headed by Antoinette de Bourbon, the aged mother of the late Duke, and consisting of the Duchess, her children, and the Dukes of Aumale and Elboeuf, all dressed in long mourning cloaks, and attended by the Card. de Bourbon, the Dukes de Monpensier, Longueville, and others, entered the apartments of the King. The two august widows, covered with their black sweeping mantles, fell at his feet, and with every demonstration of excessive grief, seizing upon his hands and weeping over them, presented a petition demanding vengeance on the inhuman, cruel, and wretched murderer.[1] The King was taken by surprise. "It seems to me," said he to the Duchess of Guise, "that I have somewhere heard, *avoir oui dire*, that God upholds the throne of Kings that they may reign and administer justice. I have told you before, my cousin, that justice you should have. The case appears to me most important, befalling a Prince so renowned for his services, and holding at the very time my own place in the army, and I am inclined to pursue it myself; therefore I wish it to be done openly and well, so that God and the world may remain satisfied, and my conscience discharged." The Princesses persuaded him, however, to grant them a royal order to enquire into the case, and furnished with this, they hastened to Paris, where the Parliament immediately appointed commissioners "*pour intenter le proces.*"[2] The pleadings were opened by one Versons, with great violence: he insisted upon the crime being that of high treason, as being perpetrated upon the King's Lieutenant, and was daring and impious enough to

[1] Mém. de Tavannes, p. 168; Mém. de Castle. 330.
[2] Mém. de Condé, t. 4, 163. La Poplinière—De Thou.

compare the murderer to the treacherous Judas. The Admiral on his side was not inactive. He cited in his favour the letters granted by the Council to Condé, and appealed against the jurisdiction of the Parliament as his declared and bitter enemies. Catherine confirmed the letters,—the House of Guise disputed them. The Admiral, surrounded by a numerous and imposing company of his friends, came to Court and attended the Queen to Paris. Upon his arrival the Guises quitted the Louvre with an affectation of terror, and retired to their own hotel. The city was in confusion, the citizens called for their arms: but the Admiral defying the power and insolence of his enemies, refused to submit to the Parliament, while the House of Guise equally rejected the decisions of the Council. The government negotiated and temporised between these contending parties. At length on the 1st of January, 1564 the King pronounced judgment, and Catherine thus writes upon the subject to the Bishop of Rennes.

"The King, *mon fils*, has been constrained, by the weight and importance of this affair, to attribute the cognisance of it to himself; holding it in a manner suspended for the time and term of three years; or, as much longer as he shall see fit." The Parliament was accordingly ordered to drop all proceedings; an order it, however, refused to register. And thus was the matter for the present laid at rest. The contending parties separated, the Admiral retired once more to Châtillon; the Guises to Joinville, there to meet the Cardinal de Lorraine, now returning from the Council of Trent.

The beginning of 1564 was spent by the Court chiefly at Fontainbleau, in all manner of diversions.[1] It was the

[1] The Queen about this time strengthened considerably the household troops. They had until now consisted of 300 or 400 gentlemen

policy of Catherine to engage the principal nobility of her kingdom in every species of pleasure and amusement, thus dissipating serious thought, weakening moral obligations, and hampering them by pecuniary difficulties.[1] Besides, she loved pleasure herself, almost as ardently as she loved power. Wherever the Queen travelled, "*Il faudroit toujours que le bal marcha,*" says Montluc.

De l'Hôpital lamented the general dissolution of manners, and anticipated the worst evils from the excessive diffusion of luxury, and from the universal levity which pervaded society. His just apprehensions are mingled with that aversion to even innocent novelties which is the besetting sin of the censor. Writing to De Thou he says, "the Republic is perishing, while we abandon ourselves to sensual enjoyments; and the love of pleasure plunges us into an intoxication equally fatal and dishonourable. Luxury like a torrent has entered the palaces of the great, and the abodes of the humble, all are inundated with it. To me it announces cruel and unjust wars, and is laying the foundation of a harsh slavery for succeeding generations. We no longer know ourselves; we forget both what we are, and what is due to us. Time was when virtue consisted in repressing the passions; now we have the baseness to admire that man most who is most blindly their slave. To whom shall we confide public employ-

merely, who served gratuitously. The courts of the Louvre, even the apartments, were open to every one, and were guarded only by the Prevôt and a small number of archers, and the 100 Swiss first enrolled by Louis the Eleventh. Catherine may be held excused, after the violence of which she herself and son had been the victims at the beginning of the last war, for increasing the body guards. She augmented them by two companies of Swiss, each of 300 men, and ten companies of French soldiers, each consisting of 50 men. These were to keep guard day and night at the gate of the Louvre,—Charni, a favourite of her own, being appointed captain. This man was soon afterwards killed in a duel by a gentleman belonging to the company of D'Andelôt, who with his brother Coligny were accused by the Catholics, it appears without reason, of having taken some part in the affair.

[1] Garnier, 30. 469.

ments? Is there one affair, the conduct of which doth not require both delicacy, honour, and moderation? And are not all hearts poisoned? The corrupted citizen dreads fatigue and danger, and when he ought to defend and revenge his country, prefers dishonourable repose to immortal glory. The women are led away by this overwhelming corruption, and are now seen boldly sitting down at table with men;[1] and if they appear in public, it is on a car of triumph, insolently arrayed in the spoils of those they have vanquished."[2]

The Prince de Condé merited the reproaches cast by De l'Hôpital upon those who thus suffered themselves to forget their duties in one continued round of pleasure. He fell an easy prey to the temptations prepared for him; and, forgetting the austerity of virtue and severity of manners which characterized the community of which he was the chief, and to whose religious opinions he was in truth sincerely devoted, he abandoned himself to those fatal impressions of guilty irregular love, ever the disgrace and ruin of his house and family. Upon his return from Rouen, la belle Limeuil, her secret observed and herself disgraced irretrievably in the eyes of a malicious Court, was forsaken, and now the Maréchale de St. André had become his idol; but the conviction that the first desertion was but the prelude to a life of disorder, had now sunk into the heart of Condé's pure and devoted wife. Grief did its accustomed work; she fell into a languishing state of health, and soon died the victim of her honest and abused affections. The Maréchale, when aware of her decline, cherished the hope to succeed her, and under this expectation, it is said, endowed Condé with the magnifi-

[1] It had, till within the last reigns, been the custom in France for the husband to sit down alone at table with his guests, while the lady of the mansion attended to the manner in which the table was served.

[2] Epit. de l'Hôp. liv. 4, 312.

cent palace of St. Valery, built and adorned by the Maréchal, her late husband.

The beauty of the situation, the magnificence of the building, and the splendid position of this palace, delighted Brantôme, whose imagination was easily dazzled. "There was a tent of the battle of Pharsalia,[1] most rich and grand, equal to any of the beautiful tents of the late King Francis, which were above price; also two carpets, *velus*, all of gold of Persia; in short, he who saw St. Valery could never sufficiently admire its riches; the most part of which Madame la Maréchale gave with the house to M. le Prince. It was the liberality of an empress, but she thought to marry him." [2]

But Condé, though he accepted the gift, soon deserted the giver.[3]

A description of those magnificent feats, and of the pageantry with which the great amused themselves in those days is to be found everywhere. Catherine was never wearied with exercising her imagination upon inventions, in which the romantic and poetic spirit of that day may be discerned. The poems of Ariosto were the favourite source from whence she drew her fancies; and she took extreme pleasure in endeavouring to represent to the eye the heroes, the beauteous ladies, and the delightful landscapes of that imaginative poet. Jousts and tournaments had not yet fallen into disuse, and the pretty amusement of dancing ballets in character, in the invention of which the fertility of the Queen's imagination was inexhaustible, pre-

[1] Plutarch's Lives, which had lately been translated by Amyot into French, was the favourite and universal reading of the French Court at that time. All their writings, and doubtless their conversation, were filled with allusions to his heroes.

[2] Brantôme, Vie St. André.

[3] The Maréchale was secretly devoted to the Reform; and it is possible that as to the head of her party, and not as to the master of her heart, this present might have been offered and accepted. The story, as commonly told, seems inconsistent with the high and chivalrous spirit of the Prince.

vailed. The Queen's corps de ballet consisted of a splendid group of 150 young ladies of high birth, selected for their gaiety, grace, and beauty.

Condé took a distinguished part in these diversions. At a grand entertainment given by the Queen on the Mardi Gras, "there were," say the Memoirs of Castlenau, "runnings at the ring, and combats within the lists. The King and the Duke d'Anjou being assailants, the Prince de Condé *tenans*, and as such performing all that could be desired, not only as a valiant and courageous Prince, but as the most accomplished knight in the universe. Sparing nothing to please the King and Queen, and to show that no bitterness remained in his heart. There was a splendid combat between twelve Greeks and twelve Trojans, with darts, and *grands pavois*, painted with the several devices of the combatants, I being one, under the name of a knight, called Glaucus. A tragi-comedy was also acted, in which the Duke D'Anjou would take a part with Margaret of France, his sister, the Prince de Condé, Henry Duke de Guise, the Duchess of Nevers, &c.; and afterwards I was selected to recite a speech in the Great Hall, upon the advantages to be derived from tragedies, wherein are represented the actions of kings, princes, shepherds, and all sorts of people which live upon the face of this earth—this common theatre of the world, *où les hommes sont les acteurs, et la fortune bien souvent maîtresse de la scene et de la vie*[1]—for he who to-day plays the part of a great prince, to-morrow may enact that of the clown, as well upon the great theatre as upon the small."[2]

It was about this time that Catherine took down the

[1] Where men are the actors and Fortune often mistress of the scene of life.

[2] Mém. de Castlenau, 44. 94.

ancient palace of the Tournelles, and commenced building the present one of the Tuileries to replace it, though not standing exactly upon the same spot. Thus time fleeted away at this gay and reckless Court, while dark clouds were gathering on all sides round France, and the situation of affairs was calling for the deep and earnest attention of every lover of the human race, or well-wisher to his country.[1]

[1] The name of the Admiral's retreat I find by some authors called Châtillon *sur Loing*, by others *sur Loire*—Beza says *Loire*. There are two Châtillons bearing these different designations. I have no means at present of satisfying myself as to the right one. It will be seen I have in this chapter and elsewhere followed Beza.

I will add here, that Le Laboureur, a most judicious and industrious enquirer—and of the Catholic persuasion—entirely acquits Coligny, with respect to any share whatsoever in the assassination of the Duke de Guise.

CHAPTER II.

RETURN OF THE CARDINAL DE LORRAINE FROM THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.—PROGRESS OF THE COURT INTO THE PROVINCES.—AFFAIRS OF NAVARRE.—LETTER OF QUEEN JEANNE TO THE CARDINAL D'ARMYNAC.—GENERAL DISCONTENTS.

THE Cardinal de Lorraine returned from the Council of Trent, bearing, like a bird of ill-omen, the signal for fresh contentions, and for miseries and disasters far exceeding any which had yet occurred. The Council of Trent had terminated without coming to a single conclusion that

could serve to reconcile the differences of the religious world.[1] In its earlier sessions the Cardinal de Lorraine, it must be admitted, had shown a determination to maintain the rights and privileges of the Gallican Church, against the Legate and a formidable body of Italian bishops, as well as to obtain various concessions upon minor points, which would have greatly tended to a general reconciliation. These were the marriage of priests, a reform of the clergy, the Sacrament in both kinds, the services in the vulgar tongue, and some others. The Pope had resisted every proposal, and had met the arguments of the Cardinal with the utmost contempt and ridicule; against which the ready eloquence of Lorraine had defended him well. But after the death of the Duke de Guise his views changed. Apprehending, as is said, that the grandeur and power of his house would henceforward decline in France, he began to reflect upon the advantages of securing, in case of the worst, an asylum and a friend at Rome; and, true to a character which permitted no public obligation to weigh in the balance against his private interests, he sacrificed to such considerations the cause committed to his charge, and henceforward supported every violent decree of the Council. Upon his return he visited Rome, and "convinced," says Davila, "that the only means to maintain the ascendancy of his family would be to unite their private interests with those of religion," he persuaded Pius IV., already dissatisfied with the peace of Amboise, to be instant[2] with the King and Queen-Mother to publish and observe the Council of Trent in France, while Philip of Spain and the Duke of Savoy, more and more jealous of the progress the new opinions were making in their own states, supported his persuasions by every consideration in their power.

[1] De Thou.

[2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

The decrees of this later Council of Trent were merely a confirmation of the conclusions of the earlier one. They maintained all the peculiar doctrines of the Roman church in their utmost extent, and condemned, without modification, reform or—as they pleased to style it, heresy—in every shape whatsoever—thus passing a sentence of hopeless destruction upon all those professing the new doctrines who might be resident in any state where the Council of Trent should be, as it was called, admitted. These decrees—this Council of Trent, the Catholic powers, in concert with the Cardinal, resolved to force upon the acceptance of the French King and the French people.

"Early in February," says Castlenau, "ambassadors arrived, as with one accord, from the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Duke of Savoy, and other Catholic Princes, praying his Majesty to oblige all France to observe the articles and decrees of the Council of Trent; and exhorting him to stand firmly by the Catholic religion, as all his Christian predecessors had done. They likewise solicited him to desist from the alienation of church lands; to punish all those who had defaced or pillaged churches, had borne arms against the King, or brought foreigners into the kingdom; and especially to visit those with condign punishment who had caused the death of the Duke de Guise. These Princes made many propositions to his Majesty to induce him to renew the war, and break, rather than maintain, the Edict of Pacification. The ambassadors offering all sorts of assurances that their several masters would give every assistance to the King in rooting heresy out of his dominions, and punishing the authors of it."[1]

Whatever might at present be the secret intentions of Catherine and her son with regard to religious affairs—a

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, 44. 38.

point of acknowledged great historical difficulty—this embassy certainly occasioned her both vexation and embarrassment. Davila[1] affirms that the Queen resented this interference on the part of foreign powers as a most unpardonable presumption; and that she regretted it, "because it laid her under the necessity, either of alienating the Pontiff, and separating with great scandal and disgrace from the obedience due to the holy chair; or of discovering those designs by which, slowly advancing, *she expected, without peril or engaging in any fresh war, to compass the end proposed*, and a premature discovery of which designs might drive the Hugonots again to arms." But Castlenau gives us no reason to suspect the good faith of the Queen at this period: he merely says, "The King and Queen had no wish to plunge the kingdom once more into war upon the faith of the fine promises of the ambassadors." One thing, however, is certain—whatever her secret intentions, Catherine hesitated not to assure the Nuncio that her wishes conformed[2] with those of the Catholic Princes; and St. Croix in his letters says, "I told her this was the time to bring matters to a conclusion; and that his Holiness relied upon the hopes her Majesty had positively held out, that the Council should now be published. She assured me the thing should be done, only it was necessary to temporise a little."[3] Vain would it be to follow the labyrinth of this policy. Davila loves to give to all the Queen-Mother's proceedings the appearance of the well-connected members of one vast and deeply considered scheme; to the development of which by deliberate steps she was patiently advancing; but such was not the character of Catherine's mind. Entirely wanting in that strength which is necessary to a patient persever-

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia. [2] De Thou.
[3] Lettres des St. Croix.

ance in one course of action—neither a fanatic nor an enthusiast in favour of any one opinion, she was the sport of a thousand different influences—now forwarding the patriotic designs of her Chancellor—now bending under the superior genius of Guise: at one time more than half a Hugonot herself—and at last, under the dark influence of Alva, planning the extirpation of that religion by the sacrifice of every obligation of honour and humanity. In two things alone she was consistent—the practice of deceit and duplicity upon every occasion, and the pursuit of her own power and pre-eminence at the expense of every other consideration.

The King answered the ambassadors in the following words. "*Je remercie la Majesté de vos Maîtres,* for the good and praiseworthy advertisements which they have made to me; and you also, for the trouble you have been pleased to take to come to me upon this affair: but I advertise you that my real intention is to live, and make my people live, according to the ancient and praiseworthy institutions (*coutumes*) held and observed in the Roman church; and that the peace I have granted was made with the intention to drive my enemies out of the kingdom. At present my desire is to have justice observed in all places where I command; but I beg them to excuse me, for *a reason that I will send them in writing,* and also for (desiring) to have the advice of the Princes, great Lords, and notable persons of my Council, whom I shall assemble on the earliest convenient day."[1]

But the apple of discord was thrown. The debates upon the reception of the Council of Trent had already filled the kingdom with anxiety and disturbance. The busy press again teemed with books chiefly directed to shew the immense injury which the Gallican church would

[1] Mém. de Condé, t. 46; Mém. de Castlenau, 44. 344.

receive in its liberties and privileges from this admission. The Cardinal de Lorraine, in pursuance of the new system of conduct which he had adopted, supported the measure with all his power and eloquence—De l'Hôpital, with equal earnestness, opposed it. At length after a severe contest, it was rejected by the parliaments throughout the kingdom—not upon account of its intolerance—but because of its invasion of the independence and prerogatives of the Gallican church. But the Cardinal would not rest here. Every subject which it was of vital importance to lay at rest, was, in consequence of his return, again brought forward and agitated. Every effort made by the Chancellor to soothe the irritated temper of the times, and pacify the public mind by a merciful administration of justice, was by him obstructed and resisted. The Council rang with their loud and angry debates. "*Hé! Monsieur!*" exclaimed the Chancellor, grieved and perplexed at the determined and malignant opposition made by the Cardinal to every wise and benevolent scheme—"Are you already returned to trouble us?" "I am not come to trouble *you*," was the brutal reply, "*bélistre comme vous êtes*, but to hinder you from troubling the kingdom. . . . . You who were put where you are by me, do you presume to talk of my troubling *you?* I will take care how you meddle again with the matters you have lately been so busy about." The Chancellor, not to compromise the Queen his patroness, devoured the affront in silence. But he had his revenge upon another occasion.[1] "To day," says St. Croix in his letters, "the Cardinal spoke violently and haughtily to the Chancellor, saying, 'No one could tell what religion he belonged to—that he had only one religion that he knew of, which was to injure *him*, (the Cardinal,) and all his house;' calling

[1] Lettres de Prosper St. Croix.

him ungrateful to those who had made him what he was. 'Was it then,' replied the Chancellor, 'the expectation of your Eminence, when you made me what I am—that I should sacrifice the interests of the King and kingdom to my gratitude to *you?*' A hard blow," he adds, "for the Cardinal."

The disputes in the Council awakened the slumbering spirit of dissension throughout the nation. The Catholics became insolent, and began once more to renew their brutal disorders. The Calvinists anxious and distrustful, were filled with fresh apprehensions. The open hostility of the Cardinal; the doubtful good faith of the Queen; the increasing appearance of animosity upon the part of the young King; the Catholic ambassadors still lingering in France, raised dark forebodings for the future. In the mean while every effort had been made to detach the Prince de Condé from his friends and party, and to destroy, by malignant insinuations and the whispers of jealousy, the confidence which still subsisted between himself and Coligny: but though not proof against the softer temptations, the spirit of the Prince resisted at once the influence of the baser passions — selfishness, suspicion, and unworthy rivalry found no place in his generous temper; and, though the Admiral had never ceased to censure his late conduct warmly and severely, the heart of Condé was only bound the more closely to his friend.

The Cardinal then attempted to attack him through the all powerful charms of the Duchess de Guise, and made proposals for a marriage with his brother's widow. But Condé resisted the temptation; till at length awakened by the remonstrances of Coligny, and the turn affairs were taking, he forsook the Court; and soon afterwards, as if to shelter himself from its temptations, he, by the advice of the Admiral, married the sister of the Duke de

Longueville. This family was of the blood of Dunois, the great bastard of Orleans.

While these things were passing, the Queen, in the midst of her perplexities, resolved upon making, with her son and her court, a progress through the kingdom. To this she was determined by many different circumstances.

The ambassadors from the Catholic Princes—sent to demand the publication of the Council of Trent—had, among other things, made it their request that the King would attend a congress of the high Catholic powers, which was to be held at Nanci in Lorraine, in the course of the current year (1564), in order to enter into a solemn mutual obligation to publish the Council, and extirpate heresy and the new doctrines throughout their dominions. This congress Catherine had refused to attend; but resolved to visit Nanci, and seize this opportunity for personal conference with the Princes who were to be there assembled. To increase, likewise, the general feeling of loyalty for the young King, by shewing him to his subjects, she determined upon undertaking a long progress, and, beginning with Lorraine, to visit Lyons, descend the Rhone, and thence return by Dauphiné, Bearn, and Bayonne. This course would give her the opportunity of meeting in succession the German Princes, the Duke of Savoy, and the King of Spain—or at least her daughter the Queen, coming on the part of her husband. Confiding in her powers of insinuation and address, it appears probable that she set out with the design to convert her allies to her own more tolerant opinions. But the result proved unhappily far different. Brought into contact with a mind resolute and determined as that of Alva, Catherine received impressions she wanted power to convey. Alva, as it was evident he would, returned from this conference unconverted—the same merciless persecutor as ever—while she

was left the dupe of Spanish intrigue, the slave of Spanish prejudice, infected with Spanish cruelty, and for ever lost to the cause of truth and justice.

The Queen-Mother had also other reasons for wishing at this time to visit Bearn and Guyenne, arising from the present situation of Jeanne d'Albret, the widowed Queen of Navarre. Upon the death of Anthony, Jeanne had thrown off all disguise, and had not only openly professed Calvinism herself, but had declared it to be the established religion throughout her dominions. The Catholics were deprived of their churches, the priests banished, images defaced and destroyed, and the altars broken; in short, the same measures had been adopted as those thought necessary in other countries where the Reformed religion had gained the ascendancy. These proceedings speedily attracted the attention of the King of Spain, who complained to the Pope of the advance this "pestilence of heresy" was making in his neighbourhood. And the Pope, alarmed at the prospect of yet another kingdom escaping from his sway, began immediately to admonish the Queen of Navarre upon the subject through the Cardinal d' Armagnac, who held the office of legate for Bearn and La Basse Navarre.

August 18th, 1563, the Cardinal thus writes to the Queen Jeanne: "I cannot deny, madam, that to my great regret I have learned what has lately happened in your town of L'Escars—where the images in the church were broken, the altars and baptismal fonts defaced—the ornaments and plate taken away by your people—and the canons and other ecclesiastical persons forbidden to celebrate divine service as usual. And I am the more sorry (*marri*) at this as it has been done in your presence, and by your command." He then goes on to represent the inconveniences which would in all probability result from

such proceedings, situated, as she was, between two great Catholic powers; and concludes by observing, that should the freedom with which he wrote be offensive to her, he should regard her anger no more than *fidel et loyal serviteur* ought to do the anger of a sick master, when advised to what was necessary for his health.

Thus replied the spirited mother of Henry the Fourth.

"Mon Cousin,

"Knowing, as I do, the friendship you bore to the late King and Queen, my parents, I could have wished it might have continued to exist with the same strength towards her who now inherits their dominions, without religion, or superstition, (which shall I say,) interfering with it. I thank you, however, for the advertisements you have been pleased to give me, though they be of divers kinds, and relating to matters as widely apart as heaven and earth. With regard to the first point in question—the Reform which I have begun to carry out at L'Escars and Pau—and intend, by the grace of God, to persist in throughout my dominions—I have learned it in the Bible, which I read more than some of your doctors do—striving to form myself upon the pattern of King Josias, (book of Kings,) who escaped the reproach of the other kings of Israel, of whom it was written that though they served the true God, yet left they the high places standing. . . . . As for the ruin arising from my evil councillors, and their *pretext* of religion, I have not been so forsaken of God or man, but that I have been able to choose those to surround me who have not only the *pretext*, but the *reality* of religion: for as is the head, so are the members. Nor do I so much endeavour to plant a new religion, as to restore the ancient one. You are ill informed, I see, my cousin, as to the sentiments of my

States and subjects. My States have adopted the new religion; my subjects, both ecclesiastics, nobles, and peasants, have done the same without reluctance, and without rebellion. As for my neighbours, I know them well enough. One hates the religion I hold; I like his no better—nevertheless, we shall still continue good friends. And if we do not, I am not so ill provided, but that I shall find a remedy. The other supports me; for is he not the root of that race of which I have the honour to be a small branch? He does not abhor the Reformed religion so much as you think—he allows of it in some very near his person, and among others, in my own son, who enjoys that privilege, and is so dear to me that I shall specify him. He also admits both religions into his kingdom, so that should it happen (which I am sure it will not,) that my subjects should apply to either of these powers, one (Spain,) dares not abet them lest he should offend, in me, a greater—and the other (France,) is neither a tyrant nor a usurper, but the King under whose sceptre I find shelter. You wish to intimidate me—you say I *will* persist in serving God though it be in poverty. I acknowledge it: but of poverty there is no danger at present. Instead of diminishing things for my son, I have augmented his honours, possessions, and grandeurs, by the only means a Christian ought to employ. I have innumerable examples of those who on different principles have done worse—and one in my lord and husband. What got he? Where are the sceptres you promised him—which he was to earn by fighting against his conscience, as testified in his dying confession? But here behold the true fruits of the gospel to be gathered in their due time and place. This is the doing of the Eternal Father who preserves those by whom His name is honoured. You make me blush for you when you enumerate so many

executions made by those of our religion. Take the beam out of your own eye—cleanse the earth of the blood of the just which yours have shed. Whence came the first seditions?—In patience and with the good will of the King and Queen, the ministers were preaching to the Court and throughout the kingdom, simply the Edict of January—when the Legate, you, and the Cardinal de Tournon, aided by the deceit practised on my husband, brewed what followed. Yet I praise not those who have, under the shadow of true religion, committed violence, to the great regret of its ministers. I cry vengeance on such as so pollute the true religion—from which plague, and all others, please God, Bearn shall be as well defended henceforward, as it has till now been. As for our ministers, I see by what you say, you have never frequented them. If you had you would know that they preach nothing more earnestly than obedience to Princes, and the patience of the holy martyrs. And for your wish not to enter into disputes upon points of doctrine, neither do I—though ours is as true a doctrine as yours is false—for I apprehend that I should reap little fruit from my holy desire to lead you to Sion." Queen Jeanne, nevertheless, enters into an animated defence of her opinions, adding, "I beg you not to assert what is false in relation to these things, for if you have no patience with me, I have still less with you. As for calling us heretics, perturbators, &c., keep these titles for yourselves, to whom the Holy Spirit applies them in St. Ezekiel, St. John, and many other places. I think I see the King Achab conferring with the prophet Elias—and that we might answer you as he did, 'Trouble comes through you who have forsaken God.' (1st Kings, 18th chapter.) I know, thank God, how I ought to please Him better than you can teach me, and likewise how to preserve my friendship with the King my sovereign Lord, and

with my other allies better than you do. Also, how to rear my son in that Church out of which there is no salvation, and where I look for mine. As for the authority you allege as Legate of the Pope, I shall not receive any Legate—taking warning by the example of France, which has found cause to repent so doing. I acknowledge no authority in Bearn to which I must render an account, save that of God alone. And be assured it is not *I* who have forsaken the true church. I am in error upon no one single point of the creed, (*symbole*[1],)—so keep your tears to weep your own mistakes, which I for charity will accompany with mine. . . . . I have seen your malignant letter, written to my cousin De l'Escars: suffice it to say, I discern your intention, to let fall drop by drop upon this little country of Bearn, a portion of that flood of misfortune with which such as you intend to inundate France; but I pray God his grace may abound more than your sin. From her, who knows not how to name herself, —not being able to sign friend, and doubting of relation till the time of repentance—when she will once more be your cousin and friend, "JEANNE.[2] [1563.]"

The letter alluded to, as written by the Cardinal to the Bishop de l'Escars, was one reproaching him with the destruction of the Catholic worship in his diocese, and with his own marriage; and assuring him he should soon find neither honour nor profit from his bishopric, "For, since you have voluntarily laid down your authority, those will be found with power sufficient to prevent your ever resuming it."

The heat and passion of both parties was rapidly increasing. The Churches of Bearn answered the attack by

[1] Symbole, a mark by which to know the true Church: it means properly *creed*—"Symbole des Apôtres," Apostles' Creed.

[2] Mém. de Condé.

publishing apologies and justifications, intermingled with violent abuse of the Cardinal, who was openly accused of the most detestable crimes.

The Pope soon interfered in the quarrel. He first cited the Queen of Navarre before the Inquisition; and upon her non-appearance, he, on the 29th of September, 1563, issued a bull of excommunication against her. The bull was to this effect; that in case the Princess did not answer to the citation in six months, she should be declared contumacious, attainted, and convicted of heresy, and, as such, be deprived of her dominions, which should be given to the first occupier.

This daring sentence excited the immediate attention of the French government. The Queen, the King, and the Chancellor, agreed in regarding it as a proceeding fraught with danger to every crowned head in Europe, more especially to that of France. The recollection that Spanish Navarre had been appropriated by Ferdinand the Catholic under the sanction of a similar bull from Pope Julius II., showed them what might be expected under the like circumstances from Philip: and the prospect of so ambitious and powerful a neighbour on this side the Pyrenees could not be contemplated without the most lively apprehensions. The jealousy excited by this proceeding on the part of the Pope was also considerably increased by the circumstance of his having issued shortly before, a bull, by which he granted to the Inquisitor-general at Rome power to cite before him all persons of any nation, even Bishops and Cardinals themselves,[1] accused of heresy. In consequence of this five French Bishops had been already cited on the charge, as also the Cardinal de Chatillon, who had laid down his religious distinctions, had married, and assumed the title of Count de Beauvais. This proceeding, so contrary to the acknowledged pri-

[1] De Thou.

vileges of the Gallican Church, excited equal indignation and alarm—a feeling greatly increased by the intelligence that the Pope, still advancing in his pretensions, had proceeded from the citation of the Princes of the church to that of crowned heads. The Sieur de l'Oyzel was therefore immediately despatched as Ambassador-Extraordinary to Rome, and with orders to use every exertion to have these citations and excommunications recalled. But the feelings of Catherine and of the Council upon this subject will be best expressed by giving one of her own letters to the Bishop of Rennes, her ambassador to the Emperor of Germany.

"I think you must have heard of the citation which the Pope has published at Rome against the Queen of Navarre, and of the suspension and privation by him of some Bishops in this kingdom, contrary to the rights and privileges of the Gallican Church. The King, my master and son, has deliberated to despatch the Sieur de l'Oyzel, to point out to his Holiness that these acts are contrary and prejudicial to the authority of his Majesty, and to the rights and liberties of the Gallican Church; he is to require that on this consideration they be revoked, and to proceed with regard to this affair by the ways ordinary, where this kingdom is concerned. I think he (the Pope) will not be difficult to persuade; but should he, you know what means may be put in practice. . . . . As for the affair of the Queen of Navarre, which is the most important, the Sieur de l'Oyzel has in charge to make him thoroughly understand, that we acknowledge no authority or jurisdiction on his part over those who bear the title of *King* or *Queen;* and that it is not for him to give away states and kingdoms to the first conqueror—more especially those of the said Queen of Navarre, who holds the best part of her territories in obedience to the

King, *mon dit Sieur et fils.* And because this beginning of his is of great importance, and will not be without consequences (*n'est pas sans suite*),—for it may be extended to other great Princes, to the disturbance of all Christendom—I beg of you, M. de Rennes, that you will take care to bring forward the subject with my brother the Emperor. You will judge of his sentiments, and let me know how he takes this matter, for it concerns all Kings to understand, whether it is for the Pope at his own pleasure to assume authority and jurisdiction over them, and to make a prey of their territories and dominions. We, for our part, are resolved never to submit to it."

According to De Thou, the representations of De l'Oyzel had so much effect, that the proceedings against the French bishops were abandoned,[1] and the sentence against the Queen of Navarre annulled and revoked, so that the bull in which it was contained is no longer to be found in the constitutions of Pius IV.

But this successful interference served to place the Queen Jeanne only in a more perilous situation than before. In the course of the following year a design, the most daring that ever was by one Sovereign conceived against another, was very near being carried into execution. This was no less than a plan to carry off the Queen and her two children from the very centre of her dominions, and to lodge them in the prisons of the Inquisition. The emissaries of Philip II. had concocted this scheme at Madrid, with the privity of Montluc; and it was upon the point of being executed, when the Queen Isabella—horrorstruck at the idea of the fate preparing for her relation and her friend—found means to warn the French Ambassador, and, through him, the Queen of Navarre.

[1] De Thou, Hist. Davila.

Unfortunately, these arbitrary proceedings of the Pope and the King of Spain, instead of stimulating Catherine to throw off the yoke, assert her freedom, and support the cause of liberty of conscience—as so many in her situation had courageously and happily done—as usual, only terrified and embarrassed her. She now sought a conference with the Queen of Navarre—but it was not to concert together those resolute measures which would have ensured the common safety—and, by a hearty co-operation with the Reformed, have enabled them both to set at defiance the usurpations of the Pope, and the still more unauthorised encroachments of Spain—it was to persuade the stout-hearted woman to bend to the storm, forsake her principles, and desert her party, and, by re-establishing the Catholic religion in her dominions, leave Philip no pretence for interference.

It was under the influence of sentiments such as these, that, early in April, 1564, the Queen, attended by a numerous and brilliant court, and accompanied by her son, began the progress through his dominions.

"To disguise," says Davila, "the main and sinister object of this journey, the Queen travelled with an air of more than ordinary splendour and festivity, numerous attendants, gorgeous liveries, scenic preparations, horns, hunting dogs, *lauti conviti*, and a crowd of courtiers, devoted to pomp and pleasure."

Leaving Fontainbleau, they proceeded first to Troyes. Here Castlenau met them with the ratification of the peace with England. This peace was, in fact, only the previous truce, under a form that promised longer duration. The main point that Castlenau had with infinite difficulty carried, being the return of the four French gentlemen, held by Elizabeth as hostages for the restitution of Calais. This success was hailed with great joy by the French,

considering it, as they did, as a tacit renunciation by Elizabeth of her claims upon that important town.

From Troyes the Court proceeded to Bar-le-duc, where the baptism of a son born to the Duke of Lorraine and Claude of France, was celebrated with the greatest magnificence.

At this place the Queen had been anxious personally to confer with the Duke of Wirtemberg, one of the principal members of the German Protestant confederacy, hoping, through his means, to renew the ancient alliance between the German Protestant Princes and the French crown, and thus cut off the source from which the Hugonots might in any future contest obtain supplies. The Duke of Wirtemberg, however, excused himself from meeting her on the plea of his great age. She then endeavoured to engage the German Princes to range themselves upon her side by the offer of subsidies. "Trusting," says Davila, "that the well secured stipends of the French King would be preferred to the uncertain promises of the Hugonots." But the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Duke de Deuxponts and the Duke of Wirtemberg, who favoured the Protestants more from regard to their common religion than from private interest, refused to accept her proposals, and could only be brought to promise, in general terms, not to aid the French malcontents unless they were disturbed on matters of conscience. John William Duke of Saxony, and the Marquis of Baden, on the contrary, concluded an alliance offensive and defensive with France.[1]

From Bar-le-duc the Court proceeded to Dijon, where they were received by Tavannes, the bitter uncompromising enemy of the Religious. "He met their Majesties," say his Memoirs, "a mile from the town, and

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia, i. 309.

making no long speeches, put his hand upon his heart, saying, *ceci est à vous*—then upon his sword *voilà de quoi je vous puis servir.*"[1] Feasts and tournaments followed, during which Tavannes received every mark of favour, while the province of which he was lieutenant-governor shewed on several occasions the spirit by which the population in common with its chief was animated. At their entry into the majority of the towns little children, clothed in white, met the procession, crying out *Vive le Roi et la messe.* At Chalons-sur-Saone a medal was presented and *accepted,* on which the figure of the King was represented, supported by piety and justice, trampling upon a fury of hell whose breath had infected all Christendom.

From Dijon they advanced to Lyons, a town, as we have seen, which had been the first to take arms in the cause of the Reform, and the last to submit to the King. To bridle this place, rendered doubly important by its vicinity to Geneva and Germany, a fortress was immediately planned and speedily completed. It was situated at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone. Leaving Lyons, the Queen and King entered Dauphiné: here the town of Valence, for its attachment to the Hugonots, was dismantled, and a fortress erected. The same system was pursued, as we are told by Castlenau, in every place they entered, and every where the mass, and the Catholic religion restored. "It being their design to mark those places where conventicles should be permitted, and to dismantle all those towns and castles which had been favourable to the Hugonots—yet at the same time to execute strict justice upon those (of the Catholic party) who since the peace had committed so many assassinations and excesses—excesses of themselves sufficient to rekin-

[1] Mém. de Tavannes.

dle the civil war."[1] "Throughout this voyage," he adds, "though the Queen had a strong desire to maintain peace, yet she was solicited by the Catholics, on all sides, to renew the war before the strength of the Hugonots should increase; to refuse them all exercise of their religion, deprive them of their arms, and in short to reduce the whole kingdom under the Catholic faith."

"The family of Lorraine, meantime, still pressed for vengeance upon those whom they considered as the authors of the death of the Duke de Guise; and the King of Spain, with whom they now began to project an interview at Bayonne, continued to remonstrate by his ambassadors, saying, 'That it was a shame for his Majesty to have been constrained by a handful of his subjects to capitulate at their pleasure,—adding, that the great and glorious name of Most Christian King, obtained by his predecessors, through the constancy with which for so many years they had combated heresy, and maintained the Holy Chair, would be lost by such a change of policy." "I will not affirm," he goes on, "that love of confiscations—resentment of the death of the Duke de Guise, and the ambition and self-interest of Spain, anxious to deprive the King at this moment of the power to assist the Low Countries, now ripe for revolt, had not their effect; but this I know, there was a general talk of a universal rising of the Catholics in France *pour abolir les Huguenots:* and if the King and Council would not favour it *l'on s'en prendroit à lui même, en danger de diminuer son autorité et l'obéissance de ses sujets.* These reasons were strong with their Majesties to enter into the league of the Catholics, but as it was perilous to break at once the Edict of Pacification, it was necessary to find the means by degrees to diminish its effects, by other and less indulgent edicts."

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, 44. 116.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION OF THE PROGRESS.—CATHOLIC LEAGUES.—MEETING WITH THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND DUKE OF ALVA.—RETURN BY NAVARRE.

THE Court having arrived at Roucillon, a small place belonging to the family of De Tournon, were followed by the complaints of the Reformed on account of the way in which the Edict had been broken in various places, more especially in Burgundy, and of the violence and murders committed on all sides. A fresh Edict bearing the name of that place, was therefore issued.[1] This Edict, called by De Thou, *un réglement pleine de sagesse et de justice*, and drawn up by De l'Hôpital, will not be found in accordance with our more enlarged ideas of the meaning of those words.

The clauses were chiefly directed to restrain within narrower limits the privileges of religious worship granted by the Edict of Amboise. The preamble declared that the Edict of Pacification being susceptible of various interpretations, *it was to the King that the right of interpretation belonged.*—(A dangerous admission.) Meetings for religious purposes, except under the circumstances admitted by the law, subjected the assembled to all the penalties of rebellion; levies of men, contributions of money were strictly forbidden; and by a cruel clause, all those who had at any time belonged to the religious orders, and, who being converted to the Reformed opinions, had

[1] De Thou. See D'Aubigné, p. 299.

quitted their convents, some even having married, were compelled to re-enter the cloister or submit to immediate banishment, on pain, if they returned, the men of being sentenced to the galleys, and the women to perpetual imprisonment. When we consider the situation of those unfortunate creatures, torn from all the tender ties they had contracted, to be once more immured in a cloister, without that consolation which internal conviction of the value of such mortifications in the eyes of God must afford, we are at a loss to conceive how a man like De l'Hôpital could be guilty of such inhumanity; and are led to deprecate the policy which induced him to sacrifice so much, though with the fond hope of still saving a part. There were also in this Edict, as D'Aubigné tells us, "*force rigueurs sur les synodes*," owing probably to the jealousy excited, and not altogether unjustly it must be confessed, by the assembling about the latter end of May of a synod of sixty-two ministers at La Ferté Jouarre.

The return of the Cardinal de Lorraine, the various alarming rumours afloat,[1] and the menacing attitude assumed by the Catholics, had again awakened the apprehensions of the unhappy Hugonots, and it is said levies of

[1] Il existe un curieux document sous ce titre :—*Instruction à M. de Feuquières pour faire entendre à M. le Prince ce qui s'ensuit* . . . Que ceux de Ch . . . . . ont tenu conseil pour, apres les reitres seront partis, donner en une même jour les vespres Siciliennes à ceux de la Religion. Par la délibération de ce conseil ils ont envoyés les capitaines Chary et Sarlabon pour gagner ceux de Paris qui les aideront à l'exécution de leur entreprise. Avertir M. le Prince, M. l'Amiral et M. d'Andelot qu'ils se tiennent sur leurs gardes, car ils ont délibéré de leur jouer un mauvais tour, et les faire mourir tous trois en un seul jour, s'ils peuvent. Pour montrer leur ruse l'on a voulu faire serment aux reitres de n'entrer jamais en France sans la permission du Roy et avoir, mandement exprés, signé, et scellé—ce qui est contre l'Édit de Paix, parceque le Roy les a advoués. . . . . Remontrer à M. le Prince que l'on poursuit la dépéche des reitres, afin que quand ils seront retirés jouer leur jeu :—Que M. le Prince croie ces avertissemens pour véritables, parceque M. le Prince de Porcian les a de ces amis qui hantent le gouverneur de Ch. conducteur de l'affaire. — MSS. de Bethune Vol. cot. 9054, fol. 53, from Capefigue, v 2, p. 324.

men and money were already being made among the Churches.

The Queen wrote to Coligny to complain of *l'humeur remuant* of his party, but the affair had no further consequences, unless we may look upon the Edict of Roucillon as thence arising; "An edict," says D'Aubigné, "*ayant des clauses si rigoureuses qu'elles firent frémir par toute la France les Reformés.*" [1]

It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that it was in this edict that the date of the first day of the year was, by De l'Hôpital, finally fixed to be reckoned from the 1st of January. Under the first race of the French kings, the year had begun upon March 1st; under the second, upon Christmas day; under the Capetians, at Easter. This moveable date had occasioned, as may be supposed, the greatest confusion in deeds and records, both legal and historical.

The Edict of Roucillon, in conjunction with the violences and atrocities now exercised upon his defenceless party—for "*l'été avoit été chaud et ardent, durant laquelle s'étoit commis une infinité de meurtres et de cruautés au pays du Maine, Anjou, Tourqine, et autres endroits où les Huguenots étoient les plus foibles,*"[2]—at last fairly roused the Prince de Condé. He had retired from Court before the progress began, and had busied himself with the affairs of his government. He now wrote in the most animated terms to the Queen-Mother, complaining of the grievances of his party, pointing out the errors and injustice of the Edict of Roucillon, and its too probable effects upon the public peace.

As for that Catholic league, which Castlenau, as quoted

[1] So rigorous in all its clauses that the Reformed shuddered throughout the whole of France.

[2] The summer had been hot, and during it an infinitude of murders and cruelties had been committed in Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and other parts where the Hugonots were the weakest. — Mém. de Castlenau, 44. 153.

above, alludes to, there was certainly at this time something of that nature in agitation, of very different importance and extent from the one we have mentioned as set on foot by Montluc.[1] In his Memoirs Montluc tells us, "I perceived about this time the breath (*vent*) of a league that was preparing in France, in which many great persons and others were engaged; it was not much to my taste." These great persons were the Dukes of Aumale, Montpensier, Martigues, Chavigny, &c. "The King brought the matter before his Council. I secretly advertised the Queen of it," adds Montluc,[2] "for I could not keep it to myself: she thought it strange, and told me it was the first she had heard of it, enquiring what was best to be done?" Montluc advised the King to make a counter-league, and put himself at the head of it; advice rather plausible than sound, but which was supported by the principal persons in the Council: it was not, however, adopted, but an instrument was immediately drawn up condemning all confederations whatsoever, "*comme attentatoires à l'autorité royale et pernicieuses au bien de l'état.*"[3] "Why," asks De Thou, "should a king make league with his subjects? or bind himself by any oath but that of his coronation? Does he not thereby diminish his own authority by precisely that portion which he shares with his people? Does he not thereby excite and accustom them to faction, and to form parties in his dominions?"

From Roucillon the Court visited Avignon, Marseilles, Nismes, Beziers, Narbonne, and entered Carcassonne, 13th January, 1565, during which night there was so extraordinary a fall of snow, that the King remained in a manner

[1] De Thou.
[2] Mém. de Montluc.
[3] As against the royal authority and hurtful to the state.

blockaded ten days.[1] The preceding summer had been excessively sultry; the plague had visited France, and was at Lyons during the King's residence there. This summer was succeeded by a winter as extraordinary for its severity. "A winter followed so dreadful and severe that all the rivers in France were frozen; much corn, all the olives, walnuts, figs, laurel and orange trees destroyed, and great part of the wood of the vines. The King and Queen were in a manner besieged by the snows at Carcassonne; it lay the depth of four feet. So deep a snow had been unknown in that country since the year 1442."[2]

During their stay at Carcassonne, and at the beginning of the year 1565, the King and Queen received intelligence of a disturbance in Paris, the circumstances of which afford a lively picture of the state of things and the uncertain position of legitimate authority. It appears that the Cardinal de Lorraine had, in the February preceding, requested and obtained from the King a privilege to travel, attended by guards. He proceeded thus to Paris; and to gratify, it seems, his insolence and ostentation, resolved, at the moment when by the late edicts every individual in the kingdom was disarmed, to enter the capital with his guards in their full accoutrements. Aware of this determination, the Maréchal de Montmorenci was resolved to mortify the pride of the Prelate, and he made a public declaration before the Parliament, that he would suffer no one to approach Paris in arms during the absence of the King and Queen. The Cardinal persisted in his resolution, refusing at the same time to shew his letters of privilege, alleging it to be contrary to the honour of his house to receive the law from his enemies, and shew his

[1] One hundred and twenty-three years before, Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh, had been detained three months in the same place by the snow.

[2] Mém. de Castlenau.

papers at their demand. Upon his entrance, therefore, into the town he was met by an order from the governor to disarm his attendants. He refused obedience, and, followed by the Duke de Guise, entered Paris in defiance, surrounded by his guards. In the Rue St. Denis he was met by Montmorenci, the Prince de Porcian, and a number of gentlemen: a scuffle ensued; the Cardinal took refuge in one of the shops, the young Duke de Guise remaining on the threshold pistol in hand, "with a boldness," says Matthieu, "worthy of his father's son." The attendants of the Cardinal were dispersed, and one life lost. The Prelate now sent his letters of privilege to the Parliament, by whom they were transmitted to Montmorenci, who only remarked, that he ought to have presented these before, and that as far as regarded himself, he would have shown himself unworthy the confidence of the King, had he acted in a different manner. The Cardinal was persuaded to leave Paris and retire to Meudon, but the Duke d'Aumale remained in the neighbourhood in a threatening attitude; upon which Montmorenci wrote to Coligny to entreat him to come in force to join and support him. Accordingly Coligny arrived at the capital upon the 22nd of January, attended by 500 gentlemen on horseback; and though his appearance at first excited the fears of the *bourgeoisie*, so prudently did he conduct affairs, that in a few days he beheld himself the idol of the vain and giddy people. He was complimented by the Chapter of Notre Dame, the Universities, and the Prevôt des Marchands, and honourably received by the Parliament, when he came before them to clear himself from the accusation that had been fastened upon him. Having assisted Montmorenci in allaying the general ferment, he retired once more to Châtillon.

Shortly after this event Condé came to Paris; and, to

raise the spirits of his party, held, in direct contravention of the Edict of Roucillon, a prayer-meeting at his hotel, which was attended by 4,000 persons. From Paris he wrote to the Queen-Mother, requesting permission to attend her at the ensuing conference at Bayonne; but nothing could, by possibility, have been less acceptable than his presence there, and she excused herself upon various pretences. Condé, therefore, once more returned to his government.

The Court, in the meantime, after traversing Languedoc and Guyenne, arrived at Bayonne, there to await the Queen of Spain and the Duke of Alva, who was to represent his master at this conference.

The King and his Mother entered Bayonne the 3rd of June, accompanied by the Duke d' Anjou, the Princess Margaret, the Constable, the Duke de Nemours, the Duke de Guise, the Dauphin of Auvergne, the Duke de Longueville, Damville-Montmorenci, and the numerous ladies of the Court; "to imagine these scenes," says Brantôme, "one should have seen this lovely troop of *dames* and *demoiselles*—creatures more divine than human—one more lovely, more richly, more bravely attired than the other, shining in those magnificent assemblies like the stars in the clear azure of heaven, for the Queen expected all to appear *en haute et superbe appareil;* though she, during her widowhood, arrayed herself not in the costly worldliness of silk, unless it were of the gravest hues—but she was always elegant and well dressed, ever appearing the Queen of all. It was an enchanting sight to behold her when she travelled, surrounded by a company of forty or fifty ladies, all on beautiful *haquenées* with splendid trappings; she riding with so much ease and grace, and so well dressed for that exercise, nothing could be better; the ladies following, their hats filled with plumes

of feathers, which, floating in the air, added grace to every motion. Virgil, who has taken upon him to describe Queen Dido going to the chase, has nothing approaching to our Queen and her ladies."

But amongst all those beauties whom Brantôme, both as a courtier and a lover, celebrates with the greatest delight, the Princess Margaret, the future Queen of Henry of Navarre, is pre-eminent.

"To speak of the beauty of this Princess," says he, "all that have been, or ever will be, in comparison are nothing—for the brilliancy of her beauty is such that should a miscreant be found daring enough to doubt the miracles of God, let him contemplate that lovely face, so finely formed, and own that nature employed all her rarest and most subtle spirits to create this sweetest image. Being in its softness or in its gravity sufficient to inflame the world, so beautiful her features, her eyes so transparent and agreeable, and with the most splendid, rich, and superb figure imaginable: all accompanied with a port of such majesty, that she appears more than a Princess—a very goddess upon earth—arrayed in her rich and magnificent dresses and ornaments, and adorned by the delicate and fair linen that decorates her form." The Duke d'Anjou, was, as I have said, no less distinguished for his extraordinary personal beauty than his sister.

To this brilliant assemblage came the ill-fated Queen of Spain, from the dark and gloomy Court of the Escurial.

On the 9th of June the Duke d'Anjou crossed the Bidassoa to meet his sister; he conducted her to St. Sebastian, where they were joined by the Duke of Alva, and thence they proceeded to Bayonne. Isabella or Elizabeth, —whose very name raises those feelings of tenderness and pity inspired by youth, beauty, and gentleness, sacrificed to political arrangements, and the victim of unkindness

and jealousy—possessed that character of loveliness, those olive shades and delicate outlines which distinguish the more intellectual countenances of the south, and which the taste of modern times has learned to prefer to the blue eyes and golden hair, once the theme of universal admiration. "Her figure," says Brantôme, "was beautiful, and she was taller than her sisters, and possessed an air of majesty, and gestures of mingled gravity and softness, that united something of Spain with the elegance of France. Her face was lovely, and the black hair which hung in shades over her beauteous countenance rendered her so charming, that it was said the courtiers feared almost to look at her, lest they should excite the jealousy of the King. I have seen her when she went to the churches, monasteries, and gardens, surrounded by such a crowd of people, that one could scarcely move in the press, for her sensibility and sweetness made her universally beloved. A year before she came to Bayonne she was ill, and given up by her physicians. There came a little Italian doctor to Court, who, by the King's permission, undertook her case, and gave her a medicine, which, being taken, the colour miraculously returned to her face, her speech was restored, and she became convalescent; at which time the Court, and all the people of Spain, broke down the roads with processions, goings and comings from churches and hospitals; some barefooted, some bareheaded, some *en chemise*, putting up prayers, *oraisons*, offerings, and intercessions to God, for her safety—so that it was believed that all these good prayers, tears, and cries heard of God had more efficacy in restoring the Princess than even the little Italian physician.

"I arrived in Spain a month after, and saw her the second day after she left her chamber as she passed to her

coach: such beauty should, indeed, appear in public, and not keep recluse within.[1] Nothing on earth was ever so lovely as her face, for her illness had given fresh delicacy and clearness to her complexion—as I took the liberty of telling her, when she most graciously received me as coming from France. She was going to the churches to thank God for the grace of her health; and she continued this good and holy practice fifteen days, showing to all the people her face uncovered, according to her custom, so that really they idolized, rather than loved or honoured her. She made her entrance into Bayonne on a *haquenée* most richly and superbly harnessed, the housings being bordered with an embroidery of pearls worth one hundred thousand crowns. She had a fine grace on horseback, and was most beautiful and charming to behold. We had all orders to go out to meet her, and accompany her entry, she receiving us graciously, and doing us the honour to thank us for this attention, especially me, who had had the distinction to convey to the Queen her mother, the desire she felt to revisit France. Her mother loved her above all her daughters, and she in return honoured, respected, and esteemed her. I have heard her even say, that she never received a letter from the Queen, her mother, that she did not tremble, lest by any means she might have offended her, and that it might contain some unkind word." Such was the soft and gentle being, transferred from the exquisitely sensitive Don Carlos, to the cold and harsh tyrant, his father.[2] The imagination of poets falls short of the truth of the pathetic story.

In the place of Philip, as I have said, the Queen was

[1] Brant. Femmes Illustres.

[2] When she was first presented to the King of Spain, she looked fixedly at him, at which he was offended and said angrily, "Me mirais? Si tengo cañas?" (Are you looking for grey hairs?), which words and manner so struck upon her heart, "that from that time *on augura mal pour elle.*"—Brantôme.

attended by the Duke of Alva. Catherine had been amused by promises that the King himself would be present, but there was no intention of the sort. The Duke came ostensibly to present the order of the Golden Fleece to the young Monarch of France, but charged with a far more important mission with regard to Catherine. He was commanded to study attentively the character of the woman with whom he had to deal, and to induce her to co-operate in those atrocious purposes of violence and cruelty, by means of which both the master and the minister had resolved to extinguish every spark of religious and political liberty alike in Spain and the Low Countries.

The Duke of Alva was one singularly fitted for the part assigned him. His character, uniting the most pitiless barbarity of intention with a cold and dispassionate temperament, was only the more dangerous because not liable to those emotions either of tenderness or even rage which open the heart of man to the influence of his fellow-creatures. Alva worked with the dreadful certainty and impassibility of a tremendous machine, and the fate and sensations of his victims may be best compared to those of a wretch involved in one vast whirl of wheels and pulleys, which crushing him to atoms with remorseless power, are insensible to his cries and indifferent to his resistance. This coldness of temper had been early noted by the great Emperor Charles,[1] who distinguishing him for his courage, yet remarked, how entirely it was wanting in that sparkling effervescence and unthinking vehemence which characterise a generous bravery. "I wish," said he, "he were more like Le Peloux (a young Frenchman who had accompanied the Constable de Bourbon).—I wish he were more forward, *plus en avant qu'il n'est en campagne,*

[1] Brantôme, Alva.

for Le Peloux goes and comes and is every where—but then *he* is a Frenchman, *bouillant et hardi*, the other a cold and discreet Spaniard."

It was the openly avowed principle of the Duke of Alva, that no toleration and no mercy, upon any pretence whatsoever, was to be extended to those professing the new opinions. He declared his resolution to exterminate without distinction of age, sex, or condition, whosoever persisted in maintaining them, and supported it with the indifference of one propounding some theorem with which human suffering or happiness has nothing to do. To this dreadful insensibility to bloodshed—to this contempt of the rights and claims of the universal brotherhood, there is but too much reason to believe he succeeded in converting the mind of the Queen-Mother, while he exercised the most sinister influence over the opening character of her sons.

These influences of evil proved more permanent than those of De l'Hôpital for good, and the lessons of Alva were never forgotten.

To all outward appearance, however, nothing was thought of at this interview but pleasure and the display of magnificence. Catherine welcomed her daughter by a series of entertainments, the unrivalled splendour and expense of which excited the astonishment of all. Many marvelled at such apparent profusion and extravagance in the midst of so much real poverty as was known to embarrass the government. Many blamed those amusements which led an impoverished nobility to rival each other in such ruinous expenses. Catherine had the ready answer of those resolved to indulge in prodigality, in defiance of the promptings either of prudence or duty. It was necessary to support the credit of the kingdom—give the lie to reports circulated in Spain of its poverty, &c.

"You do not forget," says Queen Margaret in her Memoirs, "the superb *festin* given in *L'Isle* by the Queen my mother; with the ballet, and that hall which seemed formed by the hand of nature for this purpose. That oval meadow, surrounded by wood of high growth, in which the Queen had niches cut, and in each niche a table spread for twelve persons. That for their Majesties at the end raised on a high dais of four steps of turf. The banquet was served by troops of shepherds dressed in cloth of gold and satin, in the costume of the different provinces of France—which shepherds on our descent from the boats in which we sailed from Bayonne (accompanied by the music of the tritons, and surrounded by whales, sea-horses, tortoises, &c. all represented most naturally) were assembled in troops, each dancing after the manner of their country. The Poitevins with the cornemeuse; the Bourguignons and Champenois with the little hautbois, rebeck, and tambourins. The Bretons with their passe-pieds and bransles. After the feast we saw that great troop of musical satyrs enter a luminous rock, rendered still more brilliant by the jewels of those lovely nymphs, who, surrounded by artificial lights, were sitting upon it; then descending they danced that beautiful ballet, of which fortune, too envious, drowned the glory, in such a strange tempest of rain, that the confusion of our retreat in boats at night gave as great occasion for laughter, as the entertainment had done for admiration."[1]

"But while thus apparently engaged," says Davila, "with feast, tournament and youthful sport, the Queen and the Duke of Alva secretly conferred upon deeper interests."[2] When the eyes of all these gay thoughtless beings were closed in sleep, the Queen each night, by a covered gallery, sought the apartments of her daughter; here she

[1] Mém. de Marguerite de Valois. [2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

held long consultations with Alva: the subject matter of which secret conferences is detailed by Davila.

His testimony is in the main supported by the universal opinion of the Protestant writers, and by that of Adriani, the continuator of the history of Guicciardini, who asserts that he had every opportunity of examining the papers of Cosmo Grand Duke of Florence, and that in the Secret Memoirs of that Prince, he found that these conferences were held at the instigation of the Pope; and that a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers was agreed upon.[1]

"They agreed," says Davila, "that one King ought to assist another in quieting their mutual dominions, and purging them from a diversity of religions, though they differed as to the means by which they should arrive most swiftly and securely at this conclusion. The Duke of Alva, a man of an absolute and resolute temper, said, that to destroy novelties and insurrections in the state, the heads of the poppies must be cut off; and that it was better to fish *pour les gros saumons que pour les grenouilles.* He added, no Prince could do a *more pernicious thing, as regarded himself, than permit his people to live according to their consciences*—allowing as many religions in a state as there are caprices in the minds of men, opening the door to disorder and confusion,—mortal accidents to a kingdom:—and he shewed, by numerous examples, that diversity of opinions has always put arms into the hands of subjects, and raised up atrocious treasons and dangerous rebellions against superiors; from whence he concluded that, as religious controversies had ever

[1] It is not, however, certain that Adriani had such a MS. ever in his hands, and it has been doubted whether it even existed; for Riguccio Galluzzi, who had access to and examined these papers, mentions no such memoir in his *Istoria della Gran Ducata.* This omission, however, affords no positive proof of the non-existence of the paper. — Ob. on Mém. Cast. p. 433.

served as an argument for popular insurrection, it was necessary to eradicate the evil by the severest remedies, and without hesitation, extirpate by fire and sword the roots of a disorder, which gentleness and indulgence would only tend to increase."[1]

Such were the arguments used to blind and mislead the Queen-Mother, and they too well succeeded.

At this time of day it is happily unnecessary to enter into a confutation of them. Yet there are many still, who, while starting with horror at the atrocity of such sentiments when thus expressed in all their native injustice and barbarity, suffer themselves to cherish in their own hearts a secret intolerance with regard to religious doctrines and opinions, and confused notions upon the great subject of liberty of conscience, which in days blest with the light we now enjoy, do them little credit. They will not do amiss to consider, that once grant the premises, that liberty of conscience may be legitimately interfered with, and the hideous conclusions of the Duke of Alva's policy must necessarily follow. For certainly there can be no such effectual cause for discontent—no such pervading stimulus to insurrection as religious persecutions and disabilities; nor assuredly can two religions with safety exist in a state, if the one be suffered to hold down and oppress the other.

"The Queen," Davila goes on to say, "*adapting her ideas to the nature of the French nation*, wished, as far as possible, to avoid dipping her hands in the blood-royal of France, or in that of the greatest men in the kingdom. She desired first, by every gentle method, to endeavour to restore the Hugonots to the bosom of the Church. She acknowledged herself well aware of the inconveniences of liberty of conscience, but said these

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

should be remedied in their beginnings and not when at their height: and that the motives arising from religion are so powerful that when it has once taken root, many things must be tolerated, which unless under such necessity, would never be endured. That we must arrive at the desired port by a long and difficult navigation—do what we can, not what we will:—in short, that in matters of conscience we must proceed with quiet dexterity: such things being as fires that break out with so much impetuosity, that it is safer to weaken and abate them by degrees than stifle them as it were by force—lest they, bursting out once more in their fury, fill the state with desolation and ruin."

Such were the different modes in which the Queen and Alva apprehended the matter, but they never disagreed as to the ultimate object, namely, the destruction of the Hugonots. "They concluded on this: that each King should assist the other covertly or openly, as might be judged best, in effecting so grave and difficult an operation; praying God, that severity and clemency might, by different methods, arrive at one and the same effect."[1]

De Thou, D'Aubigné, Matthieu, all affirm that in these conferences it was agreed to renew the Sicilian vespers. *Il y eut conseil très étroit,*" says the last,[2] "*entre la Royne-Mère et le Duc d'Alve pour l'extirpation de l'Amiral et son partie; ne proposant meilleure remède que faire les Vespres Siciliennes.*[3]"

Matthieu, it must be recollected, speaks the opinion of Henry the Fourth upon this subject. He, a child of eleven years old, beloved and favoured by Catherine for the gaiety

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia, lib. iii.

[2] Matthieu, Hist. b. 5.

[3] There was counsel held between the Queen-mother and the Duke D'Alva for the extirpation of the Admiral and of his party, proposing no better remedy than a renewal of the Sicilian Vespers.

of his manners and his sprightly repartees, was always about her, and present at that conversation where the Duke used the expression, *qu'une tête de saumon valoit bien celle de cent grenouilles.* He was struck with the sentiment; and what is extraordinary, says our author, had the sagacity to select as his confidant upon the occasion, one of the few to whom his observations might with security be intrusted—the president De Calignon.

A mystery and doubt must ever cover the vigils of these two conspirators against the peace and liberty of their fellow creatures; but history in mournful colours records the result of the determinations with which the Duke pursued his way to Flanders; and there is every indirect evidence that from this time forward the dispositions of the Queen were radically changed; and though timidity, irresolution, and varying circumstances might retard her measures, that the ends she proposed were not less unjust, nor her intentions less barbarous. The scruples of conscience, the relentings of nature, all the softer and juster feelings disappeared under the dark influence of this extraordinary and terrible man. He worked upon her fears and upon her pride, and still more powerfully upon her fatal jealousy of power—that most dangerous feature of weak and ungenerous minds; he particularly excited this feeling against De l'Hôpital, representing him as austere and obstinate, and under a pretence of moderation as endeavouring to bend and force her will to his own. He thus succeeded in alarming her self-love, and destroying for ever the confidence which she had so long placed in that wise and good man.

Over the young King, as I have said, his influence was equally pernicious. He spared no pains to make a powerful impression upon his mind, and condescended to flatter his passions by every possible means. The effect he pro-

duced seems to have been lamentable. Charles returned from witnessing those dreadful ravages of civil war, which he beheld as he journeyed through his kingdom, not—his imagination filled with horror at the terrible picture, and his heart yearning to spare his people a recurrence of such sufferings—resolved to maintain peace by rigid and impartial justice to all—but animated by the bitterest feelings of resentment against one and by far the most innocent portion of the disputants, whose insubordination he had been taught to regard as the sole cause of all this misery.[1] Admitting thus much, I am very far, however, from coinciding in opinion with those who believe that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned in all its circumstances at Bayonne. The seeds of such an atrocity were doubtless there scattered, and the minds of Catherine and the King taught to regard such measures of extermination as politic and wise, so that the occasion when it arose, found them prepared to contemplate such deeds without horror; but whoever follows the course of subsequent events attentively will perceive that the scheme of the St. Bartholomew—if scheme properly speaking there ever were—could not by possibility have been at this early period projected.

The conferences of Bayonne were ended. The young Queen of Spain returned to her dominions, to become the victim of religious bigotry in its remoter consequences[2]—the Queen of France, retired prepared by her measures in the same cause, to plunge the kingdom she governed into interminable miseries—the Duke of Alva to deluge a whole country with blood.

[1] It has been said that the vehement expressions used by the young King upon his return homewards, when he beheld the ruins of some churches, excited both the surprise and suspicion of the Queen of Navarre.

[2] There can be little doubt that the crime of Don Carlos was a secret leaning to the new opinions, or that the Queen Isabella fell a victim to the suspicions of Philip with regard to the same subject.

On their journey homewards the Queen and her son visited the Queen of Navarre. Catherine hoped to persuade that Princess to change her religious opinions; but Jeanne was of far too determined a temper, and thought herself too excellent a theologian to yield one iota on the subject, and the Queen-Mother was forced to content herself with re-establishing the Mass in Nerac Oleron, and the county of Bigorre, over which the King of France had authority as lord paramount. This right of interference not extending to Bearn, the Mass continued to be there prohibited. Catherine, however, persuaded the Queen of Navarre to return in company with her children to Paris, and thus, for the present, withdraw herself from the dangerous neighbourhood of Spain.[1] The Court returned by the Angoumois, and arrived on the 5th of December 1565, at Blois.

Thus terminated a journey, undertaken under favourable auspices, and with the sincere intention, it may be believed, of pacifying differences and securing the general peace, but conducted, as it had been, the results proved unhappily far different. The Protestants were alarmed, the Catholics offended. There had been no conferences with the German Protestant Princes, which might have tended to incline the King and his mother to maintain the general pacification, the only meeting with a foreign power had been the fatal one at Bayonne. The mind of the Queen was corrupted, the heart of the young King alienated and his best feelings misdirected, and, from this time forward, affairs rapidly assumed the most threatening and disastrous aspect.

The 14th of December the King met a general assembly of Notables at Moulins. The ostensible reason

[1] See De Thou.

for calling them together was to effect a reform in the vicious system of jurisprudence which had obtained in France; but the real motive was, to give solemnity to a reconciliation which Catherine was urgent to effect, between the houses of Chatillon and Guise. By many, it is supposed, that had all the Protestant chiefs attended upon this occasion, the advice of the Duke of Alva would here have been followed; but I think we can scarcely make this supposition agree with the efforts undoubtedly made to reconcile the two hostile families.

The legal reforms effected by De l'Hôpital, though of leading importance in the history of French jurisprudence, find no place here; the ordonnance in which they are enrolled consisting of eighty-six articles, is well known as the ordonnance of Moulins.

These matters having been completed, that of the Guises and Coligny followed. The three years during which both parties had pledged themselves to maintain the public peace having expired, the members of the house of Guise were once more at liberty to pursue their purposes of revenge. The King resolved, therefore, without delay, to bring the matter to a conclusion, and upon the 29th of January 1566, Coligny appeared before a private Council, where, being interrogated by the King himself, he declared upon oath that he had neither abetted nor assisted Poltrot in his design, and concluded by saying that he was ready to maintain in single combat that whoever affirmed the contrary, lied. Upon this it was decided that he had sufficiently discharged himself of that accusation, and the King imposed silence upon his Procureur-General with regard to this subject, enjoining both parties henceforward to live in peace and amity. The Princes of Lorraine, with Coligny, appeared therefore before the Sovereign, embraced — and promised to drop all hostile feelings;

but it was observed that the young Duke Henry de Guise, at this time seventeen or eighteen years old, and lately returned from Hungary (where, as was the custom of young men of his day, he had gone to serve a campaign against the Turks, sent there by his guardians, with the hope of diverting the irritation of his feelings) lent himself with a very ill grace to this reconciliation. "The Duke," says Davila,[1] "appeared at the request of his guardians, but his grave and severe manner clearly showed that he was there against his will, and that, arrived at a riper age, he would not forget his father's death." As for the Duke d'Aumale, who had refused to be present at all, he broke out a few days afterwards into expressions of undisguised enmity and defiance.

A hollow reconciliation was likewise attempted between the Maréchal de Montmorenci, and the Cardinal de Lorraine, when Montmorenci refusing to make the necessary submissions, his father threatened to disinherit him. Those divisions which pervaded every circle, and almost every family in the country, more particularly affected that of the Constable. The Maréchal, a man of a moderate and just temper, had all along persevered in maintaining his neutrality between the contending parties (though leaning secretly, perhaps, to the side of the Chatillons), and he was one of the first of those true lovers of their country who, under the name of *politiques* and *tiers parti*, endeavoured to restore the equilibrium of the state. Damville was at present devoted to the Guises, the Constable himself remaining in this respect suspended.

The attempt to reconcile the houses of Guise and Chatillon proved vain. D'Andelot and the Duke d'Aumale continued to pursue each other with mutual reproaches and recriminations, until at length it was found necessary, in

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia, i. 351.

order to preserve the peace of the kingdom, to separate these princes and gentlemen who persisted in disturbing the Court by their dissensions. By way of setting the example, the Constable, with Damville, took leave of the King and Queen; after which the Prince and the Admiral retired to their country-houses, and the Duke d'Aumale went to his delightful seat at Anêt.[1] The Cardinal de Lorraine and the Maréchal de Montmorenci alone remained with the Court.

The other events of this year and those of the beginning of the next will be briefly enumerated.

About the time of the Carnival the Queen of Navarre left the Court. She was dissatisfied on various accounts. The first of which was the cruel desertion of her niece, Frances De Rohan, by the Duke de Nemours, in order to make way for his marriage with the Duchess de Guise: the second, that an order had been issued to arrest the very minister who preached before her in her private apartments. She retired, taking with her this time her son Henry, who had now remained four years at the Court under the care of La Gaucherie, a man of great mental accomplishments, but who was lately dead. It is probable that the Queen saw enough both of the manners and morals of the place to think her son safer in Bearn.

In the meantime Catherine, whatever her secret intentions might be, continued to show favour to the chiefs of the Reformed party. Upon the birth of a son to Condé, by his present wife, Françoise d'Orleans, the King proposed himself as sponsor, selecting Coligny to represent him at a ceremony, where, upon account of religion, he could not personally assist. The Admiral upon this occasion was treated with every possible mark of consideration, and on many others received proofs of unusual favour, but he was

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia, i. 353.

not the dupe of such appearances. "Those who opened their eyes," says La Noue,[1] "for the preservation of themselves and others, saw, past a doubt, that there was a determination to weaken the party by degrees, and then give them the *coup de grace*."

The causes alleged for these suspicions were some of them apparent to all the world, some less obvious; among the first may be enumerated—the dismantling of various towns and the construction of citadels in those places where the exercise of the religion was allowed, and yet more the massacres and assassinations of distinguished gentlemen which so often occurred, and for which no justice could be obtained. Among the last, certain intercepted letters were put forward as coming from Rome and Spain, which clearly discovered the intended designs —namely, the resolution taken at Bayonne to exterminate the *Gueux* of Flanders and the Hugonots of France: but above all the arrival of a body of 6,000 Swiss, which had been raised upon the pretence of securing the kingdom upon occasion of the Duke of Alva's passage through a portion of the frontiers, confirmed the suspicions of the Hugonots, and forced them to look to their own safety.[2]

As the transactions in Flanders are from henceforward most intimately connected with those of France, before proceeding to the history of the second troubles, I must give, as briefly as possible, a retrospect of the religious affairs of that country.

[1] Mém. de La Noue. [2] Ibid. p. 168.

CHAPTER IV.

AFFAIRS OF FLANDERS.—ANXIETIES OF THE HUGONOTS.—ARRIVAL OF THE SIX THOUSAND SWISS.

THE Low Countries, as is well known, upon the separation of the dominions of Burgundy after the death of Charles the Bold, being a female fief, were carried by his daughter Mary into the house of Austria; and by succession had become the inheritance of the Emperor Charles V., from whom they had devolved to his son Philip II. Filled with numbers of those large and rich commercial cities, where alone throughout the Middle Ages the spirit of freedom was maintained, a gentle and dexterous hand had been required to preserve to their Lords paramount even the appearance of authority; and the history of Burgundy is filled with the revolts and insurrections of these free-born citizens on even the slightest attempt to infringe their liberties. Even Charles V., eminent as he was, found it necessary, when visiting Flanders, to abate much of that haughty despotic character which marked the government of his other states, and to conciliate the affections of his subjects by mild measures, popular manners, and the most scrupulous regard to their privileges. But Philip II., of an understanding far less enlarged, and a temper more rigid, misunderstood or undervalued the character of the people he had to govern. An attempt on his part to attribute to the bishops a power little differing from that of the Inquisition, had been remonstrated against by the Flemings—many of whom had embraced the Reformed

opinions, but who with one accord, alike Catholics and Protestants, united in opposing this new and dangerous invasion of their liberties.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, surnamed the Taciturn, was one of the first to lend the assistance of his great abilities to this cause, and Philip, upon this manifestation of resistance, having for the present condescended to dissemble his intentions, had with various promises soon afterwards quitted the country for Spain. He left the government in the hands of his natural sister, the Duchess of Parma; but fearing the gentleness of her temper would render her unapt for his purposes, he had attached to her as minister, with full powers, Nicholas Perronet—Sieur and afterwards Cardinal de Granvelle, brother of that Perronet de Chantonnay, whom we have found so busy as Spanish Ambassador in France. Granvelle, after offending the Catholics by various regulations, had at last assumed the title of Grand Inquisitor, and had excited universal indignation by establishing the Inquisition with all its powers in the country; intending no doubt to make use of this abominable tribunal, not only as an engine to extirpate heresy, but as one to act with equal force in matters of state. The city of Antwerp, however, regarding this measure as one entailing the ruin of her commerce with Protestant countries, had broken out into open disturbances; while the other cities, and the principal nobility forwarded their complaints to Spain. But in return only ambiguous and captious answers were received. The fermentation consequently had increased rapidly, at which Granvelle highly exasperated became only the more violent and cruel. It having being observed, that public executions served only to excite popular disturbances, a method of secret punishment, still more full of torment than that by fire was invented. It was practised

in secret chambers, where the head of the victim being tied between his knees, he was plunged into a cask of water, and left to perish by suffocation. Atrocious barbarity! which, without the plausible though futile pretence of a terrible example, busied itself in aggravating the agonies of those who in silence and darkness carried with them their story to the grave. "Yet, is this man," says Le Laboureur, "perhaps of all the men of his time, the most celebrated and praised, and by the most illustrious pens."[1] The secret, however, of these barbarous executions transpired, and the cry of horror was universal. The Prince of Orange, and the Counts Egmont and Horn, wrote in the name of the nation to the King of Spain, demanding the expulsion of Granvelle, and the Cardinal, terrified at the universal detestation, at last gave in his dismissal; but he retired, vowing vengeance. These events happened in 1563. Though absent, Granvelle continued to govern the councils by his influence, and enraged at his apparent defeat, seemed only the more obstinately bent upon his sanguinary designs. In the meantime, the conduct of the Duchess of Parma had been represented to Philip as the result of a determination to foment the troubles, and in order to refute such calumnies the Count d'Egmont, at her desire, had visited Spain. He spoke with the courage natural to his character,[2] emboldened by the splendour of his past services, but his representations, though apparently obtaining attention in public, were in secret overruled. Philip, confirmed in his ideas by the letters of Granvelle, resolved to establish the Inquisition at any cost, and in 1565, the Duchess of Parma received a formal order to establish and support the authority of that tribunal, and to exter-

[1] Le Laboureur, Ob. on Mém. de Castlenau.

[2] It was to the Count d'Egmont that Spain has been indebted for the victory of St. Quentin.

minate the heretics without mercy. The attempt to obey this order was made, and the people rendered furious, flew to arms, menacing their own nobles with death, if they refused to assist them. The 5th of April, 1566, the Count Louis of Nassau, Henri de Brederode, and many nobles and gentlemen, after having assembled at Gertruydenburg, and signed a confederation to resist tyranny, proceeded to the palace of the Duchess of Parma at Brussels, there to present a petition against the inquisition or the reception of the decrees of the Council of Trent. The petitioners were in number about four hundred, modestly clothed and marching two and two. The Duchess received them graciously, and promised a speedy answer. As they left the palace the Count de Barlaimont, one of the leaders of the opposite party, remarked, "*qu'il n'y avoit rien à craindre du ces coquins là, ce n'étoit qu' une troupe de gueux.*"[1] The sarcasm was directed against the simplicity of their dress, and the moderate wealth of the most part of them. But the epithet applied by contempt, was adopted by enthusiasm, and the party accepted it as its designation. The nobles assumed a plain dress of grey cloth, with a small vessel of wood hanging round the neck, as customary with beggars, to receive their alms, and they pledged each other in future under this title, at their convivial meetings. They wore likewise a gold medal, bearing on one side the effigy of the King, on the reverse, two hands holding a scrip, with this motto, "*Fidels au Roi, jusqu' à la besace.*" Thus the name of Gueux became as universally in use in Flanders, as that of Hugonot had done in France.

The Duchess of Parma, a woman of a merciful temper, endeavoured to avert the impending storm. She mitigated the rigorous orders she had received, pacified the insur-

[1] There was nothing to be feared from those scoundrels, they were but a pack of beggars.

gents by her representations, and in concert with the Gueux despatched a fresh deputation to Spain, to lay their remonstrances before the King. An answer of insolent contempt was returned. "That if they liked it better, instead of condemning the Protestants and their ministers to the stake, they might, if they pleased, send them to the gallows." This answer coupled with the alarming report that Philip was coming in person to carry his plans into execution, drove the people to despair. A sudden explosion followed. The Protestants boldly defying the government and the Inquisition, began regardless of the edicts to exercise their religion openly, and to deface the churches and other sacred buildings.

But after the first effervescence was over, the insurrection instead of subsiding, assumed a more serious aspect, and the people began to organise themselves into a regular army. Upon this the Prince of Orange, and the Counts Egmont and Horn were deputed by the Duchess to meet the leaders of the Gueux, and endeavour to conclude an accommodation. After various conferences, it was at length agreed that the confederates should lay down their arms, upon condition that the past should be forgotten, and no one in future under any pretence be punished for what had been done.

The calm that ensued was brief. The Duchess received intelligence that Philip persisted in his determination, and to employ all the power he was master of in furtherance of his object; though he still concealed his designs, and affected to treat the principal noblemen with the most affectionate confidence. Many seduced by these appearances forsook the party of the confederates; but the treatment they received furnished only a fresh example of the ill faith of the government. Advantage was taken of the apparent weakness of the malcontents, and all the provisions held out at the accommodation were disre-

garded. Once more the noblemen met at Dendermonde. The Prince of Orange and Count Louis laid before the meeting certain intercepted letters addressed to the Duchess, by which it was demonstrated, that Philip, looking upon the Prince and the Counts Egmont and Horn as the chief supporters of the cause of liberty, was deluding them by his caresses only the more certainly to destroy them. The Prince of Orange now declaring that it was his own intention for the present to leave the country, and escape by flight the coming danger, exhorted all present to follow his example. But the Count d'Egmont, relying upon his past services and his undeviating loyalty, resolved to stand his ground. These great men parted with tears. "*Adieu*," cried Egmont, "*Prince sans terre.*" "*Adieu*," replied Nassau, "*Comte sans tête.*" The Count Horn remained with D'Egmont.

The disturbances and partial insurrections now increased, and it was in the April of 1567, that the Duke of Alva took leave of his master, and with a small and well appointed army, proceeded to the scene of action. He came with design to carry into execution the principles he had openly avowed before a council held at Segovia, where some advising the King to measures of clemency, Alva had declared, that "no satisfaction, short of utter extermination, could atone for the impiety and rebellion of the Flemings."

It will readily be supposed that the disputes in the Low Countries were watched with the deepest interest by the French Protestants; and an understanding immediately took place between parties so closely connected by their wrongs and by their interests. A similarity of opinion and character had long before united the Prince of Orange and Coligny in the strictest friendship, and it was through this Prince that the Admiral now received intelligence which aroused his suspicions, and filled him with alarm.

The letters mentioned above, as intercepted by Nassau, had contained unquestionable evidence that a unity of purpose existed between Catherine and the Spanish government, and the aspect of affairs at home confirmed their testimony. The privileges of the Protestants had been gradually diminished. The outrages of the Catholics been passed over without punishment, so many as 3,000 of the Hugonots had perished by popular violence since the peace, and no satisfaction had been offered. Men were wantonly murdered without excuse and without provocation; and instances of the greatest cruelty and the utmost disregard of human life and property were every day occurring. In vain the Prince de Condé complained of these excesses, and demanded satisfaction upon the offenders; his representations met with little attention; and he felt that his influence was every day more and more upon the decline.

The Hugonot chiefs, to balance in some measure the Catholic league with Spain, now thought it only prudent to renew their intercourse with the English, and the German Protestant powers; and, it was at their suggestion, if we may believe Davila, that the Palatine of the Rhine, the Duke of Wirtemburg, and other German Princes, now sent ambassadors to the King of France, to remonstrate on the breach of the Edict of Pacification, and to express a desire, on the part of their masters, that the Reformed ministers might have permission to preach in Paris, and generally throughout the kingdom; the people being at full liberty to attend their services. "The King, whose temper was above measure irascible and fierce, was excessively enraged at this. These representations excited him to such a degree, that he could scarcely command himself enough to answer,—'That if the Princes would preserve his friendship, they must not attempt to interfere in his affairs;' and, pausing a moment, he added, 'What would

they think if he demanded that the mass should be celebrated in their cities?'"[1]

He fell into a still greater rage the following day, when the Admiral being in his chamber began to complain of the limitations of the edict, saying, "that none were allowed to attend the meetings in private houses save the domestics of the family; and that one friend could not be admitted to hear the word of God even in the house of another." The King, in excessive anger, went to the Queen's chamber, where the Chancellor happened to be, and, bursting into a violent passion, declared—"That the Duke of Alva was right; that some heads were too eminent in his state; that policy was of no avail against their artifices; and recourse must be had to violence." Maxims but too firmly rooted in his mind.[2]

The appearances on all sides, the intelligence received from all quarters, served unhappily only to exasperate this hasty temperament. The provinces were in the greatest fermentation, disorders were perpetually recurring—confusion and distraction were seen on every side. "For it could not be supposed that the Hugonots, after such invasions of their tranquillity, would not have recourse to reprisals," says La Noue;[3] and Davila tells us, "That these things so changed and heated the mind of the King—whose hatred against those who so contumaciously opposed his will but strengthened with his years—that the counsels of the Duke of Alva, suiting well his natural disposition, and the Hugonots ceasing not to provoke him, he was day and night in secret council with his mother to find some means for uprooting the evil."[4]

"The Queen exhorted him to patience and dissimulation, as did the Cardinal de Lorraine, with his brothers

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia, vol. i.
[2] Mém. de La Noue, Perrau, vie Coligny.
[3] Mém. de La Noue—Davila.
[4] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

and nephew, for though they greatly rejoiced in this change of feeling, yet they wished it to be concealed till the fit occasion should arise .... but there being no end to the suspicions of the Hugonots, nor to the bloody dissensions of the people, the Prince and the Admiral now frequenting, now forsaking the Court, and always with new complaints and representations, the King, *iracondo e terribile*, could endure it no longer, so that, finally, it was determined to aid art by force, and to restrain the licence of the discontented."[1] Davila speaks the sentiments of that Court, with which he sympathises, and shares the obstinate prejudice which persisted in overlooking the true source of all these mischiefs, in the cruel tyranny attempted and the faithless breach of a solemn edict of peace. But, La Noue says, "The Edict of Pacification had given almost universal satisfaction in France, and every one, all evil ceasing, had begun to live in repose, security of body, and liberty of mind." The fable of the wolf and the lamb was never more applicable than to the representations made by Catholic writers of these proceedings; and I am sorry to observe even in our own day, when a more candid and equitable spirit might be demanded from the historian, Mr. Lingard,[2] in his history, continuing, without scruple, to retail as truths, the shameless misrepresentations of angry and unprincipled party writers.

The Prince felt the full effect of these changes on the part of the King and his mother. He had never ceased to hope that the Lieutenant-Generalcy of the kingdom, so repeatedly promised, so justly his due, so necessary to the security of his party, would at length, in spite of the

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

[2] It has been said of his History of England, that it is a disgrace to the century when, and to the community for whom, it was written; and that the author must have presumed upon very great general ignorance among his readers to imagine that his representations of these and other measures would go down.

delays and hesitations of the Queen, be conferred upon him. But when, upon the Constable laying down his office, it became necessary to make the appointment, the Queen, in defiance of her promises, not only nominated the Duke of Anjou, but instigated that young Prince, then but a boy of sixteen, to insult the high-spirited and sensitive gentleman and soldier, by expressions of the most insolent contempt. The Queen instructed him, says Brantôme, "and, well—and one evening when she was at supper, M. le Prince coming in, M. le Duc took him aside, and spoke to him properly, *et de grosses dents*, reproaching him with his presumption, in daring to pretend to such a charge, it being by right his own, and that if he presumed to interfere with *him*, he would make him repent it, '*et le reduire à aussi petit compagnon comme il vouloit faire du grand*:"[1] and many other things he said, which we heard not, we standing aside. But we saw he spoke with high words; now holding his sword by the hilt; now touching his dagger; now *enfoncant et haussant son bonnet*."[2]

The Prince, introduced thus early to public life, endowed by the fond partiality of his mother with the most responsible and important charge in the kingdom—this precocious youth, who felt so little reverence for superior age and reputation, so little respect for the feelings of a brave and honourable man, was afterwards Henry III. of France. A beautiful person, great talents, the gift of the most sweet and insinuating eloquence, united to considerable personal courage—esteemed the crowning virtue in his time—were his endowments from nature; but original disposition, or a wicked education, had united to them a temper malignant and designing, and a heart deceitful and utterly corrupt, incapable of harbouring a generous

[1] And soon make him as small as he now looked big.

[2] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres.

feeling. Cruel, unjust, or absurd, in public life; in private, detestable and detested — such was Henry, now Duke d'Anjou—the idol of his mother's heart.

Condé, subduing his resentment and repressing his feelings, answered with gentleness, though with considerable emotion. He complained afterwards to the Queen of this treatment, but his remonstrances were received with undisguised indifference; and devouring his mortification and displeasure as best he could, he retired once more to his country seat.

The Duke of Alva had now quitted Spain for Flanders. His route was taken through Italy, and would lead him through la Bresse, part of Dauphiné, belonging at that time to Savoy and through Franche Comté and Lorraine. From Italy he wrote to the Queen to inform her of the resolutions taken with regard to the Gueux, and to exhort her to arm on her side, and exterminate the Hugonots in France.

The intended route of Alva awakened the most lively apprehensions on the part of the Prince and Coligny, more especially when they called to mind that secret article of the treaty of Cateau, whereby the sovereigns of France and Spain mutually pledged themselves to assist each other in the extermination of heresy. They went repeatedly to Court to represent the danger and impropriety of suffering the Spanish forces to cross the frontiers, and Condé offered, if permitted, with the assistance of his friends alone, to oppose the Duke's passage. This proposal was an imprudent one, and only served to inflame the jealousy and anger of the King, who deeply resented what he thought arrogance in the Prince, in thus offering to conduct measures by himself. But the Queen affected to share in Condé's apprehensions, and immediately, but with far other design, gave orders for the levy of 6,000 Swiss, which proceeding, there can be no doubt, was the immediate cause of the second troubles.

Catherine, however, still continued to dissemble, and she now summoned a numerous Council, in which she included the Hugonot chiefs, and affected the most serious apprehensions. She even went the length of recommending a war with Spain, should this armament be found to proceed from any sinister design, and dispatched the younger De l'Aubespine to Madrid to remonstrate upon the subject. She acted her part so well as to deceive the Pope himself, for he wrote to his Nuncio to omit nothing in allaying the uneasiness of the Queen of France; and Condé was so far blinded as to be upon the point of renouncing the projects he had lately meditated. But the suspicions of the Admiral remained unabated, and time too speedily confirmed their justice.[1]

The Duke of Alva marched by the proposed route to Flanders, where his arrival was signalised by unparalleled cruelties. His proceedings alone would have been sufficient to terrify the Hugonots; but when, though his army had peaceably evacuated the French provinces, they saw that the Queen not only continued her levies, but that the Swiss troops were actually about to enter the kingdom; the veil dropped from their eyes, and they at once beheld the precipice upon which they stood.

[1] "Dans cette situation d'interêts communs, jamais les rapports de la France avec l'Espagne n'avaient été plus fréquens. Les Archives de Simancas indiquent le nom de sept envoyés secrets à Madrid, pendant les deux années qui précédèrent la rupture avec les Huguenots. Il existe dans ces Archives une brochure curieuse avec ce titre, 'Advertisement à tous bons et loyaux sujets du Roi, ecclesiastiques, nobles, et tiers état pour n'être surpris et circonvenus par les impostures, suggestions, et suppositions des conspirateurs, participans et adherans à la pernicieuse et damnée entreprise machinée contre notre Souverain Seigneur et son état. Gens ecclesiastiques! considerez la misère où est et a été votre Roi; mettez vous en ferventes prières et oraisons; armez vous des armes spirituelles pour aider le Roi à sortir de ce passage à l'honneur de Dieu et conservation de lui et de sa couronne. Vous nobles, qui devaient marcher et militer sous votre Roi, quel honneur ce sera pour vous contribuer à sa défense! Vous êtes liés par commandement de Dieu, par serment exprés, et outre par le devoir naturel, à votre Roi et Prince! Vous tiers état, considérez la détresse de votre Roi, &c.'"—Capefigue, vol. ii. p. 352.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND TROUBLES.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE HUGONOTS.—SECRET COUNCIL AT CHATILLON-SUR-LOIRE.—JOURNEE DE MEAUX.—THE KING SHUTS HIMSELF UP AT PARIS.—BATTLE OF ST. DENYS.—DEATH OF THE CONSTABLE DE MONTMORENCI.

"I DOUBT not," wrote Prosper St. Croix to the Cardinal Borromeo, "that your eminence will receive much pleasure from learning, that the affairs of the kingdom do not take that evil turn which was once expected. For by the grace of God and of the Queen, every one takes, at last,

the proper steps; and it is to be considered certain, that in a little while *we shall hear no more talk of the Hugonots in France.*"[1]

"Three secret conferences were now held by the Hugonots," says La Noue. "The first at St. Valeri, the other two at Châtillon, where ten or twelve gentlemen met to deliberate upon what was passing, and devise some just and legitimate expedients for their protection against what they apprehended, without being driven to extreme courses. Opinions differed—nevertheless, chiefly through the counsels of the Admiral, all seemed contented to have patience,[2] and not too hastily, or until the last necessity, engage in measures which would entail such heavy evils, but rather to wait quietly expecting what time would bring forth.[3] However, at the last meeting, more heat was shewn, for the Admiral and the Prince had received secret advices from some great personage at Court, much attached to the Religious, that a secret council had been held, wherein it had been decided that the Prince and the Admiral should both be seized, the Prince to be imprisoned, and the Admiral executed; and that at the same time, 2,000 Swiss should enter Paris; 4,000, Orleans, and the rest be dispatched to Poictiers: after which the Edict of Pacification should be annulled, and another made, such as was little expected. This intelligence was not difficult to believe, for the Swiss, whom they had so often promised to send home, were at that very moment marching upon Paris. Then some that were present, more impatient than the others, spoke thus,—"What, are we to wait till they bind us hand and foot, and drag us to the scaffolds of Paris? What further light do we wait for?

[1] Lettres de St. Croix.
[2] Mém. de La Noue, chap. xii. p. 369.
[3] Mém. de La Noue, chap. xii. p. 169.

What more would you have? See you not the foreign army marching upon us, and threatening us with vengeance? Have you forgotten, that, since the peace, 3,000 of our religion have perished by violence? Violence for which no justice has ever been obtained. If it were the will of the King, that we should be thus outraged and abused, it might be borne, but knowing it to be the act of those who deny us all access to his presence, in order while thus unprotected to make a prey of us, shall we endure it? Our fathers have had patience more than forty years, during which they have suffered every sort of persecution, for the confession of the name of Jesus Christ, which cause we maintain also—and now, when not only families, but whole towns have made this declaration of faith, should not we be unworthy the noble titles of Christians or gentlemen, if through our negligence and cowardice we suffered such a multitude to perish? Therefore, we entreat you, gentlemen, who have undertaken our defence, to come quickly to some resolution, for the affair will brook no longer delay."

"The most part were greatly moved by these words; but some, more cool and reflecting than the rest, replied, 'The danger was evident, not so the remedies. If we have recourse to complaint what is it but to increase the irritation against us? If to arms, to what reproach and calumny do we expose ourselves, to what misery our families—on whom, scattered in divers places, the vengeance of our enemies first will fall? Is it not better among evils to choose the least; and suffer the first violence to proceed from our enemies, rather than by beginning ourselves, become the culpable authors of public and private aggression?' . . . . On this, M. d'Andelot took up the discourse and said, 'Your opinion, gentlemen, rests upon some appearance of equity and

prudence,—but the principal drugs which might purge the peccant humours of the kingdom of France are wanting in your prescription—namely, fortitude and magnanimity. Do you intend to wait, I ask, till we are banished to foreign lands—bound in prisons—fugitive in forests—run down by the people—despised by the men-at-arms—condemned by the authority of the great? What will our patience and humility avail us then? What our innocence? To whom shall we complain? Who will listen to us? No, it is time to undeceive ourselves, and stand upon our own defence; a measure no less just than necessary: and little need we regard the being called the authors of the war, they being alone the true authors who, having broken all public and private pactions, have in reality begun the contest by bringing 6,000 foreigners into the country. And should we give them the advantage by suffering them to strike the first blow, our misfortunes will be without remedy."[1]

This discourse obtained the approbation of all present, and it was resolved to take up arms, and avert, if possible, the impending ruin; but when they began to deliberate upon the course to be pursued, difficulties appeared on every side. Some advised quietly to take possession of Orleans, and thence apprise his Majesty, that seeing the advance of the Swiss, they had there retired with their friends for security; but on the Swiss being sent back, would each one be ready to return peaceably home. But Orleans no longer lay open to a brilliant surprise—as in 1563; defended by a large garrison, and stronger fortifications, it defied a *coup de main.* The same might be said of the other numerous towns, which had at first so openly embraced the cause—these were

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

now mostly dismantled of their walls, and held in check by fortresses lately erected. At length it was agreed openly to fly to arms, and to aim at the accomplishment of four principal objects; 1st. To seize a few towns, and those of importance.; 2nd. To raise *une armée gaillarde;* 3rd. To cut the Swiss to pieces; and 4th. To drive the Cardinal de Lorraine from Court.

One proceeding of paramount importance was likewise decided upon. Recollecting the unfortunate hesitations which at the commencement of the last troubles had deprived them of the *prestige* of the King's presence in their camp; it was resolved to open the present campaign by obtaining possession of his person. But circumstances had greatly changed. A boy susceptible of every impression, whom to seize upon was to secure as a friend—had become a youth, irritable, jealous, and haughty; by whom such an attempt would be resented as the last of insults and the extremest of injuries. What a few years past would have rendered their ultimate success certain, was now become the most hazardous of experiments.

In consequence of their resolutions, however, a general rendezvous was fixed for the 26th of September at Rosoy en Brie, a place in the neighbourhood of the palace of Monceaux, where, with a strange incaution, Catherine with her son still remained. Such of the Hugonot nobility as were too distant to join this rendezvous were instructed upon the same day to make a general rising in the provinces. And thus the whole kingdom would suddenly pass from the security of peace to the terrors of a universal insurrection.

Numerous as were those to whom the secret of this design was entrusted, so faithfully was it kept (as in the case of Amboise) that not the slightest intimation of it reached the Court till one or two days before it was to

be carried into execution. Montluc was the first to write from Guyenne, that extraordinary movements were observed among the Hugonots of that province, and to beseech the Queen to look well to the King's person. Catherine read the letter with great ill humour, saying, "Montluc was an alarmist, incessantly tormenting her," and that she was better informed as to the state of the kingdom—in fact, well provided as she was with spies, she thought it impossible the truth should have escaped her. She sent, however, a confidential agent to the Admiral's house at Châtillon, to report as to what was going on there. Coligny was found employed in his grounds, dressed in a shabby *blouse*, and mounted upon a tree which he was pruning. Catherine found it impossible to reconcile the idea of a conspirator with so simple, and peaceful an occupation—and was satisfied.

The Court was still engaged in its usual amusements, especially that of hunting, when one of those apparently trifling circumstances, by which the destiny of men, and even kingdoms is often decided—discovered the secret, and saved the King—or rather, perhaps, we should say, deprived France of her last chance for liberty and peace.

The Baron Castlenau de Mauvissiere, of whom we have before spoken, had been sent to Brussels to compliment the Duke of Alva. He was returning quietly home when he fell into company with two Hugonot officers of his acquaintance, who in conversation (with an imprudence very remarkable, when the general fidelity of the party to their secret is considered) revealed to him the plans of their party, namely, the determination to seize upon the King and his Council at Monceaux—to chastise some of their adversaries, and put it out of the power of the rest to injure their party again. "All

which appeared to me rather a fable than anything else," says he.

Arrived at Court, Castlenau hastened to disclose to the Council what he had heard; but he met with little attention. The Queen looked upon the whole as a mystification: and the Constable listened with an air of disdain, censuring Castlenau for spreading ill-founded rumours; and adding haughtily, that he was Constable of France, and in that capacity was not wanting in intelligence of what was passing in the Provinces—that a Hugonot army was not a thing to be carried about the country in a man's sleeve; and that not a hundred horse could assemble, but he should have advice of it. The Chancellor, also, dreading reports that served to exasperate the rising animosity of the King, blamed Castlenau, and exclaimed against the criminality of giving false advices to the sovereign.

The following day couriers arrived from Lyons, and the King, as he took his packets, enquiring if there was anything new, they replied, nothing particular, except that they had never seen so much posting going on; and that upon enquiring wherefore all this travelling was upon the cross roads, they were told that all these people were going to Châtillon, where the brothers of Coligny already were; and that a large meeting was about to be held there.

Upon this, a brother of Castlenau was dispatched to make observations. On his way he met a *post chaise* (!) escorted by several cavaliers, and remarked that they were armed in their cuirasses. Enquiring whose equipage that was, he was told it was that of the Count de Sault, who was going to Châtillon. As he proceeded the appearances of

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.—Perau Vie. Col.

agitation increased, and as he approached the place he perceived numerous equipages approaching the castle. He ordered one of his servants to mingle with the crowd of domestics assembled round the house, and get what intelligence he could. In the morning the man returned, he had obtained the names of the principal gentlemen assembled, and had formed a pretty exact idea of the nature of the design in agitation. Castlenau had himself learned that the surrounding villages were that night filled with cavaliers, who took up their lodgings in the cottages, conducting themselves with the most perfect order. He now lost no time in hastening back to Court with the intelligence he had collected, but found himself just as ill-received as his brother had been. The Court, unwilling to be disturbed in their amusements, continued obstinately insensible to their situation.

In the mean time Coligny, D'Andelot, and La Rochfoucault, having assembled their forces, had proceeded to St. Valeri, where they were joined by the Prince. They crossed the Marne at a place called Tillebardon, and advanced to Lagni, where they halted. But Titus de Castlenau, a younger brother of the two above-mentioned gentlemen, anxious to justify the honour of his family had remained upon the alert. He arrived in haste, the next morning at Monceaux and reported that he had left the Prince, the Admiral, and the gentlemen of their party, "*qui marchoient tous fort serrés*" at Lagni, where they were refreshing themselves, with the intention immediately to remount their horses—surprise Monceaux, and seize upon the persons of the Queen-Mother, the King, and his brothers. He said that he had marched some way in their company, and had recognised them all. Upon this, the Constable became alarmed, saying, this was information not to be neglected, and the moment

afterwards couriers poured in with the intelligence that the Hugonots of Champagne and Picardy were in arms.[1]

Nothing could exceed the panic that now seized the Court. The Swiss, their sole resource, were at Chateau Thierry, four leagues distant; but orders were forwarded for them to join immediately; and in the meantime the King, the Queen, with a small number of ladies and courtiers mounted in haste upon hunting-horses, *haquenées*, and whatever could be found at hand, in the utmost terror and confusion took refuge in Meaux, the nearest walled town; where they arrived in the course of that night, the 26th September.[2]

Courier upon courier was now despatched to hasten the advance of the Swiss, while, to amuse the Hugonots, and give time for the approach of the mercenaries, the Maréchal de Montmorenci was despatched to the Prince and Admiral to open a negotiation.

Victims of their own honest intentions, ever ready to listen to proposals for peace and good understanding—even at the eleventh hour, the Prince and Coligny consented to a conference, and lost by this short delay all the advantages they might have derived from their former promptitude and energy.[3]

The terms were, however, seriously deliberated upon in the Council. The Chancellor, true to his pacific principles, and resting in perfect confidence upon the good faith and honour of Condé and Coligny, advised that the Swiss should be even now sent back, and that the Admiral should be informed that the King was willing to change the system of administration, and above all to allow temples to the Reformed. He affirmed

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Labourcur.
[2] De Thou.
[3] Mém. de Bouillon, M. de l'Hôpital.

that such terms being granted, and honestly adhered to, all the threatened calamities might yet be averted—for he knew that those of the Religion had no desire but to serve the King. The Queen-Mother took up this, "M. le Chancelier, will you assure me they have no end in view but to serve the King." "Yes, Madam, if you will assure me that they shall not be betrayed and cheated."[1]

But while the Hugonots deliberated upon a fit answer to be returned by Montmorenci, the Swiss, with a promptitude almost incredible, running, rather than marching, had arrived at Meaux, the golden opportunity had already escaped, and all purpose of conciliation on the part of the government was at an end. A council was instantly called to determine what was next to be done, whether to remain guarded by the Swiss within the walls of Meaux, or, trusting to them as an escort, endeavour to gain Paris. The Constable, doubtful of the result of an encounter—the Chancellor anxious to retard the fatal moment,—advised to remain where they were. But the Cardinal de Lorraine, desirous to force the Hugonots to declare themselves and strike the first blow, was for proceeding immediately to the capital. He was warmly seconded by the Duke de Nemours, who affirmed it would be unworthy weakness to fear the result, and the height of imprudence to remain in a city so ill fortified as Meaux — and, while the Council were hotly disputing the matter, Colonel Pfiffer, commander of the Swiss, begged to be introduced. Entering the chamber where the King in Council was sitting,[2] he gravely and respectfully addressed his Majesty, entreating him not to suffer himself to be besieged in so poor a place by his rebel subjects; but to confide

[1] Mém. de Bouillon—Mém. de l'Hôpital.
[2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

his person, and that of the Queen, his mother, to the good faith and courage of himself and his men ; who, being in force 6,000, would with their pikes open him a road through any number, however great, of his enemies. These words being accompanied by the hoarse voices of his captains assembled round the door of the Council chamber, who reiterated their prayers and assurances, the Queen arose, and complimenting them upon their virtue and fidelity, commanded them to guard the person of the King, during the few remaining hours of the night (the 27th), for that in the morning she had determined to commit the crown of France to the protection of their honour and bravery. At which resolution the air resounded with the shrill and savage cries of the Swiss bands, who immediately went to get ready for the morrow, while the great lords of the Court prepared for the departure of their households. The night was but half passed, when, beating their drums with a loud noise, the Swiss marched out of the city and put themselves in order ; and at daybreak the different members of the Court, leaving the town by separate gates, assembled at the same place : the Swiss then, forming a hollow square, received the King, with the Queen, her ladies, and the foreign Ambassadors, into the centre of their battalion, and began their march with such an air of audacity and courage "that for years a more notable spectacle had not been seen in France." They were preceded by the Duke de Nemours on horseback, leading the archers of the guard ; the rear being brought up by the Constable, and all the gentlemen of the Court.

The company had not proceeded far before the Huguenot cavalry was seen advancing at a rapid pace, lance in rest, and prepared to make a vigorous attack. The

Swiss halted, lowered their pikes, and stood with so much intrepidity ready to receive the assault, that the Prince and Coligny, who with their squadron caracoling and wheeling at some little distance, approached their flanks, did not dare to assail the battalions, which, after a short pause, fiercely shaking their pikes, resumed their march "in close order."

La Rochfoucault and D'Andelot, with 500 cavalry, now bore down furiously to attack their rear. The Swiss, with wonderful promptitude, faced about, and the King threw himself at their head with his gentlemen, who were mostly without their armour, and had nothing to defend themselves with but their dress swords. They, however, presented so resolute a countenance, that the Hugonots firing their arquebusses retired, and were forced to content themselves with making demonstrations at some little distance.

In this manner, sometimes marching, sometimes halting and charging the enemy, the Swiss continued to advance with wonderful constancy for seven leagues, till the Hugonot captains, wearied and despairing of any result from this their first enterprise, retired, for the day was beginning to fall, to the neighbouring villages. As soon as their retreat was known, it was decided, that, to avoid the perils of the ensuing day, the King and Queen with her children, escorted by 200 horsemen, should ride with all speed to Paris, leaving the Constable, the Duke de Nemours, and the Swiss to follow as rapidly as possible. This plan was carried into execution with great trepidation, every one dreading lest the whole royal family should be surprised and taken; "which," says Davila, "might easily have been done." But the consequences of this unfortunate attempt were fatal and of long duration. Charles, it is said, never forgave it; and the

terror he had felt, added to the disgrace and dishonour of thus being seen flying, as it were, before his own subjects, sank deeply into his mind, exciting such bitter feelings of resentment against the Hugonots as made him but a too ready agent in all those scenes of violence and barbarity which ensued.

The King was received at Paris with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. The people shed tears of tenderness, while Colonel Pfiffer, as he himself related to Matthieu, was loaded with caresses. The King called him his father; the nobility visited and complimented him, the *bourgeoisie* quitted their shops to gaze at him, hailing him as the saviour of their Prince. He had effected his entry the next morning, followed by his Swiss marching in their usual admirable order; he was received at the Porte St. Martin by Charles in person; a donative was distributed to the soldiers; and the bands were then dispersed to be quartered on the town.

The Cardinal de Lorraine, on his side, instead of following in the King's train to Paris, had retired to Rheims; and, falling in on the way with a party of Hugonots, so great was his panic that he left his coach, and fled on foot across the country, half dead, like Nero before him, with fear.

This unfortunate day is celebrated in French history as *La Journée de Meaux.*

The Prince and Admiral, miserably disappointed, now retired to Claye, where they remained five days to consider their situation. They had committed themselves—had thrown down the gauntlet—but their too daring enterprise had worse than failed. No answer had been, or was now likely to be, returned to the petition they had presented through Montmorenci; war remained their only resource, and they had to begin it under every pos-

sible disadvantage; "but like brave men pressed by necessity," says La Noue, "their courage only redoubled when they saw the naked sword suspended by a hair over their heads. They resolved to save themselves by a brave resistance rather than by flight; and, resolutely shutting their eyes to many considerations that could now no longer avail, *estimèrent qu'il convenoit résolument commencer*."[1]

The design of a simultaneous rising of the Religious throughout the kingdom was carried into execution with complete success. The insurrection was universal. All the Hugonots in France took up arms upon the same day, to the astonishment and terror of the Catholics, thus taken by surprise; numerous towns were seized, among the more important of which were Auxerre and Soissons. The Prince and Admiral now resolved to open the campaign by a second decisive measure, and they determined upon immediately blockading Paris, trusting that the cries of a starving population would speedily bring the Court to reason. Assembling, therefore, such forces as they had, and ordering a general rendezvous for the reinforcements of Guyenne and Picardy before the walls of the capital, and having dispatched messengers to the German Princes to hasten the promised succours, they approached the city, and commenced operations by seizing Lagny, Montereau, and St. Denis, avenues by which the large supplies that daily arrived from Champagne and Burgundy reached the capital. A party also drawing near the walls during the night destroyed the flour-mills between the Porte St. Honoré and the Temple; others spread themselves in companies over the roads of Picardy and Normandy, obstructing the passage, and

[1] Thought there was nothing left but resolutely to begin.

putting a complete stop for the time to all communication with the country round.

The effect produced by these measures surpassed all calculation; the Parisians were distressed and terrified beyond expression, while the King was almost distracted with rage, and broke out into the most violent invectives and menaces. The Queen applied herself to collect all the forces of the kingdom, Brissac, Strozzi, Martigues, Tavannes received orders to march immediately to her relief; the Duke de Guise was summoned from Picardy; Damville from the south; and every Catholic gentleman throughout the kingdom prepared to arm for the defence of his sovereign; lastly, Castlenau was sent to the Duke of Alva to demand assistance.[1]

It seems difficult to account for this extreme trepidation, when the force of the respective parties is considered; 10,000 men were at this very moment assembled within the walls of Paris, and the insignificant body of the Hugonot chivalry was unsupported by infantry or artillery; but the daring audacity of the brave little band imposed upon their enemies, who conceived it impossible that a man of such well known prudence as the Admiral, should venture upon besieging the capital, unless assured of support far beyond what present appearances seemed to promise.

While her troops were assembling, the Queen as usual endeavoured to amuse the enemy by negotiations. She dispatched the Maréchal de Montmorenci, the Chancellor, Vieilleville, Morvilliers, and the Bishop de Limoges, to treat of an accommodation; and the Prince and the Admiral, as so often before, willingly met them at a place equally distant from the two armies. De l'Hôpital re-

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, De Thou, D'Aubigné, Davila.

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proached the Hugonots gravely for having taken up arms against their King, without even having represented their grievances, or sought a remedy in a peaceable manner. Condé, ready in word as with his sword, was not wanting in the justification of himself and his friends. He declared that he and his companions had not the slightest intention of taking up arms either against the King or against the State, to which they owed, and would ever pay, inviolable fidelity; but that having been informed of the sanguinary projects meditated against them, by men who abused the royal authority to ruin those of the Reform, they had felt themselves under the necessity of rising in their own defence, to resist the meditated cruelties; and that their design was only to present a petition to the King in favour of the Religious, which petition he entreated him now to take charge of.[1]

The demands contained in this paper mark a resolution on the part of the Reformed to protect themselves, and shew an increasing distrust of the government. The Edict of January—the assembly of the States-General—and that three cautionary towns should be placed in their hands were the first among them; to these were added the dismissal of the Guises; and lastly, that the Queen-Mother should be henceforth deprived of any share in the government,—which last proposition, no doubt, was never forgotten by Catherine. "I will not," says D'Aubigné, "swell my book with a repetition of the endless reasons, declarations, and apologies, put forth upon one side—of edicts, letters patent, and proclamations upon the other, contenting myself with saying, that these conferences (*parlemens*) were ruinous

[1] De Thou, Davila, D'Aubigné, La Noue, &c.

to that party, which, having no legitimate authority by which to summon men to sell *métairie et moulin* to furnish arms, they were found glad enough to delay such matters upon the first rumour of a negotiation."[1]

Delay, however, at first, appeared favourable to the Confederates; Orleans, speedily fell into their hands, from which place they drew three cannon and five culverins, the only artillery in their army. In Burgundy, Maçon and Auxerre; in Dauphiné, Valence; in Languedoc, Nismes and Montpellier, declared for them. Montgomery seized Estampes, Dieppe was taken, Metz on the eve of a surrender. In Gascogny Montluc was kept so well employed, that he found it impossible to succour the Queen; and the distress and dissatisfaction within Paris was increasing every hour.

But soon the face of affairs changed. The Catholic forces began rapidly to approach. Brissac and Strozzi, with four regiments of infantry, found means to throw themselves into the town, and no sooner was this effected, than all negotiation was again broken off, and in place of the Chancellor, Vieilleville, and Montmorenci, who retired within the walls, a herald was, on the 6th of November, dispatched to St. Denys, summoning the confederates to lay down their arms within four-and-twenty hours, under pain of being attainted of high treason.

Condé, seeing the herald approach, called to him, impatiently, it is said, commanding him not to dare say any thing against his honour, or he would have him hanged. The herald replied, "I come on the part of your master and mine, and threats will not make me neglect my commission," and so put the writing into his hand. Condé

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

demanded three days to consider of his answer. The herald replied, that he must return in twenty-four hours, which he did; and bearing so temperate a reply, that the negotiations were renewed, the Constable, Cossé, and the Maréchal de Montmorenci, on the one side, meeting the Prince and the three Châtillons on the other. The Prince, however, adhered to his determination not to lay down his arms till proper terms should be granted, while the Constable persisted in exhorting him to rely implicitly upon the word of the King, and to demand no other security for the lives and fortunes of his party. At last the Cardinal de Châtillon, departing from his usual courtesy of manner, bluntly replied, "That it was impossible to trust the King, and still less himself (the Constable), who had broken his faith once, and by so doing occasioned all the evils they endured—he being the man who had persuaded the King to disregard the Edict of Pacification." The Constable told him he lied, and with these exasperating words the conference terminated. Three days afterwards the parties came to blows at St. Denys.

Upon the 10th of November, the eve of St. Martin, the battle of St. Denys was fought.

The Constable had certainly shewn a considerable unwillingness to bring matters to this extremity, but urged by the loud cries and murmurs of the Parisians, and galled by the epigrams and sarcasms of the nobility who openly accused him of favouring his nephews, he at length consented to give battle, and led his army outside the walls of Paris. He chose his opportunity well, the confederate army having been considerably weakened by the absence of D'Andelot, who, with 1,300 men, was gone to seize Poissy, and bar the passage of the Duke d'Aremberg, with the succours dispatched by the Duke of Alva.

The total amount of the Hugonot army at this

time before Paris, according to De Thou, amounted only to 1,500 cavalry, mostly ill-armed, and worse mounted, serving under the standards of eighteen gentlemen; and of 1,200 infantry.[1]

The Constable, on the contrary, entered the field at the head of 16,000 infantry, and 3,000 cavalry, a force, sufficient, it would seem, to annihilate the little army of the Religious.

As the Constable marched out of the gates of Paris to meet the enemy in fine order, with colours flying and drums beating, the heights of Mont Martre were crowded with eager spectators pressing and jostling one another, in the greatest possible excitement, at the prospect of themselves witnessing a battle. All the busy, restless population of the town and all the gay members of the Court were huddled together. Priests, foreign Ambassadors, fair ladies dressed *à l'amazone*—magistrates and grave doctors of the law in their furred robes and ermine—people of every rank and condition, all expecting with mingled terror and curiosity the approaching fight.

Montmorenci had resolved, if possible, to force the Hugonots to an engagement, or failing in this, to drive them from their positions, and intercept the retreat of D'Andelot. "I have heard," says La Noue, "that he did not expect they would hazard a battle being thus divided; but he was deceived, for their ardour to come to blows equalled his own, notwithstanding the inequality of force. The Catholics had four advantages, namely, superiority in numbers—in artillery—in several battalions of pikemen—and in the ground they had chosen; all which prevented not the Hugonots from beginning the attack, which they did, ranged in three divisions of cavalry *en*

[1] De Thou, D'Aubigné.

haye (a very bad method, though so long practised by our *gens-d'armes*, but we have since learned the use of squadrons), and the combat followed, which was furious, and lasted near three quarters of an hour—*et ceux qui' y ont ensanglanté leur espée, se peuvent vanter de n'avoir pas faute de courage.*"[1]

The armies were opposed in the following order. The centre of the Catholics, in which marched the 6,000 Swiss, commanded by the Constable in person, to the centre or *bataille* of the Hugonots headed by Condé. On the left of the Catholics, their first division (*avant garde*), to the *avant garde* of the Hugonots, under the Admiral. On the right, the Duke de Nemours, with a strong body of cavalry, to the left of the Protestants under Genlis and Mouy, which, stretching over the plain towards Aubervilliers, was defended in some measure by a deep trench on their extreme left.

As the aged Constable rode gallantly forwards at the head of his army, "never had man," says Matthieu, "a nobler mien, or on day of battle looked more resolved.[2] All admired this air of authority in that venerable old age, this *verdeur de courage*, in one who counted more than seventy-nine years. When all were ready, 'Gentlemen,' cried he, 'God will give me grace this day to justify my intentions. I hope to make it known, that by me no considerations of family can compete with the service I owe my King. My nearest and dearest are there, but I will die or make them repent the manner in which they have dared to approach my sovereign.' "[3]

[1] And those who there crimsoned their swords have reason to boast that they were not wanting in courage. Mém. de La Noue, De Thou, D'Aubigné.

[2] Matthieu, La Noue, D'Aubigné, Davila.

[3] Mém. de Castlenau, p. 54, Matthieu, chap. ix. liv. 4.

The day was fast declining before the battle began. The Constable, seeing the enemy resolved to fight, pushed forward his squadrons with so much rapidity that he left his infantry too far behind, and found it impossible to resist the shock of the Hugonots, who, headed by their brave Condé, bore down upon him with resistless impetuosity—beating down, and trampling over his *gens-d'armerie*, and fighting with such extraordinary vehemence and animation, that the adverse multitudes who covered the heights of Mont Martre, caught the infection of their enthusiasm, and the air rang with applause.

"Ah," cried the Turkish Ambassador, who, mingled among the spectators, beheld so many squadrons routed by the victorious charges of a mere handful of men, "Had my master, the grand Signor, but one thousand of those *casaques blanches*, to head his forces, in three years he would conquer the world."[1]

The Duke de Nemours attempted to divert the furious charge by taking Condé in flank, but found himself stopped by Genlis and Mouy, who, pushing forwards their infantry and arquebusiers, resolutely maintained the trench. The Duke d'Aumale and Damville met as determined a resistance upon the part of the Admiral; so that the squadrons of the Constable, after three charges from this glorious French cavalry led by the Prince, his pennons flying high in the air, were trampled upon, broken through and through, and entirely routed, remaining *conquasto disordinato e distrutto*.[2]

The Constable, wounded four times slightly in the face, and once severely on the head, was still obstinately fighting amidst the general confusion, when Robert Stewart, a young Scotch gentleman, rode up to him and levelled his

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

[2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

arquebuss. "I am the Constable," cried Montmorenci, "And therefore I present you with this," answered Stewart, and firing his piece, wounded him in the shoulder, and brought the courageous old man to the ground; who, as he fell, dashed the hilt of his broken sword into the face of his adversary, and with so much force, that he broke three of his teeth, and felled him to the earth.

Montmorenci lay some time upon the field, surrounded by the dead and dying, and abandoned by his flying soldiers, when Damville and the Duke d'Aumale having at length, after a desperate combat, succeeded in dispersing the Admiral's division, came hurrying to his assistance. They succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of his enemies, and carried him with much difficulty and only half alive within the walls. In the meantime, the Duke de Nemours, having at length on his side passed the trench, and dispersed the Hugonot left, returned to the support of the centre. Thus attacked on all sides, the brave little band at length was forced to give way. A dark and rainy night favoured their retreat, and Condé, who, fighting with his usual reckless courage, had a horse killed under him, and with difficulty escaped with life and liberty, together with the Admiral, who had been in nearly equal danger, were forced to take shelter under the walls of St. Denys, having lost nearly a third of their scanty forces, and leaving the country open, and the field of battle to the enemy. Defeated, they could not but acknowledge themselves to be, but they had greatly added to their reputation. The resistance they had made under such disadvantageous circumstances, and before a force so greatly their superior, being esteemed in the eyes of all good judges as more than equivalent to an ordinary victory. The battle was on both sides rendered more remarkable by the high quality than by the number of the slain. The contest had, in fact, chiefly

been carried on by the nobility and gentlemen, of whom great numbers perished, though none of historic importance save Montmorenci himself. The results of the battle were, however, favourable to the Catholics, and the blockade of Paris, was, of course, completely at an end.

The very night afterwards D'Andelot returned. Recalled by Condé, he had marched with the utmost diligence, and he arrived, says La Noue, in despair *d'avoir manqué la fête.*[1]

"After a little repose," he goes on, "the chiefs said, 'Now, we must abate something of the exultation of our enemies, and shew them we have neither lost heart nor hope.' So, drawing out their little army into the fields, they went deliberately, and presented themselves before the suburbs of Paris, and burned a village and some windmills in sight of the town, *pour les acertener que les Huguenots n'étoient pas morts,*[2] and that there was business yet to be done. But nobody came out, probably owing to the death of M. le Connétable."

This judicious demonstration greatly preserved the reputation of the Hugonots; but as it was impossible to remain in their present position any longer, having made this little flourish, they decamped the next morning, and marched towards Montereau, where they were soon reinforced by the troops left in Estampes and Orleans. In consequence of this return of the Hugonots, and of the demonstration made under their very eyes, it became a matter of dispute at the Court, whether the Catholics might be said really to have gained the victory or not. The King referred the question to the Maréchal de Vieilleville, his answer was, "Your Majesty has not gained any

[1] Mém. de La Noue.
[2] To certify to them that the Hugonots were not quite dead.

victory, still less the Prince de Condé." "Who, then?" says the King. Vieilleville replied; "The King of Spain. For on both sides, great captains, nobles, and brave soldiers, have been slain, sufficient to have conquered the whole of the Low Countries, and reunited Flanders with the crown of France."

The day after, or, as some say, the very day of the battle, the Constable died. Brantôme[2] gives the following account of his last hours; "After he had been struck from his horse, recovering himself a little, he asked some one near him if it were yet daylight, saying, 'They must not amuse themselves there, but pursue the victory, for it was theirs.' What resolution and judgment in this brave old man! Then, addressing himself to M. de Sansay, an honest gentleman whom he greatly loved, '*Mon cousin de Sansay je suis mort.* I am dying, but to me death is welcome, coming thus. I could not die, or be buried upon a better field. Tell my King and my Queen that I have at last found that happy and glorious death, (*belle mort,*) covered with wounds upon the field of battle, which, in their father's and grandfather's cause I have so often sought.' And then he began to make his usual prayers, thanking God, and desiring to expire upon that place. But those about him assured him it would be nothing, and that with the help of God he would be cured, and that it was necessary he should be carried to Paris. He very unwillingly consented, saying, that he wished still, as he had ever done, to breathe his last upon the field of battle; but he was so entreated, solicited, and required, that he agreed, saying, 'I allow it then, not from the hope of a cure, for I am a dead man, but to see the King and Queen, take my leave, and give them a last assurance of the fidelity I have

[1] Mém. de Vieilleville. [2] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres.

always borne them.' All which, indeed, he said to them in person, with much constancy, though the water stood in his eyes—their Majesties listening with many tears, while all those in the chamber wept, and ceased not to admire the great courage of this noblemen, who, oppressed by grievous pains, shortly afterwards expired.

"He died in great and incomparable glory, for search all the world, and where will you find, in such extreme old age, such bravery and such a death united?"

A few hours before this, Davila relates that a priest was brought to him, who, approaching his bed, began his consolations. Montmorenci turned himself towards him, and with a most serene countenance, begged of him not to molest him, saying, that it would, indeed, be a vile and unworthy thing, if he, who had lived nearly eighty years, had not yet learned to endure death for a quarter of an hour. "A man," he adds, "of exquisite skill, (*solerzia*) and of great prudence, with a long experience of the accidents of the world—by which means he acquired for himself, and for his posterity, abundance of riches, and the first dignities of the crown. But his military expeditions were ever accompanied by such ill-fortune that in every war, without exception, wherein he commanded, he was defeated and wounded, or a prisoner. Which ill accidents were often the cause that the purity of his fidelity was suspected—as happened upon this occasion; for his rivals hesitated not to make this accusation—that, fighting against his nephews, he delayed the battle till the fall of the day, and leaving his infantry behind, neglected to ensure a complete victory."[1]

Anecdotes concerning the education of eminent persons, from whence hints may be inferred as to the effect

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile de Francia, b. iv. p. 60.

of this great influence upon the future character, are always worthy to be noted; no apology is therefore made for inserting the following passage from Brantôme: "He used to say, that when his father first sent him to the wars, he gave him only 500 francs, furnishing him with good arms, and good horses—'in order' that he might learn to suffer, and not have *toutes ses ayses comme enfant de bonne maison;*[1] and thus be taught to do for himself, and have the industry to make of necessity virtue. For he used to say, 'Children of good family were spoiled by their parents—whose chief care was to provide them a great equipage, and that they should want for nothing; so they learned little of the world, or the *sçavoir vivre;* for no one can know it,' concluded he, 'unless he has learned to suffer.'"

If this system taught Montmorenci how to suffer, it certainly never taught him how to pity. He was throughout life harsh and cruel, cold and severe in his domestic relations. A religious bigot, a grasping and selfish statesman; a vain and unprincipled courtier—his only just praise appearing to be—the possession of undaunted personal courage, and a determination of character—what the French call *du caractère*—which always commands a certain degree of respect.

Catherine, it is said, regretted him little. She could brook no rival in power, and regarded with equal jealousy either virtue or talents when possessed by those not subservient to her will. D'Aubigné, caustic as usual, says, "The Queen paid the expenses of his funeral joyfully—counting his death one of her prosperities—*asseurance et grand caution pour ses desseins.*"[2]

[1] And not have all his comforts about him like other young men of family.

[2] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle —De Thou—Mém. Tavannes.

De Thou remarks, "It was thought this Princess, who aspired to boundless power, looked upon the death of the Constable as fortunate, so far as regarded herself."

Tavannes: "The Queen, desiring the death of the great, was well content with that of the Constable."

A magnificent funeral was the offering made to public opinion. The ceremonies lasted four days, during which the Constable's effigy in wax was laid upon a bed of state, surrounded by all the attributes of his high birth and dignities. Upon each side, and at the foot of the bed, heralds were seen standing, who received with fitting courtesy all who came to pay their last respects to the departed; while the music of the King, and of the holy chapel sang the office. At his hours of repast (a custom very lately prevailing in Catholic countries, on the occasion at least of a royal funeral, as in Rome at the death of the late Queen of Spain), the table was served with the same solemnity as during his life-time. "The *Maîtres d'hôtel*, officers, and gentlemen, attending with the benedicite, the grace, and the presentation of water, at the entering to, and exit from the table."

His body was interred by his own desire at Montmorenci—his heart was placed by that of his master Henry the Second in the Convent of the Celestins, where a monument was erected by his widow, which was covered with inscriptions. Among the rest, the following, in French verse, is inserted as a specimen of the taste of those times:

"Cy dessous git un cœur plein de vaillance;
Un cœur d'honneur, un cœur qui tout sçavoit;
Cœur de vertu, que mille cœurs avoit;
Cœurs de trois rois, et de toute France.
Cy git ce cœur, qui fut notre asseurance;
Cœur, qui le cœur de justice avoit;
Cœur qui de force et de conseil servoit;
Cœur qui le ciel honora dès l'enfance.

"Le cœur, qui fut du Roi Henri son maître;
Roi qui voulut qu'un sépulcre commun—
Les enfermoit après leur mort, pour être—
Comme en vivant deux mêsmes cœurs en un."

Ronsard composed upon his death a funeral song of the nine muses; Pasquier, one he called *Tombeau de Messire Anne de Montmorenci.* This last preserves a characteristic anecdote: after representing him on the field of battle blessing Heaven that he had died in the cause of his King, he adds:

"Sur ce mot on l'enlève, et comme on l'emportoit,
Un gens-d'arme passant demande qui c'etoit—
Montmorenci, dit un—mais lui, de fort haleine,
'Tu ments—Montmorenci combat sur cette plaine,'"

looking upon himself as already dead, and his son, the Maréchal, as occupying his place.

On the same day with the Constable died the Secretary de l'Aubespine. He was succeeded in his office by Nicolas de Noville, seigneur de Villeroi—of whom much will be to be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER VI.

D'ANJOU LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.—JUNCTION WITH THE GERMAN AUXILIARIES.—SITUATION OF THE ARMIES.—PUBLICATION BY THE CHANCELLOR DE L'HOPITAL.—PAIX MALASISE.

MONTMORENCI being dead, Catherine resolved to admit no one in future to share in the supreme authority which, through so many vicissitudes, she had at length obtained: and, in order at the same time to deprive the nobility of a subject of continual emulation and contention, she determined to suppress the charge of Constable altogether—substituting for it that of Lieutenant-General, which she had already persuaded the King, though very unwillingly, to confer upon the Duke d'Anjou, then in his sixteenth year. In order to compensate for his youth and inexperience, she gave him, as seconds in command, François de Carnavelet, and Arthur Gonnor, Maréchal de Cossé. Numerous able officers were likewise to be found serving under him—men alike remarkable for their experience and bravery. Among these were the accomplished Duke de Nemours, married to Anne d'Este, widow of the Duke de Guise; the Duke de Montpensier, who, since the death of his Duchess—a known advocate of the Reform—was become remarkable for the savage barbarity with which he carried on the war; Martigues, Colonel-general of the French infantry—Tavannes, Timoleon de Brissac, and the celebrated Gontaut de Biron.

The two Maréchals, de Montmorenci and Damville,

had retired for the present in disgust, because the command of the *avant garde,* esteemed the second place in the French army, had been conferred upon the Duke de Montpensier, as prince of the blood, in neglect of their own claims as elder marshals. The Duke d'Aumale had likewise left the army on a discontent of the like nature, and had retired to Champagne, to assist the Duke de Guise in resisting the passage of the German auxiliaries, who were expected to attempt a junction with the Hugonots in that quarter.

Shortly after the battle—too late to render effectual assistance, the Count d'Aremberg had arrived from Flanders, bringing with him 1,200 lances and 300 horse arquebusiers; "a succour," says Davila, "esteemed considerable, but the importance of which was increased, because it was considered as proving the intimate union now subsisting between France and Spain."[1]

Yet the Duke of Alva's conduct with regard to these reinforcements might be looked upon as very equivocal, to say the least of it. Upon the first breaking out of the troubles, Castlenau had been dispatched into Flanders, to demand the assistance so liberally offered at Bayonne. "On reading the Queen's letters," says he, in his Memoirs, "the Duke, after reflecting a little, declared 'the pain it gave him to see their Majesties besieged in Paris[2] by those rebellious Lutherans, whom it was necessary to exterminate—root and branch; and that, in accordance with what he knew to be his master's design, he was ready himself immediately to mount his horse, and, followed by all his forces, march against these Hugonots, break their heads, and set their Majesties at liberty.' But having no instructions to accept offers of this nature,

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile de Francia.

[2] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur, b. iv. p. 37.

I prayed him, in place of this, to grant my request, which was to give me 2,000 *chevaux legers*, and three or four Spanish regiments. But the Duke only repeated his offers to go in person, seeming ill-inclined to any other proposal, and kept delaying his assistance upon various pretences, by which I conclude that he had no greater pleasure than to see us at war; for, had he promptly granted us assistance, the Hugonots must have had the worst of it at St. Denys."

At length Alva agreed to dispatch the Count D'Aremberg with the body of troops above-mentioned, and he, after various delays, entered France. But he was the bearer of orders which rendered his assistance of as little real service as was, under the circumstances, possible. Castlenau's design had been to take the Hugonot army, then lying before Paris, in the rear, which must inevitably have cut them off; but the Count refused, showing that his positive directions were to join the King in Paris without hazarding anything by the way, or fighting though secure of victory: and upon no account was he to take the road by Senlis, which was the route pointed out by Castlenau. The army of the Prince, however, being strongly reinforced by the arrival of various bodies from the provinces, had taken the road to Montereau, with the intention of entering Champagne and forming a junction with their German auxiliaries, now approaching the frontiers. The French government had been successful, by their artful insinuations, in detaching many of the German Protestant Princes from the common cause; but the great Palatine of the Rhine was not to be thus persuaded: and, upon the agents of Condé arriving at his court, furnished with a small sum of money, and with the promise of the payment of 100,000 crowns, as soon as their auxiliaries should cross the frontiers, he allowed his second son,

Casimir, immediately to commence a levy of reisters. The Palatine was a wise and great man, and "*passioné,*" says Castlenau, for the cause of the Hugonots: but it may be questioned whether avarice and family economy had not to the full as large a share as public spirit, or religious zeal, in this ready acquiescence with the prayer of the Hugonots.[1] The pay, and the plunder of France and Flanders were become a species of inheritance for his two younger sons, to whom, in giving the means of levying a body of reisters, he gave, what was at that time esteemed the usual and proper provision for the cadets of the great houses of Germany.[2] The mercenaries served, as is well known, and with perfect indifference in defence of any cause, or upon any side; though it must be added, that, in this instance, the Protestant historians give Prince Casimir the credit of entertaining a sincere affection for the party he supported. Neither the Prince, nor even the Châtillons were sufficiently wealthy to satisfy the avidity of these mercenaries; but the imprudence of the Court had furnished the means of obtaining credit for large sums, which could never have been furnished by the ordinary supplies. When the King, to rid his kingdom of these formidable guests, readily paid, upon the late pacification, the arrears due to the mercenaries in the Hugonot army, he un-

[1] Mém. de Castlenau—La Noue.

[2] In Mendoza, Commentaires Mémorables, fol. xiii. vers. the following particulars are given of the manner in which the reisters, who are so constantly mentioned in the history of the times, were levied:—"La forme de lever gens de cheval en Allemagne," says he, "est telle qu' estant en leurs maisons, on prend d'eux le serment de servir pour tant de mois; et on leur avance certaine quantité de deniers jusqu' à ce qu'ils soyent mandés par une seconde jussion de se trouver en la place de la monstre qui leur est assignée. Là on leur donne plus grande solde que la première, et celleci s'appelle *haurghelt.* Les reiters sont appellés en leur langue *schwartz reithers,* c'est à dire *chevaux noirs,* parce qu'ils portent le corcelet, les espalieres et les salades noirs, avec deux pistolets attachés à l'arçon de la selle."

wittingly furnished the Prince with the means, upon any future occasion, of facilitating his negotiations. "*Le trésor royal,*" says the Père Daniel, "*étoit pour eux (les reisters) un fond beaucoup plus sur que les promesses du Prince de Condé et de l'Amiral!*"[1] Expectations of this nature, assisted by the present advances, and the promise above-mentioned, speedily filled the enrolments of Casimir and his captains, and he shortly afterwards informed the Prince that, having assembled 7,000 cavalry and 4,000 infantry under his standards, he was about to enter France through Lorraine.

On receiving this intelligence the Prince, with the greatest alacrity, set forward, accompanied by all his forces, to give the Germans the meeting; and was speedily followed by the Duke d'Anjou at the head of the whole Catholic army. The Hugonots, however, entered Champagne, marching in the closest order; D'Andelot, with his horse arquebusiers, reconnoitring and scouring the country round. The absolute necessity of finding supplies, with which they were totally unprovided, obliged them at intervals to arrest their march, and take several small towns on their way; but such was their promptitude and discipline that they lost little time, and not a soldier was permitted to leave his standards.[2] In this manner, and though entirely wanting in artillery, they took Nogent and Pont-sur-Yonne, and in the latter place fortunately found a large number of horses, upon which mounting their infantry, they were able greatly to increase the rapidity of their advance. The Catholics, meanwhile, anxious to bring them to an engagement before a junction could be effected with their auxiliaries, "*userent de deux gentilles ruses,*" as La Noue is pleased

[1] Père Daniel, Hist.

[2] Davila—La Noue.

to call them, "*tant pour les arrester, que pour les surprendre.*"[1]

The usual bait of a pretended negotiation was held out to diminish their energy and slacken their speed, and two suspensions of arms were in consequence agreed upon. The first was of little importance; but at the last which took place at Chalons, the Hugonots were nearly surrounded and cut off by the infamous treachery of the Duke and his counsellors. Almost every distinguished captain in that army had a hand in this scandalous business, with the honourable exception of Carnavalet and the Maréchal de Cossé. The affair was this. Every endeavour had been made by fair promises to induce the Prince to send back his reisters, and the Marquise de Rothelin, his mother-in-law, been sent by the Court to Chalons, to renew the negotiations.[2] "The Court intending," says Davila, "to slacken the speed of the Prince till the royal army should come up." Condé imprudently consented to a suspension of arms for three days, and the deputies to conduct the negotiation joined him; but in the meantime the Duke d'Anjou, marching with all possible speed, arrived *before the expiration of the truce* so near the enemy—"*that reason,*" says Davila, "*counselled him to attack without delay,*" because he knew that the Hugonots were weary and broken with their fatigues, and were lodged in the open country in a most disadvantageous position. Timoleon de Brissac was not ashamed to make the attack which he did upon a party occupying a small town, and put them to flight. Martigues followed his example, attacking 300 men in the rear, and skirmishing fiercely, in order to amuse them until the arrival of the whole army; but Cossé and Car-

[1] Two elegant little tricks either to stop or to surprise them.
[2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

navalet, (Davila tells us) so delayed in arranging the forces, "as was said, intentionally, in order to spare so many nobility of their own blood," that the Prince and the Admiral had time to decamp—which they did, and with such expedition, "that in three days they made more than twenty leagues, through heavy rains and such villanous ways that it is astonishing how the baggage and artillery could keep up. Yet not an article was lost either of one or the other, *tant l'ordre étoit fort bon et la diligence grande.*"[1]

"The army of Monseigneur, seeing this, desisted from the pursuit, and some boasted, saying, they had driven the Hugonots out of the kingdom; but others, more clear-sighted, said, it would now be impossible to prevent a junction with the Germans, and greatly blamed the Duke and his counsellors for suffering the Prince and his army to escape, saying, they had understandings with the Admiral — being told of which, he laughed, and said there was no such thing, but that he should endeavour to keep up the story."[2]

The Hugonot army crossed the Meuse, and entering Lorraine, having at last happily escaped a thousand dangers, reached Pont au Meusson, where they expected to find the Germans already arrived. "They were persuaded," says La Noue, "that they should no sooner set foot in Lorraine, *que les coqs des reisters ne s'entendissent chanter*[3] but no tidings of them were to be heard, and after waiting four or five days they knew as little of what they were about as if they had been at Paris."

Despondency and discontent now at last took possession of this brave little army; loud were their mur-

[1] Mém. de La Noue.
[2] Ibid.
[3] But the cocks of the reisters would be heard crowing.

murs and rude their outcries. The Prince and the Admiral each according to his temper endeavoured to inspire them with patience. "Condé, who was of a joyous nature, laughed at these very angry and very apprehensive people, till he made them laugh at one another; the Admiral, with his grave words, made them blush and lower their tone. I asked him what he should do if Monseigneur (Duke d'Anjou) pursued us. 'Go on to Bacara,' said he, 'and join the reisters, for it is impossible to fight without them.' 'But if they should not be there, what must we do then?' says one. 'Sit down and blow in our fingers, for it is cold enough.' It was indeed the dead middle of winter." "At last all their troubles were happily ended, for they heard that Duke Casimir—a prince endowed with every Christian virtue, and to whom religion is under great obligations, was upon his march, and within a few leagues of the camp. *Ce n'étoient que chansons et gambades, et ceux qui avoient les plus criés sautoient les plus haut.*"[1]

But the approach of the reisters entailed new difficulties upon the Hugonot chiefs, and was the occasion of affording their army an opportunity for displaying a very remarkable example of disinterestedness. The Prince was made to understand, that, before joining his standards, the reisters expected—nay, absolutely demanded—the payment down of the promised 100,000 crowns: while 2,000 crowns included every sous which the Prince at that moment possessed. In this dilemma Condé and the Admiral threw themselves without hesitation upon the good sense and generosity of their army. Calling them together, they represented that the very existence of them all depended upon the Germans, and that therefore it

[1] Mém. de La Noue. Every body now sang and leapt for joy, and those who had lamented the loudest leapt the highest.

was necessary every one should contribute to satisfy their demands. Two of the ministers of religion were appointed to receive the deposits, the Prince setting the example by sending in his plate, and every article of value which he possessed. The Admiral followed with all the nobility, who contributed nobly (*loyaument*). The liberality spread from the gentlemen to the soldiers, from the soldiers to the very grooms and boys (*goujats*) of the camp. "Some of these last casting shame upon the gentlemen, by offering gold more liberally than some of those others had done silver." The whole contribution, including money, plate, gold chains, rings, &c., amounted after all but to 30,000 crowns; a sum, however, with which, and promises, the reisters condescended to be satisfied, and the junction of the armies was effected, January 11th, 1568. "But is it not," asks La Noue, "a thing to be wondered at, '*digne d'ebahissement,*' that an army, itself unpaid and without resource, should give up their own little savings—laid aside to provide for their extremest necessities—and spare nothing to accommodate others, who perhaps never even thanked them for it!"[1] The foreigners, it is said, could not conceal their astonishment at such behaviour.

But time, and the evils of those contests, which extended to half a century, gradually weakened, and at length effaced, such generous enthusiasm. "No one would do so now," says La Noue, writing some twenty years afterwards, "*Les actions généreuses sont quasi hors d'usage.*"[2]

"Our fathers," says De Rohan, addressing the Hugonots, at the beginning of the next century, "would not even know us again, *so greatly have we degenerated.*"

[1] Mém. de La Noue, chap. xv.
[2] Generous actions are almost quite out of fashion.

The union thus happily effected, much deliberation was not necessary as to what next should be done, the unanimous voice was to return, carry the war to Paris, and recover Orleans, the "nursing mother of the party."[1] The Hugonot army, therefore—*rebroussant chemin*—began their march.

This return, in the face of a powerful enemy, which harassed them in every way, is celebrated by La Noue as the triumph of skill and conduct on the part of the Prince and Coligny. "France," says he, "at this time was perfectly glutted (*regorgeoit*) with provisions, yet was it no easy matter to feed an unpaid army of 20,000 men. To attain this object, M. l'Amiral was above all things careful to have most able commissaries,[2] attaching carriages to their department, as far as *la necessité Huguenotte* would allow. Our manner of proceeding was this: the cavalry lodged *escartée* in good villages, the commissaries, besides their own waggons, had each a baker and two bat horses attached to each cornet, who, the instant they arrived in quarters, set themselves to make bread, and dispatch it to the different corps of infantry; and these little contributions being collected from about forty cornets, amounted to something considerable, besides wine and flesh that often came in. The gentlemen never sparing their own carts to carry what was wanted. The villages and open towns, too, were forced by threats to send in necessaries,—so that the infantry was ordinarily well accommodated. I say nothing of the pillaging both by horse and foot, carried on against those of the opposite party—*et ne faut point douter que ce grand animal devoratif, passant parmi tant de provinces, n'y trouvast toujours de*

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

[2] Coligny attached great importance to this department: "Il souloit dire, quand il étoit question de dresser corps d'armée qu'il falloit former ce monstre, par le ventre."—La Noue.

la pasture, et souvent la robbe[1] *du pauvre peuple,*[2] and sometimes of friends. Excuses for pillage were never wanting." The supplies obtained in this latter manner he says, were chiefly of clothes.

"The lodging of the army we next speak of, which was obliged to be in divers places for protection and shelter from the severity of the winter. Though this is a bad custom, but necessity constrained us to it. The infantry was divided and lodged in two bodies, the *bataille* and the *avant garde;* the cavalry in the adjacent villages, and if a distant quarter was attacked, they instantly mounted to succour it. And in every place they fortified themselves as well as they could, lodging in castles and churches, where, in case of attack, they could maintain themselves a couple of hours without assistance; but, in spite of our care, there were many surprises, *quoiqu'on battit chemin jour et nuit.*

"The best intelligence to be had was from *les picoreurs,* who spread over the country like flies, often bringing news of the enemy—*car ces gens là courent comme des lièvres,* when they are frightened; but when they are about to seize their prey, they absolutely fly—*quand ils vont croquer quelque proye—ils volent.*

"As for the manner of march, it was thus: rendezvous was given to all the divisions at such an hour, in the most convenient place for the distribution of quarters, and from thence the different corps marched to those appointed for them, and by taking different roads the expedition was great."[3]

Thus marched the army of the Hugonots, no longer avoiding, but most desirous of bringing their adversaries

[1] *Robbe,* property; whence robbery?

[2] And doubtless this great devouring beast, passing through so many provinces, found pasture enough.

[3] Mém. de La Noue.

to an engagement; but the Catholics were now no longer in the humour. The opportunity had passed by for fighting with advantage; and it was resolved to re-enter Paris, and wait the arrival of the reinforcements for which the Queen was industriously negotiating in Germany, Italy, and Spain.

This determination of the Catholics threw the Prince into some perplexity. Action was necessary for him. Action was indispensable to one, half of whose force consisted of volunteers, whom it was impossible long to keep together. In the hope, therefore, of forcing the Catholics to an engagement, he resolved to besiege Chartres, a large and important city, not far distant from Paris, and commanding a wide extent of fertile country from which the capital drew abundant supplies. He trusted that a regard for his own reputation would oblige the Duke d'Anjou to attempt its relief. And that there might be no time to provision the place, he set forward with extreme diligence, making sixty miles in three days, and sat down before the city on the 2nd of March. The Seigneur de Lignières had, however, thrown himself into the town with a regiment of infantry, and defended it with so much skill and resolution, that, though wretchedly fortified, he maintained it till the negotiations were opened which terminated in a peace.

The minds of men in general were at this moment more inclined to moderation by the publication of a pamphlet from the pen of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, which, it is said, exercised a very remarkable influence over public opinion: it is entitled, *Discours des Raisons et Persuasions de la Paix en l'an* 1568, *par M. le Chancelier de l'Hôpital.* A sketch of the state of affairs and of parties, by such a hand—and of the conclusions thence to be derived—cannot fail to be universally in-

teresting; no apology is therefore made for pretty copious extracts.

The pamphlet opens with a comparison of the strength of the two parties, in order to the examination of the chances in favour of the King finally subduing the Prince and the Hugonots by force. And here, though it is acknowledged that the King had the advantage in point of numbers, the real superiority is adjudged to the Hugonots. "They are not a mob hastily collected together, and breaking into rebellion through temporary excitement, without order, chiefs, or discipline. They are men, warlike, resolute, and in despair. Their enterprises and confederacies well meditated (*pourpensées*); their leaders men of discourse and action, and followed and obeyed by those who esteem this cause the common cause of all—by those who share the risk of the adventure, and are ready to peril all that men prize most dearly for the defence of their wives, and children, namely houses, goods, fortunes, honours, estates, and advancement. Necessity and despair render them obedient; a disposition which is increased by the high opinion they entertain of their chief, whose ambition is restrained by that common feeling which the ancients called *lien de concorde*. The camp of the King, on the contrary, is divided by contentions, jealousies, and emulations—unbridled ambition, insatiable avarice, uncontrollable licence, and corrupted discipline there abide: the wills of all in opposition, in short the dissensions universal. The most part, however, even of these desire peace. Some have parents, brothers, children in the opposite bands; and while many have joined us against their secret conscience, and dread a victory which will destroy those of their own religion; others follow only for plunder. In short, the Catholic party is a construction formed of ill-assorted pieces. Many have already forsaken their standards; all are

weary of the war; and, even among the common people, every one murmurs; entertaining discontents and strange suspicions according to every man's individual humour."

"But, it is urged, on the other hand, the King may make use of foreigners in his defence, and if he pays them well, need fear no murmurs from *them*. And how is he to pay them? The treasury is almost utterly exhausted... And pray consider this. Will the native French troops be content to remain unpaid, in poverty, contempt, envy, and jealousy; and see as their only recompence the Burgundians, Italians, Swiss, Germans, and Scotch satisfied and preferred before them? No doubt they will soon forsake their standards, and the foreigners will refuse to fight when there are no longer Frenchmen to lead the way. Besides, what are these foreigners worth after all? The Italian is good for nothing, *excepté pour faire la mine*. The German is to be suspected on account of his religion. The Swiss is of little service save in defence, (*à se defendre*) besides *le Suisse est malade et rompu coutumièrement, ne peut vivre six mois en campagne, pour la saleté et negligence abruti qui lui est naturel*,[1]—so that this plague already begins to infest the rest of the army." . . . . . "But it is further said, we will defeat them in a battle and then make our own conditions! But, it is well known they have hitherto preferred to confront every danger, and have found every suffering light compared with the severity of those laws with regard to conscience, that have been imposed upon them —death being more welcome to these men than slavery and the reproaches of their fellow-citizens."

"To exterminate them *all* is impossible; at least *sans un longueur extrême*, which would fill this kingdom with fire, blood, cruelty, and ruin; pestilence, famine, poverty,

[1] On account of the dirt and brutal negligence which is natural to him.

and anxiety—and with robbers, brigands, and foreigners, who would occupy the nests thus left empty. Let Champagne serve for an example—a desert! and so miserable, that the wretched inhabitants have nothing left but to die of disease, hunger, and despair! Certainly, this universal conflagration must end in the entire ruin of the kingdom; and we are yet but at the *coup d'essai.*[1] Deprive men of all hope of peace, and drive them to utter despair, and the past horrors would prove but the opening of the tragedy.

"But grant we do destroy them, what shall be done with their innocent children? And if we spare *them*, will they not grow up in an extreme *felonie et rage*, resenting the cruelty exercised upon their fathers, and deprived, in their opinion most unjustly, of their inheritances. Will they not enter into fresh intrigues and conspiracies? By this method you would rather sow than bury dissensions—it would be to nourish a dreadful and invincible Hydra.

"But suppose the King should *lose* a battle? In that case, the most part of his servants would desert him, and, led by the same interest which drew them to his party, would seek that of his adversaries. Thousands and thousands who follow his standards *now*, urged by terror or the hope of gain, would be seen to turn their coats.... *I may boldly affirm the loss of one battle would prove the loss of the kingdom.*"

He then goes on to paint the universal insubordination, love of licence, disregard of all authority and order that was rapidly spreading through the Catholic population, invading society from its highest to its lowest degree, "whence the most horrible crimes and execrable villainies are becoming familiar by use and *accoustu-*

[1] Beginning.

mance, so that this war is rapidly filling France with pestilent and detestable monsters—*Tant et puissant l'effet de l'accoustumance, qui surmonte la nature et mène au vice et dissolution—gouffre auquel il et aisé de se precipiter, mais impossible de s'en retirer.*[1]

"There are who think, that, the King being appointed to administer justice, he ought to pursue with the sword those who have most unjustly disturbed the state; and that rebel and corrupted members ought to be cut off at any price, hazard, or loss whatsoever. This is specious, but it is captious and perilous—repugnant to justice, to God the author of justice, and to the duty owing to the King. For, as a physician seeks to cure, and not to destroy, so the justice and the glory of God seek the amendment of men, and not through cruelty, blood, injury, and contumely, the violation and perversion of humanity .... And let us enquire whether, after all, the evil among these men—subjects as well as ourselves of the King, be so utterly incurable .... Among all those who have joined the other party, not one has attempted to throw off the authority (*joug*) of the King, such being manifestly contrary to the principles of their religion. All acknowledge the King as natural Sovereign and supreme Prince;—all affirm, that honour, service, and obedience are his due. ..... It is notorious, that fear alone has driven them to this alternative. They are men, not angels, and nature teaches them that to protect liberty and life against oppression is not only equitable but holy and according to law—law, it may be, unwritten and untaught of men, but impressed by divinity on the spirit of every rational creature.

"Such are the causes of dissension. And shall he be

[1] So powerful is the effect of custom, which overcomes nature and leads to vice and dissolution,—a gulf nito which it is easy enough to fall, but whence it is impossible to return.

called an enemy to the republic who seeks to extinguish this flame? As a father, having two children who disagree, seeks not to destroy the one he loves least in order to give preeminence to the one he prefers, but studies to preserve both by moderation and a settlement of their disputes, and thus to secure two props for his old age:—so the King, full of love and charity, ought not to suffer a bloody animosity in one party to cause the extermination of the other, if he possess in any way the means to reconcile them, and lead both back to their duty.

"'But,' say some, 'It is a disgrace for a Prince to capitulate with his subjects.' Vile and pestilent sentiment! Invented by the enemy of man, of peace, and of virtue. Is it disgraceful to disentangle disputes about the rights of each, and demand an equal respect from, and impose an equal law upon all? If one side give the law, and another receive it, what is this but victory? Is it disgraceful to promise that the King will remain their Prince and they his subjects? . . . But if the King deprive them of liberty, he makes them slaves, not subjects; he becomes their oppressor, not their Prince?—*En leur rendant la liberté il se constitue Prince—car la principauté est sur les hommes libres.*[1]

"The word 'liberty' implies liberty of conscience—of the soul! The mere brutal liberty of speech and action is unworthy so excellent a name, due alone to that of the mind, the highest attribute of man—of thought, the most excellent of actions. Many call such liberty, licence; but it is long since the Council have decided otherwise, and agreed that the minds of the King's subjects must be left in peace—minds which neither fire nor torture could bend from the firm persuasion that dwells within

[1] In restoring their liberty he constitutes himself a Prince, for princedom is the rule over free men.

them. . . . . This it is which is in truth to persecute the Prince—to attempt to force him from a holy and salutary reconciliation, by *menaces* of *abandoning him if he attempts it.* What is this but to *tyrannize over and oppress him?*

" Those who, defended from the perils of war, desire the King to pursue his point, and hazard with his own estate the loss and ruin of all these people, shew but little humanity—and too openly display that spirit of hatred, vengeance, and fury, of which their sanguinary opinions have formerly given proof. Their advice is the advice of enemies to the republic—for such ought all to be esteemed, who prefer the gratification of their private animosities to the general salvation. They gild their counsel with that specious pretence, the *honour of the King* . . . but the true honour of a King is to know how far to give way to the spirit of the times—and always to yield to necessity.

" Let us, then, terminate this cruel war—let this blessed peace shine forth.—Peace! which will render the King formidable to all Europe.—Peace! which will render France happy, invincible, honourable, and worthy of eternal praise!

" Dry up the source of the torrent, and the waters will cease to flow. These formidable chiefs may, without difficulty, be diverted from their course—a course not the result of choice, but of necessity; let all cause for apprehension cease; and can we doubt, since we know they are not madmen, that they will prefer a natural dependence upon their King, with all its attendant advantages, to their present precarious situation?

" Had such a method been pursued from the year 1562, France would now have been happy; but those who, thinking to weaken their enemies, have pushed and ha-

rassed them by a thousand injuries, have only strengthened the cause of their adversaries, forcing them into those high and daring enterprizes which had never else been thought of—I allude to the courts (of Parliament) and others, who have kept them ever on the alert, either as suffering, or as expecting to suffer. Is there one however gentle who has not been forced into resistance? And, indeed, of what value is the mere name of public peace to them, when each in his individual capacity feels exposed to all the distractions and horrors of war?

"These words will sound harsh, but I cannot soften them; necessity, stronger than my will, tears them from my heart; truth must be preferred to flattery. *Car c'est pipper ou trahir de celer la vérité, quand il est question de la chose publicque.*[1] Experience, the instructor of fools, now plainly instructs us that we must deal tenderly by these men. The true way to destroy their secret confederacies is to take away the necessity for them; treating them not as enemies, but as children of that republic of which the King is chief: for if we consider justly, it is we who have put arms into their hands — the plots against them on all sides being kept so little secret—the disfavour in which they stood being so evident—the menace of the rupture of the edict and publication of the Council (of Trent) so open—the injustice so manifest—they must have been brutally stupid, *s'ils n'en eussent évité la fête.*"[2]

He concludes by recommending the immediate banishment of turbulent spirits on both sides, the most rigorous and impartial administration of justice, and the strict maintenance of the edicts, and concludes:—

[1] For it is cheating and treachery to hide the truth when the public weal is in question.

[2] If they had sat still.

"Let us hear no more of these pests who corrupt the natural goodness of our Prince by their infamous counsels—destroying that ancient *débonaireté* of our Kings of France, by which they so long have maintained this crown, supported by the pure and loyal French heart, not by tyranny, blood, and cruelty. Such things augur ill for our State, and seem to forerun its decay. The judgment of God humbles the lofty, and annihilates the strong. Let the King use clemency, he shall meet it from God; let him open his heart, God will not close his; let him for the sake of the republic obliterate his resentment, and soon will she with usury acknowledge the benefit; let the King forget his own ill-will to his subjects, and they will forget their evil dispositions towards him, will forget their very selves, to honour and obey him."[1]

Such were the feelings and opinions of De l'Hôpital in the present crisis of affairs.

The Queen, though unmoved by such tender considerations, seemed in appearance, it is true, resolved to follow his advice, but her impressible mind had surrendered itself to the influence of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and under his direction was meditating the blackest treachery. Perceiving that the Hugonots were now become far too strong to be resisted in the field by any force she could at present command, she resolved to abandon the idea of continuing the contest openly, and by those arts in which she was, alas! but too well instructed, to lure these generous and too confiding adversaries to the secret snare she had prepared for them.

Deputies, namely, Louis Seigneur de Lansac, Armand de Gontaut de Biron, and Henri de Mêsmes Seigneur de Malasise, were despatched to the Hugonot camp. They were met by the Cardinal de Châtillon, and as mediators,

[1] Ob. de Castlenau, 45, p. 221.

Thomas Sackville on the part of the English, and Guy Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine, were admitted to the conference. The conditions offered were more favourable than those of the Pacification of 1563 had been. The King confirmed the Edict of Amboise, and annulling all exceptions, restrictions, and interpretations posterior to it, pronounced abolition of the past. General liberty of worship was granted everywhere, and all estates, dignities, places, &c. restored. . . . By another article the foreign troops on both sides were to be disbanded, and the towns taken by the Protestants to be given up—they thus once more accepting as their only guarantee for the performance of the articles, the too doubtful honour of the King and his Mother.

To these proposals the Admiral and the Prince lent a most unwilling ear. They placed no confidence in the friendly demonstrations of the Court, and believed that the more advantageous the offers, the greater was the cause for suspicion; and they urged that, unless some fortresses, and the means of having recourse to arms in case of necessity were conceded, no propositions for peace could with any safety be entertained—but the general voice of the army was against them. Weary of the war, anxious to return to their families, "and tempted by that sweet name of peace," both nobility and common soldiers began to rise tumultuously ("*for in popular unions all wish to interfere in the government*) declaring they would abandon the Prince if the proposals were not accepted." Even Casimir joined the general voice, "tempted by the reason of the thing, or—his present reward not answering his expectations—by the promise on the part of the King to reimburse him his arrears of pay."[1]

In vain the Admiral represented that this negotiation

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

was a mere artifice on the part of the enemy to separate and disarm the party in order with more facility to crush them—that their adversaries' affairs were in the very worst condition, and that a little patience was alone wanting to secure the success of the cause. The army was not to be persuaded, and the nobility, more especially, showed such a disposition to abandon the enterprise and return home, that Condé, half convinced, yielded to the torrent, and the Admiral was forced to bow to necessity. His clear apprehension of things was not, however, to be clouded by the flattering expectations which deluded the rest.

During the negotiations[1] the Admiral had, indeed, been called away to Orleans to attend the death-bed of his wife, a circumstance that unfortunately must have tended to weaken the force of his opposition to any peace concluded without securities. And now to that harassing pain, experienced by men compelled to allow of measures, the evil consequences of which—gifted with the melancholy prescience of Cassandra, they alone discern—was added that anguish which a man of his temper feels at losing the partner of his domestic life. His lady had embraced the cause of Reform with still more enthusiasm than her husband, and the gravity of her manners, the purity of her conduct, and her tenderness to the unhappy, had obtained for her the respect, not only of her own party, but of all. She died at Orleans of a fever, caught in visiting the infected hospitals, where she attended in person on the maimed and wounded soldiers, exhorting them to submission and patience. This illustrious lady died March, 1568. There is something extremely melancholy in the fate of Coligny, whose grave and cold exterior concealed a heart of the deepest feeling, obliged, during so large a portion of his life, to maintain, in support of his principles, a contest, of which he was

[1] Abbé Perau, Vie Col.

far too clear-sighted not to perceive the evil, the hazard, the despair.

The Ministers of religion seem to have shared in the misgivings felt by the Admiral; they were loud in their reproaches, and accused Condé of being seduced by a desire once more to indulge in the delicious intoxications of the Court; but the Prince, a man greatly altered and amended by a few more years' experience, showed no such disposition. Discouraged, anxious, and doubtful, he retired, as did the Admiral, to his country seat. The Admiral went to Châtillon; but the Prince, desirous to avoid giving the slightest cause for offence, forbore to return to St. Valeri, which lay in his own government of Picardy, but went with his wife and children to Noyers, an estate situated in Burgundy, and, in consequence, in the Government of Tavannes.

"The Admiral apprehended the Edict would never be observed. He perceived an intention to revenge the day of Meaux; for even during the negotiations the Catholics let out that *they would have their revenge soon.* One of our negotiators sent word that they often heard such language used, and perceived a hidden indignation in those with whom they conferred. Several at the Court advertised their connexions and friends to be upon their guard, for they would certainly be betrayed if they did not go to work carefully: *qui estoit bien pour reveiller ceux qui se vouloyent reposer sur ce doux oreiller du paix. Mais quelque avis qu'on eut, on ne peut retenir le torrent, qui jà étoit desbordé.*[1]

"The chiefs," he adds, "anxiously desired some towns for a security; but when they demanded any better

[1] Advice one should have thought sufficient to awaken those who were so anxious to lay their heads upon the pillow of peace; but no warnings had any effect to restrain the torrent which had already overflowed its banks.—Mém. de La Noue, p. 214.

security than oaths and promises, *ils furent renvoyés bien loin*, as if they had despised the royal authority; so they felt obliged to be content with what was offered."

"Many thought," says Castlenau, "that the peace would not last long; and that the King, holding the towns, and having the Hugonots disarmed, would never fulfil what he had felt constrained to grant."[1]

Upon the other hand, these apparently favourable conditions excited, as usual, the jealous discontents and murmurs of the Catholics. The Parisians broke out into loud abuse, accusing the Queen of favouring the Hugonots in order to foment divisions, and increase her own power. The Pope and the Catholic Princes seem to have been again at fault, and expressed themselves ill satisfied with the pacification. The Queen, through her ambassadors, made her apologies. And Davila has put into her mouth a long defence of her proceedings addressed to the Ambassadors of Venice, wherein, after recapitulating the events of the last years in order to demonstrate her uniform adherence to the Catholic party—a demonstration not very easily brought out—she concludes by saying, "That it was the necessity of her affairs which obliged her to grant a pacification, in order to rid the country once more of the Germans, and that she might have time to take breath, to divide the enemy, and so to escape a present danger. That she placed the future in the hand of God, with a lively hope of at length compassing the *desired end;* and that a day would come which would prove the purity of her soul, and the rectitude of her intentions. *La candidezza della sua anima e la rettitudine dei suoi fini.*"[2]

[1] Mém. de Castlenau.

[2] A curious trait in the character of Catherine occurs in this speech. Alluding to the death of the Duke of Guise, she says, "*Onde le gente regie resturonno senza capo—perchè era sconvene vole alla sesso e alla professione sua ch'ella comandasse all escerito—éd altro non era, sufficiente a sostener quel peso.*"—Davila.

Such were the evil auspices under which the peace of Longjumeau was concluded! Named by some, in miserable mockery from the title of one of its negotiators, *La Paix Malasise.* It was published upon the 20th March, 1568.

The person who ventured to express his dissatisfaction at this pacification in the loudest manner, was John William of Saxony,[1] who now, in aid of the Queen-Mother, had crossed the frontiers, and was approaching Paris with 5000 reisters. The spirit which governed these bands of brutal mercenaries, and the awe they excited in those who employed them, is not ill exemplified by what follows.

The Queen, after the breaking out of the war, had despatched Castlenau into Germany to negotiate a levy of reisters on the part of the King. He went to John William of Saxony, bearing with him as a present the portraits of the King and Queen,[2] richly set in diamonds. "This present was most agreeable to John William, who, (a Lutheran,) set aside all other considerations to prepare to serve their Majesties, so he assembled with great diligence 5000 reisters, and losing not a day, crossed the Rhine, and in five weeks he brought them to Retel."[3] But when he arrived there, he was met by intelligence from the Queen that the negotiations were nearly concluded. She was, it seems, under the greatest possible apprehensions as to the manner in which John William might resent his useless journey, and the disappointment of his expectations, both as respected pay and plunder. She sent for Castlenau to court, where, after assuring him that the negotiations were now too far advanced to be interrupted, she requested him to explain to the Duke the

[1] Second son of John Frederick, whom Charles the Fifth had despoiled of the electorate of Saxony. From him sprang the Dukes of Saxe Weimer.

[2] Mém. de Castlenau. [3] Ibid.

present state of affairs, and the absolute necessity the King lay under of concluding a peace with his subjects; offering four months' pay in acknowledgment of John William's services; one month's portion to be paid down in ready money. Castlenau having reached the German camp, Duke William summoned his colonels and captains together in order that they might be present when he received the Queen's message, but so soon as the communication was made, he burst into a violent rage, saying, "That he greatly pitied the King, to be forced to send them such intelligence as this—intelligence as unpleasant to his reisters as it was to himself; and he looked upon it as dishonoring them to bring them into France and give them no opportunity of giving an account of the Hugonots. That they had good hopes, too, to have met John Casimir, his brother-in-law, in fight, and taught him the difference between the good cause of the King, and the bad one of his subjects; and that to leave France without doing anything would be to expose himself to the ridicule and laughter of all Germany."

Being, however, at last, with much difficulty, made sensible that it was neither reasonable nor possible to plunge France once more into a civil war, in order to find work for himself and his men, he consented to lead his forces into Picardy, and go himself to Court, where the Queen exhausted all her flatteries and caresses to please and satisfy him. "For there was," adds Castlenau, "*une merveilleuse défiance*[1] in the council of both the Dukes Casimir and John William—who were brothers-in-law, both Germans, puisnés of their houses, poor, and powerfully armed—lest they should choose to unite together and undertake aught against the state, *comme ils en avoient beau jeu par nos divisions.* Though it is true they did not

[1] Terrible apprehensions entertained.

affect the same party, their religions being different; for Duke John William was of the confession of Augsburg, and Duke Casimir of that of Calvin and Beza, between whom lies as great a difference as between Catholic and Protestant.[1] The difficulty of contenting John Casimir was at least as great as that of satisfying John William.

The King had, as before, at the pacification, undertaken to fulfil all the obligations which the Prince de Condé lay under to his reisters. Casimir, whose dealings in war were conducted with all the sharpness and exactness of a petty tradesman—had made a very advantageous bargain with his brothers in religion. Besides the usual capitulations which the reisters made, there was an article in those of Prince Casimir which bore, that over and above the service of four months, including that of their return, if they entered but by a day into the fifth or sixth month, they should be paid entirely as if they had served the whole time."[1]

"It being therefore agreed that the King should enter into the capitulation as if they had been raised for his service, I was sent with ample commission to discharge the obligations." On joining Casimir, "I found him with his Germans already on their march to return home. The money, however, did not arrive, and while they waited for it five weeks the four months expired. They entered upon the fifth and demanded full pay according to capitulation." If it were difficult to provide the pay of four months, it was impossible to collect it for five. "I endeavoured to satisfy Casimir, and went so far as to promise him a present for himself of 1200 crowns—but he would not consent, knowing that his reisters and lansquenets would insist upon their entire month; and that if the business were not speedily dispatched, another

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, 45. 6. 4, ch. 10. [2] Mém. de Castlenau.

month would begin which must also be discharged. But they sent me word from Court that to answer this demand was impossible, that the utmost they could raise, would be twelve or fourteen hundred crowns. *They were seeking money on every side*—and that the remainder I must fix some term to pay at the fairs of Frankfort. This was a new difficulty, and led us so far, that instead of proceeding, Duke Casimir protested he should be constrained by his Colonels and Reit-masters to return to Paris, and seek the Admiral and the Prince *dont ils disoient tous les maux du monde.*"

It was the advice given by the Cardinal de Lorraine and by the Guises and their partisans to the King, to recall Duke William with all his forces, and set him to fall on and exterminate Duke Casimir, and thus rid himself of the difficulty. Duke William, it appears, was perfectly indifferent how he was employed, provided he found work. He cared not whether it was against his brother-in-law, against the King himself, or the King's enemies; so with a threat of these extremities Castlenau once more sought Duke Casimir, and in this way succeeded in persuading him to a composition. It was agreed that one month's pay should be considered a sufficient compensation for the fifth and sixth months, and Casimir pocketing in addition the present of 1200 crowns, at length delivered France from his presence.[1] "And for

[1] Some may have the curiosity to see John Casimir's receipt in its original form: I subjoin it here:—

"Nous Jean Casimir Comte Palatin de Rhin, tant en notre nom, qu'en celui de nos Colonels et Reistres, confessons avoir reçu de Mauvissière, Chev. de l'ordre du Roi, T. C., et commissaire général de sa majesté, deputé pour traiter avec nous, nos dits Colonels, Reistres-mestres, et Restres outre et par dessus la somme de 460,497 livres 4 sols, et l'accord fit avec nos dits Reistres pour la somme de 65,345 livres 18 s., pour la taxe de la plus value des especes en Allemagne, la somme de 120,000 livres, en ecus, sols, et pistoles. A quoy il se seroit accordé avec le Colonel Molsbourg au nom de tous ces autres Colonels, Reistres-mestres, et Reistres, et aussi pour quelques journees qu'ils pretendoient avoir entré dans la cinquième

this service," adds Castlenau, "great were the thanks and praises I received on my return. And the government of St. Dizier was given me—which, when I was Ambassador in England, was taken away to be pledged to the Duke of Guise, for which I received no satisfaction then or since."

I have in the account of the second troubles, forborne to interrupt the narrative by any description of the war in the provinces. It was carried on with the usual circumstances of injustice, rapine, and cruelty, the only incident of any importance being the occupation of La Rochelle by the Hugonots.

mois, et passé le 20me Mai, contre la capitulation et accord, et pour faire acheminer nos troupes et sortir en diligence hors du royaume. Ce que nous promettons au dit S. de Mauvissière ensemble de lui faire vendre tous les chevaux, bœufs, vaches, et baggages qui se trouveront avec les dits Reistres appartenir aux sujets du Roi, en temoin de quoi lui avoir baillé ce present certificat pour lui servir et faire valoir à son remboursement envers sa Majesté outre la charge que nous avons donné au Sieur Junius, notre conseiller de toutes nos affaires d'en temoigner et pour ce l'avons signé de notre main le 21 jour de Mai, 1568. J. Casimir."

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE HUGONOTS.

BOOK IV.

THIRD TROUBLES.

CHAPTER I.

THE THIRD TROUBLES.

PERFIDIOUS CONDUCT OF THE COURT.—THE PRINCE AND ADMIRAL TAKE REFUGE AT LA ROCHELLE.—THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE AND HER CHILDREN JOIN THEM.

"THIS second peace," says Matthieu, "displeased alike those who had demanded it as expedient, and those who had granted it as necessary. It left the evil in its full extent —it closed no wounds—it healed no divisions—it was as a few ashes thrown upon an immense furnace."[1]—Concluded with the most insidious views on the one side—and signed with a misgiving heart on the other—short was the breathing time it allowed—the ink was scarcely dry that attested its ratification, before causes of contention and suspicion arose.

"The peace being signed," says La Noue,[2] "those of the Religion having dismissed their foreigners, retired severally to their private houses and laid down their arms, expecting the Catholics to do the same. But they, contenting themselves with promising—thought of nothing less than performance. They remained armed and continued to hold the towns and passages of the rivers, so that in two months the Hugonots found themselves entirely at their mercy. Then those who had been most urgent in demanding the peace were constrained to confess that they had committed a great error. But people must drink as

[1] Matthieu, Hist. Charles IX. [2] Matthieu; La Noue; De Thou.

they have brewed—*toute fois il y'a apparence que la breuvage sera amère.*" The Prince, the Admiral, his brother, and the principal chiefs of the party, as I have said, their hearts heavy with disappointed expectation—suspicious of the present and distrustful of the future, were no longer to be seen at Court—where Condé had formerly been found anxiously soliciting those great charges to which he aspired, and the others endeavouring by their influence to regulate the administration of affairs and provide security for their oppressed party. They appear to have ceased to hope or expect anything from a government on whose good faith not the slightest dependence was now to be placed, and they returned to their country seats seeking consolation in domestic life for their wounded feelings, and busying themselves in agriculture, endeavoured to restore their private fortunes, shattered by the extraordinary expenses they had incurred. But even the peace of obscurity was denied.

In the first place it was out of their power, they found, to influence others of their party to imitate the submission they practised themselves—*they* had laid down their arms and retired to their estates, but many of the towns, terrified at the recollection of past horrors, positively refused to receive the royal garrisons. Among these were Montauban, Sancerre, Albi, Milhaud, Castres—and last, and most important of all, La Rochelle.

The Admiral was also accused of maintaining a correspondence with the Prince of Orange, and for this there seems to have been some foundation; for it is certain that a party of Hugonots, under Coqueville, were marching at this time in aid of the Protestants in the Low Countries. Coqueville was followed and overthrown at St. Valery, by the Maréchal de Cossé, upon which the Prince de Condé thought proper to disavow him. But

the conduct of the Catholics more than ever justified the fears and precautions of the Hugonots. Their army was kept together—their Swiss and Italians retained—French companies distributed throughout the provinces, and in such a manner as to be ready to march on the first notice. It was known that the government was strengthening its alliances with Germany—while at the same time the privilege of openly exercising their religion, stipulated for by the Hugonots, was rendered valueless by the violences of the Catholics in the towns—violences which, if not actually encouraged by the Court, were in no single instance punished or repressed. The publication of the Council of Trent, in defiance of all good faith, was once more made a matter of consideration in the Council—and alarming rumours were spreading upon all sides. It was whispered that the Cardinal de Lorraine was unremittingly inciting the Queen to imitate the bloody example set by the Duke of Alva, in Flanders—and the imaginations of the Religious were filled with dismal images. The public execution of their chiefs, the indiscriminate slaughter of themselves and their innocent families, were the visions of terror excited by that fearful spectacle of cruelty which was being carried on in their neighbourhood, and was perpetually before them.[1] Meantime the Catholic pulpits rang with the most violent denunciations. It was openly prophesied that the Hugonots had not three months to live—that after the vintage they would be exterminated to a man, and the doctrine was publicly and audaciously upheld—that any opposition on the part of the King to such proceedings would expose him, as he would well deserve, to be tonsured and imprisoned in a cloister for life. It was further inculcated

[1] D'Aubigné; De Thou, &c.

that to make peace with heretics was a crime—to keep faith with them a weakness—and to murder them an act most acceptable to God. These atrocious sentiments gave birth to actions as atrocious—the Hugonots were universally insulted, and insults were speedily followed by outrage and murder. In Amiens and at Auxerre the unhappy Reformed were massacred by hundreds—at Clermont in Auvergne, a Protestant, omitting at the Fête Dieu to adorn his door with tapestry, was burned alive by the populace—the magistrates neither interfering to prevent, nor to punish the deed. The second son of the Count de Tende was murdered in cold blood by the Baron des Arcs; his brother, the Count de Sommerive, who, during the last troubles, had carried on in the South a war of execrable cruelty, participating in the crime. The murderer *le fit poignarder,*" says D'Aubigné, "*lui trentiesme, disant qu'il ne faisoit rien sans bon aveu et commandement exprés.*"[1] The Baron D'Armance, a man universally respected, was poignarded as he stood at his own door holding his infant daughter in his arms—but the atrocious murder of Rapin was, if possible, yet more unjustifiable. This gentleman, attached to the Prince de Condé, being dispatched by the King to make known the Edict of Pacification to the Parliament of Toulouse, and require its registry, was by that body seized in defiance of the amnesty, and executed for the share he took in the disorders of the city in the year 1562.

The worst feature of the times, both as regarded the fate of the Protestants, and the existence of all regular government, was the disposition openly manifested by the Catholics to run into leagues and associations. I have already alluded to the first faint *bégayments*, as a judicious French

[1] The murderer had him poignarded, he being the thirtieth, saying he had good authority for what he did.

author calls them, of that monstrous and gigantic association which, under the well known title of the League, is notorious, and well nigh terminated in the ruin and dismemberment of France. In 1567, we find another association of the same nature, set on foot by Tavannes, in Burgundy. The subscribers covenanting to unite "*tout l'aide et devoir qui nous sera possible* to support our chief in suppressing all enterprises made against our religion," and to maintain the house of Valois—and for this purpose to subscribe according to each man's capacity, for the purpose of purchasing horses and arms—the money to be employed by the above chief at his discretion. The above agreement to be maintained without regard to friendship, relationship, or any alliance contracted with those of the opposite party. Lastly, "we swear and promise to keep this matter secret from every person whomsoever he may be—whether wife, brothers, or other. To speak of it in no company ; never to reveal it directly or indirectly, by word or writing, except as shall be permitted and commanded by the Chief."[1]

"For," says Tavannes in his Memoirs, "these things determined the Sieur de Tavannes, in his opinion, that prudence required to set on foot some invention to save good men. Should the Hugonots shew more zeal for their party than the Catholics for the ancient religion? Means must be found to assist the King, the government being in the hands of women ; so he, resolving to oppose intelligence to intelligence, league to league, made the *confrèrie* of the Saint Esprit—uniting the ecclesiastics, nobility, and rich inhabitants of the towns. The purpose being to enrol men at arms, levy money, appoint inspectors, spies, and messengers. The success justified the

[1] Mém. de Tavannes.

design, each parish in Dijon paid their men for three months. Burgundy enrolled 5,500 men."[1]

In 1568, an association was formed in Champagne—the government of the Duke de Guise—where the origin of the League may be yet more distinctly remarked. The oath bears date, June 26th, 1568. "We, the undersigned, desiring to discharge our duty, and fulfil our Christian vocation by maintaining the true Church of God, Catholic and Roman, in which we have been baptized, according to the traditions held from the Apostles until now, desiring also to maintain the crown of France in the house of Valois, swear and promise to assist in the maintenance of this league and fraternity, subscribing, according to our means to assist the said society in all enterprises undertaken for the benefit of the present alliance . . . . . which

[1] The Admiral, it has been said, some years afterwards, when he, as is by many believed, enjoyed the confidence of Charles, counselled him to repay Tavannes for this piece of service by the loss of his head.

It may, and it has been objected, that the Catholics only opposed league to league, resistance to resistance; but those who would put the Hugonot leagues, rendered absolutely necessary for the purposes of self-defence, and those of the Catholics, to support the most tyrannical oppression, upon the same level, are strangely to seek in the very first principles of justice. All the Hugonots ever sought was to be allowed to enjoy the common and equal rights of subjects, and to have those laws and edicts maintained which secured their lives and fortunes from the violence of those who endeavoured to deprive them of both, as well as of that liberty of conscience, which they of the Catholic religion themselves enjoyed. There never has been a question so mishandled, a cause so unrighteously decided as theirs. The error lies in a sort of assumption of unquestionable superiority by the Catholic writers, on the part of their church, as if the struggle of the Hugonots for liberty of conscience, was a positive invasion of the rights of others. It is forgotten that he is the invader of the rights of others who endeavours to impose, by force, his own convictions upon his fellow-man. He is the author of schism; he it is who rends the church of Christ asunder: who first refuses to enter into the fellowship of love with his brethren, because they do not see things just in the light which he does himself.

The Catholic party not only endeavoured to force their opinions upon others, by the most outrageous acts of cruelty and violence, but banded together in leagues to coerce the government to the destruction, against its own convictions, of a very large portion of the most valuable of their fellow-subjects. Can seditious proceedings arise from a more unjustifiable cause?

doing—the friendship and fraternity of *la sainte ligue presente* shall be secured to them, aiding and defending them against all enterprises of the opposite party," &c. This league, it will be remarked, is the first for mutual defence and assistance. The object, professed at least, by the two preceding ones being to maintain the government.

While the kingdom was thus agitated and divided, an ill-omened change took place in the form of the administration. "Now began," says Davila, "and not before, the council called *del gabinetto*, in which were assembled, not those entitled by their birth or dignity to share the royal councils, but a few men chosen by the King, with whom in his own chamber he secretly conferred on the most private and recondite designs. The first elected to this confidence were, the Duke d'Anjou, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, Lansac, Morvilliers, the Bishops de Limoges, Malasise, Biragues, and Villeroy. These anxiously consulting upon the state of affairs, divers were the reasonings, arduous their deliberations. To plunge into a new war was impossible, and to seize the chiefs who could not be persuaded to return to Court difficult—for they had retired, distrustful, to divers places, attentive to anything that might be conspired against them. The which difficulties having held the council many days in suspense, and the news coming in from all sides of fresh seditions and tumults, excited by the *impatience of the Catholics*, and the too great valour of the Protestants—occasioning bloodshed, peril, and disturbance, it was at last resolved, to push those councils forward with more resolution, and with less scruple, which were directed to extirpate the root of these continual and obstinate tumults."[1]

In vain the Chancellor lifted up his warning voice, in vain remonstrated in the name alike of humanity and

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

justice against the intended proceedings. The respect with which the young King listened to his advice, only served to inflame the jealousy and dislike with which the Queen was now beginning to look upon a servant whom no considerations could render obsequious or unjust. The Cardinal de Lorraine had long regarded him with aversion; his influence began rapidly to decline, and the moment was fast approaching when France was to be deprived of the services of this faithful and devoted patriot.

His last successful effort in the Cabinet was in resisting the publication of a Bull, in which the Pope—allowing a certain part of the temporals of the Church to be alienated, made use of these expressions, "*Pour employer les deniers qui proviendrait de cette rente à l'extermination de la religion Protestante.*"[1] The remonstrances made by the Chancellor against allowing this clause to pass were so urgent that it was at length agreed to omit it altogether, and petition the Pope for a fresh Bull, in which the obnoxious expression should be left out. But this success only increased the animosity of the Queen, which she did not even attempt to disguise. No longer treated even with the mere external ceremonials of respect, but openly stigmatised as a concealed Hugonot, and insulted as a traitor, De l'Hôpital found all his influence at an end, and his efforts to avert, or at least moderate, the barbarous policy intended, ineffectual—yet still he lingered, unwilling to abandon as lost the great cause in which he had been so generously engaged. But seeing even the confidence of the King at length entirely withdrawn and all possibility of being of the slightest use at an end, he refused to countenance, by his presence, councils

[1] That the money thus raised may be employed in *the extermination* of the Protestant religion.

he could not influence, and in the month of October in this year he retired from Court—to deplore in private that rapid progress of evil which he had so vainly endeavoured to arrest, and to perish at last, a melancholy victim to the anguish inspired by the dreadful catastrophe.

It was now August, and the Queen finding herself by the retreat of De l'Hôpital, relieved from the presence of any one who could in the least control her plans, resolved to carry into execution that project for the final destruction of the Reformed in France; "with a view to which"—according to Tavannes, "she had concluded the late treacherous peace."[1]

The first attack was made upon the unfortunate Prince de Condé. Taking advantage of a promise made at the time of the Pacification, that the Hugonots should refund all the sums advanced by the King, for the discharge of their reisters, it was intimated to the Prince that immediate payment would be required. He was, at the same time, expressly given to understand that no general subscription for this purpose among the churches would upon any pretence be permitted; the King being resolved that no one should tax his subjects but himself, and therefore that the money must be paid by those chiefs, and by those alone who, in concert with the Prince, might be looked upon as the principal instigators of the war.

This requisition struck Condé with the utmost dismay. Nothing approaching to the sum demanded could be raised, it amounted to 300,000 crowns, and a general confiscation and sale of all the estates and property possessed by himself, the Admiral, and their principal friends, would not suffice to liquidate the debt. It was evident nothing less than their total ruin was contem-

[1] Mém. de Tavannes—Davila.

plated. Condé wrote in pathetic terms to the young King, complaining of the treatment his unhappy party received—appealing to his justice and compassion, and praying for indulgence both with regard to the time of payment, and as to the methods of raising the sums in question.

The heart of Charles, it is said, was touched by these impassioned pleadings, and he entreated his Mother to maintain the Edicts, and spare his people. His remonstrances only served to complete the ruin of the Chancellor, whose interference was detected, as it was thought, in this appeal; and the Queen, stimulated by the Cardinal de Lorraine, who had at length completely gained her ear, drove furiously on.[1]

The next measure was directed to break the union maintained between the Churches and their powerful friends among the nobility and gentry, and by thus detaching them from each other, to destroy that bond which alone secured them in some degree from the projected tyranny. The formula of an oath was dispatched into the provinces which was to be administered—without exception of persons—and which obliged the recipient to swear, never to take arms without express permission of the King; nor to join in any contribution of money whatsoever without such permission obtained.[2]

[1] De Thou—Davila.

[2] "The Chancellor de l'Hôpital," says De Thou, "being thus driven from the government of the state, the Queen freely, and without opposition from any one, inclined to the counsels of the majority; and that now as every thing was prepared for making war on the Protestants, she might more and more diminish their strength and unanimity, she transmitted to the governors of provinces the formula of an oath, by which they all should be required to bind themselves. It was to this effect, that they should testify before God, and swear in his name, that they acknowledged King Charles IX. for their supreme and natural Prince, and were ready to pay all honour, obedience, and submission; that they would never take up arms except at his express command; nor would ever favour or abet those who might have taken them up against him, either with money, counsel, or

This was followed by an edict, ordering all who professed the Reformed religion to resign, within a certain time, every office and dignity they might chance to hold, and decreeing, that thenceforth none holding these opinions should, on any consideration, be nominated to such. This edict at once deprived Coligny of the office of High-admiral; D'Andelot of that of Captain-general of the French infantry, and all the Protestant gentlemen of their Governments.[1]

But these measures were but the prelude of a last and most atrocious breach of faith. It was resolved immediately, and at one moment, to arrest every one of the leading Hugonot gentlemen, now living isolated in their several country-houses, and following the Duke of Alva's advice, "*to cut off the taller flowers.*"

The Prince was still at Noyers, deliberating in the most cruel perplexity upon his situation, when intelligence of the most alarming description reached him from every quarter. He was advised that ten companies had been thrown into Orleans; that the troops assembled ostensibly for the siege of La Rochelle, were marching into Burgundy; that the Duke de Montpensier and Martigues[1] had seized the passes of the Loire, and that the Duke de Guise had assembled forces upon the borders of Champagne, while the Maréchal de Cossé was doing the same in Picardy. Anxious, restless, undecided,

in any other manner. That they would never levy money in any manner without his express command; that they would bind themselves by no secret treaties, nor consent to them; but that if anything of that sort should come to their knowledge, they would apprize the King or his officers. That, in the meanwhile, with all humility, they would supplicate the royal Majesty to take them under his protection, as his very faithful and obedient subjects; that prayer should be made for the health and safety of himself, the Queen-Mother, &c.; and that they would willingly subject themselves to all the rigour of pains and penalties, if by their fault any disturbance should happen in their city (naming it). To the defence of which they would devote their lives and fortunes.

[1] De Thou.

unwilling to resume arms, and once more rush into a civil war—the unhappy man repaired to Coligny for counsel, who, considering himself no longer safe at Châtillon, had already with his family removed to the strong castle of Tanlai, which belonged to D'Andelot, and was situated in the neighbourhood of Noyers.

Here, as they were sitting together—engaged in the most painful consultations, the young Teligny, who had married a daughter of the Admiral, arrived from Court. "He bore letters," says De Thou, "from the King and Queen, filled with the most affectionate expressions; but his own words portended everything that was dismal."

Soon afterwards one came in, bearing a letter which had been intercepted in the neighbourhood. It contained these few ominous words, "*Le cerf est aux toiles; La chasse est preparée.*"[1] And in the dead of that very night an unknown cavalier galloped past the château of Noyers, sounding his loud hunting horn, and crying, "*Le grand cerf est relancé à Noyers.*"

For these two last warnings it appears that the Prince was indebted to Tavannes, who having received orders to seize upon his person,[2] feeling unwilling at once to compromise his own honour and safety by a proceeding which, if events rendered it expedient, would afterwards be without scruple disavowed—had had recourse to these expedients to extricate himself from the unpleasant dilemma in which he stood. But Condé still hesitated, and entreated his mother-in-law, the Marquise de Rothelain, to go herself to Court, and conjure the King, in his name, not to suffer promises so sacred as his to be violated—edicts so solemnly enacted to be broken; nor allow the enemies of the public peace, by the abuse of his name and authority, to accomplish their perfidious

[1] The stag is in the snare, the hunt is up. [2] Mém. de Tavannes.

designs. But scarcely had the Marquise set forward before courier upon courier arrived from the Court, bearing the most earnest entreaties to the Prince and Admiral, "to fly, ere it was yet too late, and seek shelter in some place of security." They were informed that Tavannes was marching upon Noyers; that on all sides the Hugonots were surrounded, and that should their flight be one instant delayed, their destruction was inevitable. The imminence of the peril could no longer admit of doubt, and they resolved to attempt their escape instantly.

On the 23d August, the Prince made one last appeal to the King in a letter, wherein he cast on the restless spirit of the Cardinal de Lorraine the infamy "of those machinations by which innocent men, driven from their homes, with their wives and children in their arms, were compelled to wander from house to house without hope, and without consolation."[1] A declaration recapitulating all the wrongs and injuries that the Hugonots had endured since the fatal meeting at Bayonne, accompanied the letter. "When that secret treaty with Alva was entered upon for the simultaneous destruction of the Protestants in France and Flanders"—It enumerated the causes of suspicion which had since arisen; the levy of Swiss that had been made by Alva himself, though the coming of the Spaniards had formed the pretence for that measure; lastly, the secret conferences held in Lorraine's own house between Monceaux and Marchey in which was debated the means of intercepting Condé and Coligny if they had come to the Castle of Vincennes. ..... "Then, upon the conclusion of the peace what followed? Fair words, indeed; but not one city given up in execution of the edict. For of Lyons, le Puy en

[1] De Thou.

Velay, Dijon and Beaune, no satisfaction had been given. At Toulouse, Rapin, who had carried on the war in Languedoc, in his (Condé's) name, when by his command he had gone there after the edict, under the safeguard of the public faith and the King's letter, had been seized, and a sentence being carried against him, he was condemned to death upon the 6th of April. This had been followed not only by horrible private assassinations, but also by general massacres at Amiens, Auxerre, Bourges, and Blois; about which, upon account of Lorraine's violence, no inquisition could be made. But the disgraceful murder of le Sieur de Cippierre was perpetrated either at the instigation, or with the connivance of the Card. Louis de Guise, he openly protecting the murderers." A complaint on account of the new edict which deprived himself and his friends of all their dignities followed: "on all sides," it went on, "unfortunate men are enclosed, as it were, in a net, in the midst of peace, by the military guards who occupy the gate-houses, bridges, and other passages . . . . . " and concluded by saying he should await an answer at Noyers. But immediately after having dispatched it, the Prince and Coligny prepared for flight with their terrified and helpless families.[1]

"He set out silently," says Matthieu, "but his situation touched all hearts with pity, when they saw the first Prince of the blood setting forward in the extreme heats, with his wife great with child, carried in a litter, and three little children in the cradle, followed by the motherless family of the Admiral, consisting of one grown up daughter, and the rest yet in the arms of their nurses. The wife of D'Andelot, too, was there with her little girl,

[1] De Thou, Matthieu.—This is a slight inaccuracy. The younger children of the Admiral followed him afterwards to La Rochelle.

but two years old, and several other ladies were of the company. The only escort for this troop of helpless women and children, was 150 horse, headed by the two brave and affectionate fathers."

They journeyed on as rapidly as possible, for their sole chance of safety lay in crossing the Loire before they could be overtaken, and then seeking shelter in La Rochelle; but the country was filled with troops, and the bridges of the Loire already occupied. They therefore determined to attempt a ford not commonly known, and arrived at it when the river, "usually," says Davila "so broad and so furious, was so far diminished by the long drought, that they crossed with little difficulty." The Prince carrying his youngest infant on his arm, and clasped to his bosom. But scarcely had they reached the southern bank, when turning round, they descried the cavalry of their enemies in full pursuit, crowding rapidly upon the opposite side. An event now happened certainly very remarkable. Without any apparent cause, a sudden swell of waters came foaming and rushing from the head of the river, and in an instant filling the channel, rendered the ford impassable, and the defenceless company were rescued from the very jaws of their destroyers. Can we wonder that men, taught to rest upon providence, and discern the Almighty hand in the events of their agitated lives, should regard this as a signal interposition in their favour, and an undoubted sign that His arm was extended for their preservation? The fact rests not alone upon the evidence of their own historians.

Having thus crossed the river, all danger was for the present at an end. Crowds of the Hugonots who had been advised by Condé to take up arms and provide for their own defence, now joined his company, and crossing Angoumois and Poictou, he arrived without further dif-

ficulty at La Rochelle, where he was received with the greatest affection.

Thus were the Reformed again driven into insurrection, and the third troubles began.

It appears that intimate relations had for many years subsisted between the house of Châtillon and the town of La Rochelle, a city, in which that spirit of freedom and independence was still maintained which had been fostered, and as it were, kept alive for centuries in the great commercial cities of Europe. "The Prince,"[1] we are told, "would not go straight to La Rochelle, for that town distrusted every thing; and having refused to admit a garrison from the King, was in constant fear of a surprise. He took his wife and children, therefore, to Brouage, and from thence came to La Rochelle, alone, and in the disguise of a sailor, where, entering the council of the *Maires et Pairs*, he made himself known. This mark of frankness and confidence at once captivated the hearts of the people, who could fear no attempts against their liberty on the part of a Prince, who came thus without a follower among them. Each one offered him his hand, and he, as the pledge of his sincerity, placed his wife and children in their power, swearing never more to lay down his arms till liberty of conscience and the security of private life were obtained—then deploring the miserable slavery in which the King lay under the house of Guise, he vowed to be faithful to his promises, as did the townsmen to assist him by every means in their power." On the 18th of September, 1568, the Prince, his family, and his friends, entered La Rochelle.

The ruined harbour, silent streets, and deserted quays of La Rochelle, yet remain a miserable testimony of the

[1] Matthieu.

fate which arbitrary power and political vengeance drew down upon a brave, industrious, and virtuous population, and of the retribution which the kingdom received, and still labours under as the recompence of the signal injustice of her rulers. This city, finally the victim of a noble cause, became from this moment the metropolis and centre, as it were, of that party, which by the course of evil policy so wickedly persevered in, had, at length, been utterly separated in heart and affection from their fellow-countrymen, and rendered a distinct body politic in the centre of the state. Driven to the south of the Loire, and deprived of Orleans, which had till now served as a rallying point for the Union, the Reformed found in La Rochelle, a city admirably adapted for the same purpose. It was situated in a rich and fertile country, strongly fortified towards the land, and provided with an excellent harbour, which, with the neighbouring isles, highly cultivated and fully peopled, offered extraordinary advantages to the Hugonots. Not only did these circumstances afford the means of maintaining their relations with, and receiving such succours as might be obtained from Germany, Flanders, and England, and likewise for preserving their communications with Normandy, Brittany, and the provinces south of the Loire, but very considerable profits were derived from the successful privateering adventures which were carried on with great spirit, equally to their own advantage, and to the distress and vexation of the enemy.[1] "*Les villes,*" says La Noue, "*qui sont comme les appuis, non seulement des armées, mais aussi des guerres, doivent être puissantes et abondantes, afin que comme les gros ruisseaux elles puissent fournir les commodités necessaires, à ceux qui*

[1] La Noue tells us that the Admiral levied the droits d'amirauté on these captures. De Thou, I think, mentions ships being equipped on account of the Prince de Condé.

ne les peuvent avoir ailleurs."[1] "La Rochelle," he adds, "was neither so large nor so agreeable a city as Orleans, but there were things about it which more than made up and atoned for many defects—the principal of which was its maritime situation,[2] with a port which cannot be blockaded without an excessive expense, and by which abundance of provisions may be brought in. Two leagues off, also, in the sea, there are some fertile isles, *qui branslent sous sa faveur.* The people of the town are as warlike as commercial,—prudent, and well affectioned to religion. As for the fortifications, sufficient trial has been made of *them* . . . . Some say the inhabitants are rude, but all must acknowledge they are loyal (true.) "*Elle equippa et arma quantité de vaisseaux, qui firent plusieurs riches prises, dont il revenait de grands déniers à la cause generale.*"[3] The opulent city of La Rochelle had been, in fact, long devoted to the cause of the Reform, which, being that not only of religious but of civil liberty, coincided with the spirit of independence almost amounting to republicanism, which she had so long and successfully maintained. La Rochelle had never consented to receive either a royal governor or a royal garrison, and was governed by her own *maire* and municipality alone. This independence she continued to assert, and this important place must be considered during the whole of the ensuing contest, less as being in the occupation and under the control of the Hugonot chiefs, than as an independent city in close alliance with them, and holding out her hospitable arms to afford them shelter.[4]

[1] Towns which are to serve as foundation supports, not only of one army but of long wars, must be powerful and rich, so that like abundant streams they may furnish necessaries to those who cannot obtain them elsewhere.

[2] Mém. de La Noue, De Thou, &c.

[3] The city equipped and armed numerous vessels which made rich prizes, from which much assistance was derived to the cause.

[4] La Noue, Pérefixe, Matthieu, &c.

The Prince and Coligny having been received by the citizens of La Rochelle with the greatest cordiality, and their exertions being supported by numbers of the Calvinist ministers who had already sought refuge within her walls, found themselves speedily joined by multitudes of their adherents, who flocking to their standards from every side of the kingdom, soon taught the Catholics to dread the issue of that contest which they had so unjustifiably provoked. So that the Prince, who, as says La Noue, "had found himself at the very lowest point of fortune's wheel," speedily became elevated to the highest round of her favour. D'Andelot, the Vidâme de Chartres, Lavardin, and La Noue, after various rencounters with the Duke de Montpensier and Martigues, crossed the Loire, and brought up the forces of Brittany. —Ivoy those of Poictou—Soubise and Pluvialles of Perigort—Montgommeri and Colombieres of Normandy; and, lastly, Jeanne Queen of Navarre, conceiving herself no longer safe in her miserable remnant of a kingdom, quitted Pau, and with her son Henry, then fifteen years of age, and her only daughter Catherine, arrived with 3,000 foot and 400 horse, and henceforward indissolubly united her fortunes with those of the party, of which her son was to prove the future champion and head.[1]

"The Queen of Navarre," says La Noue, "feeling the approach of the earthquake, was diligent to retire to these quarters, bringing with her her children, and some good forces, which served at once to authorise the cause and to strengthen the army. She feared, should she remain in her own country, that she might be constrained by the disturbances among her subjects, or by other reasons, to send her son to court, where undoubtedly he would have changed his religion; from apprehension of which, she

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

abandoned her kingdom without hesitation, to preserve his conscience pure. *Exemple très rare dans ce siècle-ci où les richesses et la grandeur sont à plusieurs un dieu domestique.*"[1]

The Baron de Fontrailles, St. Mesmes, and de Pilles, gentlemen afterwards greatly distinguished among those of the Union, accompanied her. As for the Cardinal de Châtillon, he had made his escape, disguised as a sailor, into England, where he remained during the war; and by his skill in negotiation, proved of the greatest service to his party.

The first step of the Prince now was, to publish his manifesto, justifying the step he had taken upon the plea of self-defence. He assured the King of the unchangeable loyalty and fidelity of his party, and declared the war was directed against the Cardinal de Lorraine and his adherents alone.

The next measure Condé adopted—taking warning by what had occurred at Chartres at the last pacification—was to administer an oath of obedience to the whole army, and bind them by solemn engagement, to persevere till death in the defence of their religion; and to accept no terms without the universal consent of their captains, and without obtaining full security for liberty of conscience and for the preservation of their lives.

The Queen of Navarre also wrote letters to the King and the Duke d'Anjou, justifying the steps she had taken; and accusing the Cardinal de Lorraine, and the Guises, of being, through their bloody counsels, the cause of the renewed troubles. She added afterwards, a more ample declaration, in which she proved most successfully, by the relation of a very singular accident which had happened

[1] Rare example in an age where riches and grandeur are become as household gods.

Jan. 11. pinx. T. Wageman del. Fl. ad. lith. sc.

JEANNE D'ALBRET.

Queen of Navarre

ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN HIS POSSESSION

London Richard [illegible]

to herself, to what extent the treacherous dealings between the Cardinal and Spain had been carried on. "The whole," says Davila," "*involte in grandissima eloquenza.*"[1] The unusual spirit and decision of these proceedings—the promptitude with which the Hugonots flocked to La Rochelle, greatly disconcerted Catherine. "Ever ready to form projects," says a judicious writer,[2] "without having calculated the means of success, and when defeated, returning to her old methods of conciliation, deceit, and intrigue. Her versatility was the effect of ill-calculated and ill-considered combinations; for her imagination, though brilliant and lively, wanted that clear-sighted glance which marks the superior statesman."

The first weight of her indignation fell upon De l'Hôpital, whom she accused of having given the intelligence to Teligny; whereupon, though he was not formally deprived of his office, the seals were given to Morvilliers. An edict was also immediately issued, promising the usual recompence of pardon, security, and liberty of conscience to all who would forsake their standards; but the Hugonots were no longer to be duped by these vain promises, and the edict produced not the smallest effect; upon which, finding all these temporising measures vain, the mask, so long carried, was at last finally dropped, and upon the 28th of September, 1571, that memorable edict was published, which at once satisfied the Catholic powers as to what had been the secret intentions of the government, and justified the Hugonots in all their suspicions and proceedings.

After a preamble—setting forth the indulgence and benevolence with which the King had endeavoured to restore the Hugonots to a sound mind, and enumerating

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.
[2] Ob. Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.

the seditions and conspiracies with which, despising his royal grace and benevolence, they had always attempted to disturb and divide his kingdom—it proceeded to revoke every edict which, during his minority, had been issued in their favour; more especially that of the last pacification made *pro interim*. The exercise of any religion whatsoever throughout the kingdom was prohibited save that of the Catholic Roman, as observed by the King and his predecessors. All ministers and preachers of the doctrine of Calvin were banished, the term of fifteen days only being allowed them to quit the kingdom, and, finally, the observance of the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church was imposed upon all, without exception, and under pain of death. By a second edict which speedily followed, no one was to be admitted to any place, dignity, or employment whatsoever without making a profession of faith "that he believed, and did live in all things, according to the rites and observances of the Catholic Church."

"These constitutions," says Davila, "were published before an incredible concourse of the Parisian people, and embraced with great exultation by the parliament; for they clearly shewed that the minds of the King and Queen had always been intent to oppress and exterminate the Hugonots, though they desired to do it with as little noise, contention, and peril of dismembering the kingdom as possible."[1]

This edict was followed by one of those religious processions so well calculated to reanimate and excite the stormy fanaticism of the lower orders. "The day after the publication of the edict, the King made a general procession in Paris, the most solemn celebrated within the me-

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

mory of man; in which the body of our Lord was carried by the Cardinal de Lorraine, barefooted, and clothed *in pontificalibus*. The monks of St. Denys, in like manner, barefooted, carried the holy body of St. Denys; likewise la Châsse de Madame St. Genevieve, and St. Marceau, were borne in the usual fashion. The King assisted on horseback, not being strong enough to go on foot, and before him walked *Messieurs ses frères*, one carrying the royal crown, the other the sceptre of justice. The Queen-Mother, the Cardinals de Bourbon and Guise, many Princes of the blood, grands seigneurs, and the Court of Parliament, arrayed in their scarlet robes, followed."[1]

This done, the Duke d'Anjou, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, set himself to collect a powerful army, with design to march into Saintonge, and try the strength of the Hugonots.

"Human affairs," begins La Noue[2], "are subject to many changes, and to represent their inconstancy, the *ethniques* have figured a rolling wheel, where, sometimes things are at the height, at others, prone on the earth; and whoever will consider the last war, will clearly perceive this, for in the last the Hugonots were beforehand, and assailed their enemies splendidly, but in the one before, they suffered themselves to be forestalled, and through a shameful necessity, abandoned the provinces and towns which had formerly served for their preservation. Thus while the Catholics were employed in issuing edicts, and assembling with some delay their forces, the Hugonots had once more fairly embarked in the contest; and, with a de-

[1] Journal de Brulart, Mém. de Condé.

[2] For the history of this campaign I have almost confined myself to La Noue, assisted by a few illustrations from other cotemporary writers. La Noue, as an eye-witness of the events which he relates, a man of good military capacity, and of unexceptionable fairness and veracity, appears to me so valuable, that I shall make use of his own words where I can.

termination to make a far more effectual resistance than before, lost no time in securing those advantages which, through the improvidence of the government, they had already obtained.

"Immediately upon the arrival of D'Andelot, the Prince and Coligny withdrawing their artillery from La Rochelle, attacked the towns in Poictou and Saintonge, which were ill-prepared for defence, and they speedily made themselves masters of Niort, St. Maixent, Saintes, St. Jean Ponts, Coignac, Blaye, and Augoulême, so that from poor vagabonds that they were, they found themselves, in less than two months, possessed of the means to carry on a long and successful war."[1]

These towns were garrisoned with bodies of cavalry, which was a great relief to the open country, and everywhere the finest order, both civil and military, was established. It appears that this first success may be in great measure attributed to the inactivity of the Duke de Montpensier, who, with his army, had entered these provinces, but who, for some cause or other, carried on the war with much coldness. The only action of any importance which he effected, being that of cutting off two regiments, part of a reinforcement of 1,800 men, whom D'Acier and the brave Mouvans were bringing up from Languedoc, and who, marching with their usual audacious courage, singing their war-songs, and threatening to "eat up all these Catholics with a grain of salt," were surprised and cut in pieces with their brave commander. With this exception, Montpensier acted so languidly (*agit si mollement,*) that he left the Hugonots time to enlarge their quarters, confirm their conquests, and establish themselves so firmly in these provinces, that the "exertions of a century have scarcely

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

sufficed to uproot them." The Admiral beholding the flourishing result of these exertions to which they had been constrained by necessity, "would sometimes," says La Noue, "apply to the condition of our affairs, that fine saying of Themistocles, '*nous étions perdus, si nous n'eussions été perdus.*'[1] I know not," adds he, "how it came to pass, that the Catholics were not sooner aware, that those they had driven from their neighbourhood, were establishing themselves to so much greater advantage, a little further off. . . . Had these matters been looked to earlier, half those conquests would have been prevented; but my opinion is, that their joy at Paris, to see those northern provinces abandoned where formerly the war had been carried on—puffed up their hearts, and made them disdain the Hugonots, and despise La Rochelle, in which place they shortly expected to shut them all up."[2]

The fact was that the Queen, sanguine, hasty, and self-confident, had little anticipated, and was as little prepared for the spirited resistance she met with.

After the defeat of Mouvans, the Duke de Montpensier had retired to Chatelleraud, and here—upon the 1st of November, 1568, just six weeks from the day on which Condé had entered la Rochelle, he was at length joined by the main Catholic army, headed by the Duke d'Anjou.

The forces thus united amounted to 10,000 *soldats* (as some part of the forees now began to be called) 4,000 lances, 6,000 Swiss, and 2,000 Italians,[3] marching under the command of numerous able and experienced generals—Gontaut de Biron, Timoleon de Brissac, Henry Duke de Guise, impatient to emulate the military reputation of his father, and Tavannes — to

[1] We had been ruined if we had not lost all.

[2] La Noue, Davila.

[3] Mém. de La Noue.

whose counsels the young commander-in-chief might consider himself chiefly indebted for his brilliant successes. I am tempted to extract from Davila, a picture of this young Prince at the moment of his arrival before Chatelleraud to put himself at the head of his army; showing how the truth of history may be corrupted to flatter the great, and honour the successful; and the character which may thus be obtained by one, whose career—a succession of crimes and vices—was unredeemed, as far as I can recollect, by one act of generosity or virtue.

"Great was the expectation arising from the valour (*valore*, a word of far wider signification) and generosity of this Prince, who, in the first flower of his age, adorned with noble natural gifts, appeared born to sustain the weight of the largest empires of Europe. To the exquisite beauty of his person was united so admirable a temperament, that his noble and delicate form prejudiced not his power of enduring all things proper to the profession of arms: and in his soul appeared such marks of courage, magnanimity, prudence, and generosity of spirit, that his virtue was esteemed far above his years. All which was accompanied and adorned by a natural eloquence, and that knowledge of letters so worthy of a Prince. These qualities obtained for him not only a singular affection, but even veneration—as well from the whole army as from all the nobility, and almost the whole people of France."—Fair, flattering, deceitful promises, speedily obscured by the vices and follies that rendered him the scourge of his country, and the contempt and execration of mankind.[1]

To meet this army the Prince had in the field 18,000 arquebusiers, and 3,000 good horses, as La Noue calls

[1] La Noue, Davila.

them—in fact, the bravest and finest cavalry then in the world; so that altogether 43,000 men met in this renewed quarrel—a number very greatly exceeding that of those who assembled in the preceding troubles—a fact which, it has been observed, may be regarded as a proof of the increasing disorder of the kingdom, and of the facility with which men, driven by fear or necessity to despair, might be engaged to seek refuge in the armies. The winter was rapidly approaching, and the Prince, relying upon the ardour of his soldiers, was anxious to come to blows before their first enthusiasm should be exhausted; the Duke, equally confident in the numbers, and excellent discipline of his army, was alike desirous of an encounter, and the singularity of the ensuing campaign lay in the strange fatality by which two commanders—each in pursuit of precisely the same object, found it impossible to come to a battle. The state of the weather presented the first and most insurmountable obstacle. "It is rare," says Davila, "for the chiefs of two armies to propose to themselves precisely the same objects; but the seasons opposed the determinations of the captains, for it being the end of November the cold was extraordinary, and snow and ice hindered the operations; for the days being short, and the nights excessively cold, the ways broken up and choked by the snow, the march of the soldiers, with the artillery and baggage, met with constant interruptions; and, it being impossible to keep the men under canvas, things proceeded very slowly."[1]

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

CHAPTER II.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ARMIES.—AFFAIR OF JANSNEUIL.—INTENSE COLD.—BATTLE OF JARNAC.—DEATH OF CONDE.

THE Prince began his operations by marching upon Chatelleraud, but finding the Duke advantageously posted in a marshy place where he did not choose to attack him, he retired towards Lusignan with intent to draw the royal army after him. He was, as he had calculated, speedily followed by the enemy; but the encounter was prevented by a series of mistakes on both sides. Near Lusignan there was an excellent little quarter of country which both armies approached at the same moment with design to occupy it, and, what was singular, were within a few leagues of each other[1] without being in the least aware of their vicinity, "*Ce qu'il ne faut trouver trop étrange parcequ'on le voit avenir quelquefois.*" The Catholics were posted at Jansneuil and Sanxay, on the high road from Poictiers. The Prince at Colombieres, two leagues to the south of Lusignan. Near as they were, a series of singular accidents prevented a general engagement. At equal distance from each camp lay a village called Pampron, full of provisions. This village had been appointed for a place of rendezvous by the leaders of each army, and the *Maréchals-de-camp* on either side found themselves with their troops precisely at the same

[1] Four leagues.—Davila—La Noue.

moment attempting to occupy the spot, from which they successively drove one another many times, each desiring "*cette os pour rogner.*" In a short time, the Admiral and D'Andelot arrived with five cornets of cavalry to support their side, and 7 or 800 lances reinforcing the Catholics, "*il n'est plus question de loger,*" said the Admiral, "*mais de combattre,*" and sent to advertise the Prince of what was going on. He awaited his arrival upon a hill, behind which, the Catholics imagining the main body of the Hugonots to be posted, forbore to attack him, and thus lost an occasion on their side; as did the Hugonots likewise, who, upon the arrival of the Prince, though then stronger, suffered the Catholics to escape in the night. "For they, beating their drums—alternately according to the Swiss and French manner—made us believe the main body was there, when only the *avant garde* had arrived, so we waited till the morning; while they, making large fires in the woods and fields to confirm our error, retired unmolested to the main body at Jansneuil and Sanxay."[1]

The next morning the Prince and the Admiral, at the head of their divisions, set forward with a determination to follow the Catholics to Sanxay, and force them to an engagement; but the Prince lost his way owing to a thick fog, and instead of joining Coligny as appointed, at Sanxay, found himself to his surprise at Jansneuil, and exactly in front of the main body of the royal army. He extricated himself from his perilous situation with singular dexterity, and in his turn, being joined by the Admiral, retired, when he might have attacked the royal camp to advantage.[2] But instead of

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

[2] Je ne veux taire une chose pour rire qui arriva alors. C'est que pendant qu'on fit alte tout le baggage de notre infanterie se voit arriver le long du bois assez près de la guerre

doing this he marched towards Mirambeau, which he took, while the Duke went to refresh his forces, almost destroyed by the intense cold, at Poictiers.

His army being in some measure recruited, the Duke again took the field, and following the Prince, retook Mirambeau. The Prince was at this moment quartered at Montreuil, Bellay, and Thouars—one of his regiments being posted in the town of Loudun. The Duke determined to take possession of this place, which would deprive the enemy of a very well-provided quarter, capable of feeding the army for a month; but the Prince and the Admiral, aware of his intention, and resolved not to submit to the disgrace of seeing a regiment cut to pieces before their eyes, marched day and night to Loudun, where they lodged the infantry in the fauxbourgs—5 or 600 horses in the town, and the rest in the neighbouring villages. The evening before, Monseigneur had

de nos gens de guerre, et la grand nombre de persons qu' on y dût camper y faisans plus de quatre mille feux, n'apperçoirent l'armée se retirer à cause de la nuit, mais plusieurs maîtres furent ce jour là mal soupez. Aucuns Catholiques qui étoient en garde, m'ont conté, que voyans tant de feux et oyans tant des cris, ils tenoient pour certain que c'etoient notre armée, ce que les rendoit plus diligens à fortifier leur camp. Le Capitaine Gadias m'a aussi dit, qu'il s'offroit d'aller reconnoitre; mais on ne vouloit rien hasarder contre ces braves soldats qui y étoient. Sur le minuit M. le Prince reçut avis comme tout le baggage étoit engagé, et la tenoit comme perdue; neantmoins il ne laissa d'y envoyer cinq cornettes pour la retirer, et commanda qu'une heure après 1,000 chevaux et 2,000 arquebusses s'y acheminassent pour les favoriser. Les premiers qui arrivoient trouverent Mess. les valets campés en moult belle ordonnance; se chauffant, chantant, et faisant bonne chère, et y ont jugé de loin que là y avoit de 10,000 hommes, et n'avoit plus d'apprehension que s'ils n'eussent été dans une ville forte, ils se prindoit à rire de la stupidité de toute cette forfanterie, laquelle ordinairement est couarde comme une lièvre, et la surement, au milieu d'un très grand peril, ne faisoit bruir que bruit d'allegresse à cause qu'ils avoient très bien soupés du souper de leurs maîtres. A la tête de ce beau camp les plus vaillans goujats avoient pris leur garde; et s'ils loin qu'ils apperçoivent quelqu'un, encore qu'ils étoient cent fois avisés, ils faisoient forces, arquebusades, en criant après lui comme des enragés. A la fin, ils se recoyvroient, et ayant sçus où ils etoient leur asseurance se convertit en peur, et dislogeat tous sans trompettes.

[1] La Noue, D'Aubigné, Davila, &c.

encamped a short league from Loudun[1]—never imagining the enemy would hazard an engagement to preserve so poor a place—but he found himself mistaken, for the next morning the rising sun gleamed upon the army of the Prince drawn up in battle array before the fauxbourgs. The Duke immediately commanded his own to form, and the artillery on both sides being planted, began to play. Then might be seen, 40,000 Frenchmen drawn up opposite to each other, their countenances as determined as their courage was high, and waiting with impatience the signal to advance.[2] Those affecting thoughts which once had held the attack suspended—those tender recollections and pauses of unwilling hostility, which once for two hours retarded the advance at Dreux—were now no longer to be found. Such thoughts had given place to sentiments of bloody animosity and bitter rancour. Seven years of dissensions had sufficed to obliterate almost every remembrance of brotherhood and common country; and the parties met with an exasperation of which the contests between opposing nations rarely furnish an example.

The face of the country presented not the slightest obstacle to interfere with the approach of the armies. Between them lay a *plaine rasée*, broken only by a few ditches that marked the divisions of the fields. Yet strange as it must appear, they did not after all meet. "But it must be understood," says La Noue, "that for twenty years so severe a winter had not been known. The frost was intense, and a sleet was continually falling which rendered the ground so slippery that the infantry could not march— and as for the cavalry, the horses were not able even to stand. A raised trench of three or four feet was to them absolutely impassable, so that those

[1] Mém. de La Noue. [2] Ibid.

little ditches were as effectual an obstacle as regular trenches would have been; and whichever side had attempted to move would have been thrown into inevitable and irretrievable disorder. "The cold," says Davila, "was so intense that the men were stiffened and stupified; every moment some were brought into the tents, who, attempting to pass over the ice and frozen snow, had broken or dislocated their limbs with falls. As for the horses, they could not move, for the country being low and swampy was covered with ice." Upon the next day the same demonstrations were repeated; the artillery playing as before, and some few attempted to skirmish between the armies—breaking legs and arms as they fell. The third day the same scene was renewed. The fourth, the Duke, who was lodged in the fields, (*à decouvert*) and found it impossible to resist the intensity of the cold, retired a league, "not so much to refresh as to warm his men."[1]

It is said (by Cayet)[2] that Henry of Navarre, who, under the auspices of his uncle, the brave Condé, was now making his appprenticeship in the art of war—gave a proof of his military sagacity upon this occasion. He urged the Prince to attack the royal army—using as an argument that their inaction was a proof of their weakness; but if the circumstances were as La Noue and Davila have related them, the remark does not seem applicable. The weather alone appears to have separated the forces;[3] "for they could no longer endure the cold, the vehemence of which killed several on both sides."

La Noue takes occasion from this affair to argue against winter campaigning in general. "It is a great

[1] Mém. de La Noue. [2] Palmet Cayet, Chron. Novennaire.
[3] Mém. de La Noue.

abuse," says he, "to persist against the rigour of the seasons; for if harder things are subdued by it, how can man—so sensitive, resist. What passed upon this occasion ought to prove that, without great necessity, soldiers should not be pressed beyond their strength; for sickness began in a day or two to spread among the armies, so that I am assured in less than a month more than 3,000 men sickened and died. The ardour to fight had made them endure to the last extremity, but at length they became so frozen that they lost even the wish to molest the enemy. The nobility, as well as the common soldiers on both sides began to murmur against their commanders, because without any result they had abandoned them a prey to the cold and the ice, where they were perishing with hunger (for the *vivandières* could not come up) saying, that if they could not accommodate them in secure and well-provisioned quarters, they would provide for themselves. They could endure such extremities no longer."

Both parties yielded at length to the pressure of necessity, the armies separated, the Catholics crossed the Loire and quartered themselves in the neighbourhood of Saumur; the Hugonots returned to Montreuil and Thouars: and both sides speedily felt the effect of their fatigues by the sickness which spread itself in both camps.

The winter was, indeed, one of singular severity. On Saturday the 11th of December, 1568, as we are told by Perussis in his History of the Venaissin, an intense frost came on suddenly. The Rhone was frozen, the ports of the Durance closed; there was snow, wind, verglass, and cold rain.[1] Bread, wine, cakes, oranges, and

[1] Pérussis, Hist. Venaissin.

ink were frozen. . . . . In February the cold was so extreme that orange, laurel, and other trees died; many soldiers lost all sensation: others broke their limbs falling upon the ice. Thus, the extremity of the seasons terminated the campaign of 1568—most unfortunately for the Prince, to whom delay was almost as fatal as defeat.

As soon as he had placed his soldiers in their winter quarters, Condé repaired with his usual activity to La Rochelle, in order to procure supplies of money and other necessaries for his army, of which things he stood in the greatest need. Considerable sums had already been brought in by privateering; thirty ships of various sizes had been fitted out, which, entering the mouths of the larger rivers, brought away a quantity of corn and other booty easily convertible into money. He found, also, 100,000 angels, and six cannons, sent by Queen Elizabeth, for which Condé sent in return wool, and *metal of numerous bells*, we are told, the plunder of the churches. But these supplies were far from sufficient, and the Prince resolved to increase his means by putting up to public auction the church property in Saintonge, and the other provinces in his occupation—The Queen of Navarre giving security to the purchasers on her own possessions. "This sale was effected," says Davila,[1] "to the excessive indignation of the parliaments,—and in contempt of the royal majesty: but by it money was raised sufficient to pay the army for some months."[2]

Thus passed the winter. The approach of spring found the royal army reinforced by the arrival of 2,000 reisters under the young Rhingrave, and by a strong body from Provence, led by the Count de Tende. The

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.
[2] De Thou, D'Aubigné, Matthieu, Davila.

Hugonots, on the contrary, were considerably weakened by the garrisons it had been thought necessary to place in the towns they had acquired during the last few months. They were still in their winter quarters in Poictou when they received intelligence that the Duke d'Anjou, having assembled his forces, was about to march upon Angoulême. Upon this the Prince de Condé and the Admiral, finding themselves no longer in a condition to fight upon equal terms, resolved to retire behind the Charente, and, having broken the bridges, there to make a stand; hoping either to confine the enemy to the provinces north of that river—where the difficulty of provisioning an army would be great—or, if the Catholics persisted in forcing a passage, to fight them while under all the disadvantages of crossing a deep though narrow stream. This plan, as it will be seen, was entirely defeated by the insubordination of the Hugonot army.

All the towns upon the Charente, Angoulême, Cognac, Saintes, Châteauneuf, and Jarnac, with their respective bridges, were in the possession of the Hugonots; at the two latter towns, their army crossed the river. The Prince, with the main body (*bataille*), fixing his head quarters at Jarnac, while the Admiral, leaving a thousand infantry to defend Châteauneuf (situated on the left bank) with the advanced guard, occupied Brissac, a village about half way between that town and Jarnac, which was upon the right bank of the river.

The Duke d'Anjou reached Châteauneuf the 9th of March; his preparations for the attack of which were scarcely completed, before the Governor abandoning the place crossed the river in boats—the bridge having been already broken in two places—and retreated to Jarnac; neglecting even to apprize the Admiral of the event.

But the possession of Châteauneuf appeared little to

diminish the difficulties of the royal army. The bridge being broken, and the Admiral in force on the opposite bank, it seemed equally impossible to repair it, or without doing so to attempt a passage. The negligence of the Hugonots, and the skill of Tavannes and Biron, who directed the measures of the Duke's army, overcame the difficulty.

Feigning to seek a passage lower down, the Duke, with the greater part of his forces, marched towards Cognac, and was followed, on the other side of the river, by the Admiral, who, leaving two regiments of infantry and 800 of his best cavalry to prevent the repair of the bridge at Chateauneuf, applied himself to watch the motions of the enemy. Those appointed to observe the bridge neglecting that important duty, abandoned their post, and scattered themselves over the country.

The Maréchal de Biron who occupied Chateauneuf did not fail to take advantage of their error; with incredible diligence he repaired the bridge, constructed another beside it of boats, and dispatched a messenger to apprize his chief of his success.[1] The Duke, therefore, as soon as it grew dark, began to retrace his steps with the utmost celerity, regained Châteauneuf in a few hours, immediately began to cross the river in great silence and perfect order, and before the day broke, the greater part of the Catholic army was on the left bank of the Charente.

A Captain Montault,[2] who commanded a night patrole upon the banks of the river, was the first who perceived that the enemy had effected a passage, and immediately reported the occurrence to the Admiral. Coligny instantly decided upon a retreat, and dispatched orders to the scattered body who had forsaken the bridge to assem-

[1] La Noue, Davila. [2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

ble at Brissac. The infantry with their baggage in the meanwhile retreating with so much expedition, that they were not present at the approaching battle.

But it was less easy to collect the gentlemen of the gens-d'armerie. "If in an hour," says La Noue,[1] "the troops had come together, the retreat might have been effected even *au petit pas*, but the length of time which elapsed before they could be assembled, was the principal cause of our disaster. . . . . The Admiral unwilling to sacrifice them, for they were nine cornets commanded by Montgommeri, Pluviault, and D'Acier, waited at least three hours. . . . . And when at last they joined, the enemy who continued to defile over the bridge were so increased in numbers, and the skirmishing had become so hot, that we were all aware we must fight. Upon this, M. le Prince, who was retiring, and had made at least half a league, returned, for having heard that we must come to blows, *lui, qui avoit un cœur de lion, vouloit estre de la partie.*"

The action began by the advance of the flower of the Catholic cavalry, commanded by the Duke de Guise, Martigues, and Timoleon de Brissac, who, falling upon the rear-guard of the Admiral, overthrew four Cornets. In this encounter La Noue was taken prisoner. The Admiral on this perceived that he should be defeated before the Prince could come up, "and resolving not to be beaten piecemeal,"[2] left D'Andelot with 150 horse to cover his retreat in a place strengthened by a few pools and ditches, and giving spurs to his horse, with all the remainder of the vanguard, retired to join the main body. Condé observing the retreat of the Admiral's division, and the immense numbers of the enemy who came pouring in upon all

[1] La Noue, Davila. [2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

sides, halted where the high road from Jarnac was covered by a hill upon the left, and upon the right by a small piece of water; here he drew up his forces, leaving a place on his left for the Admiral, who, returning at full gallop, took up his ground without the least disorder, and facing the enemy prepared to charge. The squadron commanded by D'Andelot, after a brave defence, had before this given way; and the Catholics, passing on, discovered Condé and the Admiral drawn up in two divisions, and ready prepared for the attack.

"The first charge was made by M. l'Amiral, but the second by the Prince was still more rude, '*et certes ce fut bien combattu de part et d'autre.*'"[1]

A cloud had for some days been observed to hang over the fine spirits of Condé.[2] "And this day," says Brantôme, "though he came resolutely on, like a most brave and valiant combatant as he was, nevertheless he was grieved at heart—'*soit qu'il connut son heure ou son désavantage, et pour ce en y allant il dit, que puisqu' on avoit fait un pas de clerc il falloit le franchir.*'"[3]

He entered the field with his arm in a scarf, having met with an accident shortly before; and, as he was taking his helmet, a horse of the Count de la Rochfoucault, who was close beside him, kicked, struck his leg, and broke it in so frightful a manner that the bone penetrated his boot. In the first moment of pain he exclaimed, "Observe, gentlemen, how worse than useless it is to bring such vicious horses into a field of battle." Then pointing to the enemy he cried, "*Voici, noblesse vraiment Françoise! ce que nous avons tous desiré, allons achever ce que les premiers charges ont commencés et*

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

[2] Brantôme, D'Aubigné.

[3] Either that he presaged that his hour was come, or was conscious of his disadvantage; but he said with spirit, that since they had made a scholar's blunder, they must get out of it as well as they could.

vous souvenez en quel état Louis de Bourbon entre au combat pour Christ et pour sa patrie."[1] With these words he bent his head, and urging forward his horse charged at once upon 800 lances of the enemy, among whom his little troop appeared but as nothing.

The Hugonots behaved with the utmost bravery, but all their efforts were vain against the overwhelming numbers opposed to them. The Admiral, his standard upon the ground, his best officers falling around him, began to retire upon the left. La Rochfoucault and Montgommeri upon the right were broken, after an obstinate defence, by the Duke de Montpensier. Condé alone, disdaining to retreat, overpowered by numbers, fallen from his horse, breathless and almost exhausted, continued on one knee to fight with desperate but unavailing resolution. "It was at the fall of this Prince," D'Aubigné tells us, "that the bitterest and most obstinate contest took place which was ever seen as it was thought during the Civil Wars. Among the most conspicuous of the combatants was an old man, named La Vergne, who fought that day in the midst of twenty-five of his grandchildren (*neveux*), and fell with fifteen in one heap . . . . . but what could 250 gentlemen do," asks he, "opposed to 2,000 in front, with 2,500 reisters on the right, and 800 lances on the left, but die as they did, two-thirds of them upon the spot?" At last, perceiving the day irretrievably lost, and his companions lying in heaps around him, Condé called to a Catholic gentleman named D'Argence, and, raising his visor, gave his name, presented his sword, and surrendered himself a prisoner.

[1] Free and noble gentlemen of France, the moment we have so ardently desired is arrived. Let us forward and finish what the first attack has so well begun; and remember in what condition Louis de Bourbon enters the field this day to do battle for Christ and for his country. —D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

D'Argence, highly flattered by the honour he had received, immediately dismounted, and raising the Prince with the utmost tenderness and respect, assisted him to a neighbouring thicket, where he placed him upon the grass with his back against a tree. Here he was soon surrounded by a number of Catholic officers, and had entered into conversation with them, with his usual courtesy, when Montesquiou, Captain of the Swiss guards to the Duke d'Anjou, galloped towards the place, and enquired the cause of this little assemblage. He was told that it was the Prince de Condé, who had just surrendered himself prisoner.—"*Tue! Tue! Mort Dieu!*" cried he furiously—and immediately levelling his pistol, he shot the unfortunate Prince through the head, as he, anticipating the blow, bent forward, folded his face in his cloak with the dignified tranquillity of Cæsar—and in an instant passed into the unknown world.

There is every reason to suppose that the Duke d'Anjou was the instigator of this foul assassination. "*Montesquiou*," says Brantôme, "*n'avoit garde de le faillir*—for the action had been well recommended to many of the favourites of Monsieur, through the hatred that he bore to him (Condé),[1] for there is nothing that a great man (*un grand*) hates so much as a general his equal.

"Nor was he at all sorry for what was done, but exceedingly rejoiced at it; and, as soon as the battle was over, he wished to see his enemy. The body was thrown across an old ass, rather in derision than from any other cause, and was thus carried, arms and legs hanging down, to the Castle of Jarnac; and cast into the hall beneath the very chamber in which Monsieur supped; and where the night before the Prince himself had lodged. What a reverse!"

[1] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, vie Condé.

"We found him laid across an ass,[1] and the Baron de Magnac asked me if I knew him again, but his face was so disfigured that I could scarcely say I did. When the body was brought before the Princes and seigneurs, and the face cleaned, I knew him very well. They wrapped him in a shroud, and he was put before a man on horseback, and carried to the Château de Jarnac, where Monsieur was about to lodge. Here he was left exposed as a spectacle to all the camp. But after some time, the body was begged by the Duke de Longueville, upon his own account and that of the Prince de Bearn, and privately conveyed to Vendosme." And there, without other honours, save the abundant tears of all his party, the brave Condé was laid in the sepulchre of his fathers.

The grief of the Reformed at the death of their Prince was proportioned to the loss which they had sustained, and was equalled only by the exultation of the Catholics, who were persuaded that the party must be speedily undone from which they had cut off so eminent a chief. "The rancour generated by civil war could not blind them to his great merits. No man of his age surpassed him in valour or in courtesy; his eloquence was rather natural than the result of art and study; he was liberal, affable to all persons,[2] an excellent leader in war, nevertheless a sincere lover of peace, and firmly and conscientiously attached to his religion."

"Thus died," says de Thou, "Louis de Bourbon Condé Prince of the blood royal, much more illustrious for his warlike courage[3] and great virtues than for his splendid birth. Valour, constancy, wit, address, sagacity, experience, politeness, eloquence, liberality, were united in him. Few noblemen of his time equalled him in virtue—none sur-

[1] Vie de Louis de Montpensier.
[2] Mém. de La Noue.
[3] De Thou.

passed him." "Worthy," says Le Laboureur, "of a better age, and of a happier fate."

The Duke d'Anjou having begun this day "according," as Castlenau tells us, "to his good and praiseworthy custom, by recommending himself to God, and receiving the Holy Sacraments with all the Princes and captains of his army," ended it, by openly rejoicing in the barbarous murder of which he was secretly the author; and so little was he capable even of estimating the disgrace and dishonour of such an action, that he was about to commemorate it by the erection of a chapel upon the spot where Condé fell; but his governor Francis de Carnavalet interfered, and painted in such lively colours the disgrace that must ensue from thus fixing upon himself the charge of participation in so base a deed—a charge already too generally circulated—that the project was dropped.

Upon the same field fell Robert Stewart, accused of having slain Montmorency in the battle of St. Denys, being upon that account massacred in cold blood. The Calvinists deny that he was the author of the Constable's death. Be that as it may, his assassination was equally cruel and unjustifiable.

Before we dismiss the subject of Condé, we think it right to notice a charge made against him by Brantôme, who, though he does justice to his courage and military genius, accuses him of a criminal ambition and a design of usurping the throne, and alleges in support of this charge, that Condé caused silver coin to be struck, bearing his own effigy, with the inscription Louis XIII. Roi de France.[1] This coin, he says, was laid before a general assembly of the King's Council by the Constable, October 7th, 1567, where it excited, of course, general indignation.

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.

A coin with this inscription was certainly in existence not many years ago, yet historians generally discredit the accusation of Brantôme, and attribute the existence of the piece to some manœuvre of the Prince's enemies, in order to exasperate the King against him, and ruin him in the estimation of the people. Two facts serve to confirm this view of the case: the one, that the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, in that paper of his to which we have before referred, expressly declares that among all the acts of the party not one had any tendency towards shaking off the King's authority—an assertion he would scarcely have made, had this anecdote been true: the other, that the Queen of Navarre's friendship for Condé was known to have been warm and unbroken, which could not have been the case had she believed him guilty of a step so derogatory to the rights of her son, as standing before him in the line of Princes of the blood, and consequently heir-presumptive to the house of Valois.

The battle of Jarnac was fought on the 12th or 13th of March, 1569.

CHAPTER III.

CONSEQUENCES OF JARNAC.—HENRY OF NAVARRE PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMIES. — RETROSPECT OF HIS LIFE TILL THIS PERIOD.—DEATH OF D'ANDELOT.—ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE DE DEUX-PONTS.

THE defeat of Jarnac and death of Condé, placed Henry Prince of Navarre, or, as he was then called, of Bearn, at the head of the Hugonot party.

The Admiral and D'Andelot had retired after the battle to St. Jean d'Angely, and the young Prince to Xaintes. The infantry had retreated in unbroken order to Cognac, for it had, in fact, as we have seen, never been at all engaged, and to Cognac also La Rochfoucault, D'Acier, Genlis, Teligny, Montgommeri, and other chiefs of the party repaired, where they were the day following joined by the Châtillons.

The army, it is true, had suffered but little loss in the late engagement. But a small portion had ever come into action at all, and of these, most of the divisions had been by a hasty retreat preserved from any material loss, and this loss (as may be remarked of most of the battles of those times), had fallen more upon the chiefs than upon the common men. But though the numerical force of the army was but little impaired, the Admiral found its spirit almost gone. The death of Condé, their incomparable leader, and the circumstances of the late disaster, had spread a general feeling of discouragement and dissatis-

faction among the principal officers. The popularity of the Admiral himself, if we may believe Davila—never favourable to him—was upon the decline; he was accused of gross neglect in leaving the bridge undefended, and of something very like cowardice in retreating so early from the battle. In vain he represented that it was the unsoldierlike neglect of his orders which had occasioned the loss of the bridge; and that lost, an early retreat was not only expedient but absolutely imperative, before an enemy so superior in numbers.[1]

It was plain that the command so unanimously voted to him after the battle of Dreux, would not be again conferred without occasioning great jealousy and dissatisfaction. Yet, that some individual of reputation and authority should be immediately placed at the head of the army was imperative, to prevent it falling into rapid and complete disorganization.

Coligny, a man of the most disinterested temper, far above the vulgar influences of envy, or selfish ambition; and too calmly self-possessed, to yield to the dispondency natural to feelings thus wounded by the ingratitude and inconstancy of those who surrounded him —suffered no personal considerations to have weight against the advantage of that cause which he so conscientiously advocated. He wrote immediately to the Queen of Navarre, to apprise her of the state of affairs, and in obedience to his wishes she, leaving La Rochelle, with the two young Princes, Henry of Navarre, and Henry, eldest son of the late Prince de Condé, came immediately to the army at Cognac.[2]

A short consultation with the Admiral sufficed to decide

[1] Davila, La Noue, D'Aubigné.

[2] D'Aubigné says to Clermont-tonnerre; De Thou to Cognac; Davila says Cognac. I note this because the Catholic army attacked Cognac.

them both as to the measures necessary to be passed. It had always been the design of Jeanne to bind up the interests of her son as closely as possible with those of the Hugonot party. The occasion was pressing.—It was necessary that the place left vacant by Condé should be instantly and satisfactorily filled; they agreed, therefore, in order to quiet the ambitious and jarring claims of the different leaders, and to satisfy at once the minds of all parties, that Henry, young as he was, with the young Prince of Condé, should be immediately introduced to the army, and, assuming that pre-eminence to which their high birth and quality undoubtedly entitled them, silence at once the voice of every inferior pretender.[1]

It is necessary to introduce more particularly to you again, the man, now in his bloom of early youth, who exercised such an overwhelmning influence upon the subsequent history of his country. I will pause, therefore, in my relation to inquire where he had lived, and how he had been employed since we left him an infant in Bearn.

Henry of Navarre wanted some months of completing his sixteenth year, when he was called to the prominent and embarrassing situation of leader of the Protestant party in France, but such had been the cultivation which his fine natural talents had received from a careful and successful education, "that his mother, even at this childish age, did not hesitate to put him to the proof." His early years had been passed almost entirely at the French court; but, in 1566, the Queen Jeanne,[2] alarmed both for his religious and his moral principles by what she witnessed during her abode there, withdrew him entirely from that dangerous circle, and taking him with her to

[1] De Thou, Davila, D'Aubigné.
[2] Mém. de Nevers, Péréfixe, Palmet Cayet.

Pau, placed him under the tuition of Dr. Florent Chrétien, a man eminent for his learning, who was assisted by Victor Palmet Cayet, the historian, as sub-preceptor. The system of education which he proposed for the young Prince, tended to form his pupil rather for the world than the closet. He sought to enlarge his understanding, and invigorate the powers of his mind, rather than crush it under a load of erudition. A passage in the Mémoires de Nevers gives us some insight into the method of Dr. Florent's education, in which Henry's mother, a woman of strong good sense, great force of character, and most affectionately devoted to her son's best interests, willingly acquiesced. "She approved," it is there said, "of all those journeys which his governors caused him to make. He visited towns where he might find diversions suitable to his age; but these little excursions did not prevent his application to study, and the more noble exercises of the mind. Amidst the pleasures of the chace, as well as in solitude, he applied himself to literature, with more earnestness than he had done before he left the French Court, and testified an extreme desire not to be *un illustre ignorant*." Even during the short time he passed at the College of Navarre at Paris, it appears that the young Prince had made considerable progress in classical learning; he had acquired Latin sufficient to enable him to translate the best authors, and there was long preserved in the cabinet of Monsieur Chrétien, son of Dr. Florent, the first book of Cæsar's Commentaries which he had translated. That he did not neglect even the lighter accomplishments is also testified by the drawing of an antique vase, which was also in the possession of M. Chrétien. Henry had executed it with a pen, and with so much spirit, it is said, that "it seemed the work of a master." At the foot of the base was written with

his own hand "*Opus Principis Otiosi.*" As many authors have seemed to consider this Prince as a despiser of learning, ignorant, and uneducated, these circumstances are mentioned here to vindicate his taste and good sense from so heavy an imputation.[1]

"Jeanne d'Albret," says the Duke de Nevers, "who possessed all the fire of her own nation with the judgment of ours (Nevers was an Italian) was long the real superintendent of her son's education. She pointed out to him how disgraceful it would be for one destined to command others, to find himself wanting in knowledge and the power of reasoning; and, more especially, to render himself, through ignorance, dependent upon other men in matters relating to the government of his dominions." He adds, "It must be allowed to the glory of this Princess that she would have been the wonder of her age, and an example for heroines, if her too acute and curious mind had not shaken her faith, and under the specious pretence of reformation, plunged her into the most horrible errors. . . . . But, in spite of the ardour of her zeal, and the blind obedience she herself paid to her ministers, she would not suffer one of them to be about her son. She judged that such sort of spirits were not proper to form the mind of a prince; that, pursuing the trade of declamation and sophistry, they had more brilliancy than solidity, and at least as much ignorance and narrow-mindedness as knowledge; that, in their sentiments and discourse, there is always a tincture of pedantry and the ridiculous, and that, after having long laboured at the education of a young man, they mostly turn him out good for nothing. Holding these views, she chose men of letters, but men who had not ruined their understandings by learning—men of refined intellects, sound reason, irre-

[1] Mém. de Nevers.

proachable manners, and with a knowledge of the world such as princes must attain to make them love true honour and true piety.

"These excellent preceptors found in the Prince of Navarre a material perfectly disposed to receive the finest impression; they made him such that the Queen, his mother, did not hesitate to put him to the proof,—she herself girded on the first arms he ever bore, and took him to the Prince de Condé, the greatest captain of the age, to serve his apprenticeship under that distinguished master. Henry followed him every where, and was in the army when the Prince fought that battle in which he lost his life."

To this account in the Mémoires de Nevers are appended some extracts from letters by various people, and dated Bourdeaux, written apparently during one of Henry's journeys while staying at that place.

"Bourdeaux, 1567.—We have here the Prince de Bearn, *il faut avouer que c'est un joli créature*; at the age of thirteen he has all the qualities of one of eighteen or nineteen at least. He is agreeable, civil, obliging; some would say he does not yet know what he is—*on dirait qu'il ne connait pas encore ce qu'il est*—but I who study him closely assure you that he is perfectly well aware of his position. He lives with every body, has so easy an air, and acts so nobly in every situation, that it is not difficult to see that he is a great Prince. He enters into conversation like a perfect gentleman (*fort honnête homme*); he speaks well, and when the conversation turns upon the Court, it is plain that he is well informed, and that he says nothing which he ought not to say in the place wherein he happens to be; I shall hate the new religion all my life for depriving us of so charming a person. If it were not for this, he would be in the first

position near the King, and in a short time we should see him at the head of the armies."

Again, "the Prince de Bearn gains every day new friends; he steals into the heart with invincible address. If the men honour and esteem him, the women do as much, for although his hair is in the least red, they do not think him the less agreeable looking. His features are well formed, the nose neither too small nor too large, his eyes sweet, his complexion brown but clear, and all animated with an uncommon vivacity."

"We pass a pleasant carnival; the Prince de Bearn has taught our ladies to give balls in turns, he loves play and good cheer, &c."

An anecdote from Matthieu gives us to understand the anxiety which this early love of play occasioned to his mother; and as it likewise shews that just sense of measure and propriety which even then distinguished Henry, I shall give it as I find it, premising that the personal chastisement here alluded to, made a usual part in those days of the discipline of youths, even of his condition, till seventeen or eighteen years of age.[1]

"The title of General of the army at fifteen, did not withdraw him from the correction *softly severe* of his mother, who, whenever he stumbled, caught him up quickly, and suffered nothing to pass without animadversion; exhorting him to consider that in the place he occupied, he could no longer play the child; that the eyes of Europe were fixed upon him, and that his want of years must be supplied by his discretion. Finding him in possession of some money that he had won at play, she commanded his governor to chastise him upon the spot. He first made excuses, then used entreaties, but perceiving that all was in vain, he refused to submit, saying it would be little glory to his mother, and too

[1] See Mém. du Duc de Bouillon.

great a mockery on him and his reputation, to treat him like a child, when he had already the honour of commanding an army, and holding the title of general."

Such was the young Prince, whom, in conjunction with Henry of Bourbon, eldest son of the unfortunate Condé, the Queen of Navarre and the Admiral resolved to place immediately at the head of their dejected and discomfited party.

The Queen having presented the young Princes to the assembled circle of officers, addressed them herself in a short harangue, and, after a feeling tribute to the virtues and genius of Condé, she exhorted them to imitate the courage and firmness of the chief they had lost, and, like him, maintain with unshaken constancy, that great cause of religious liberty in which they were all engaged. She entreated them to believe, that in losing *him* all was not lost, as God, whose cause they maintained, would not forsake them, and had preserved to them leaders able and willing to remedy the late disaster. She then proposed the two Princes to them, as future heads of the party—whose aspect, says Davila, moved all present—adding, "that though young, they were ready to share in all the dangers and difficulties of their companions; and that, aided by the counsels of the Admiral, and of those excellent commanders who surrounded her, she doubted not that time would make them worthy to succeed the magnanimous captain they had lost." Her energy seemed to inspire the assembly with fresh resolution. The Admiral and the Count de la Rochefoucauld were the first to swear fidelity to the young Princes; they were followed by the gentlemen, captains, and private soldiers, "who, with loud cries, approved the election of the Princes as protectors and heads of the Hugonot party."[1]

"Henry," says Davila, "of a lively temper, generous

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

spirit, and intent upon the profession of arms, accepted promptly and without hesitation, the invitation of the army, and, with a few pithy and soldier-like words, promised to fight till death in defence of religion and the common cause." The young Prince de Condé, of a graver and less animated character, though older by some months,[1] assented rather by gesture than by words, "and yielded in this, as in other things, that pre-eminence, which, in all ways, was by universal opinion adjudged to the Prince of Navarre. The young Prince de Condé was indeed the very reverse of Henry, and in many points of character rather resembled Coligny than his own father; grave, almost to melancholy, severely virtuous, serious, reserved, uniting with the same calm and determined courage, the same intense devotion to religion and duty, he formed a not unpleasing contrast to the brilliant qualities of his animated companion, for whom he entertained the strongest affection.

The Admiral was immediately declared Lieutenant-General to the Princes, and in that capacity continued in fact to command the army. He was, as it were, the last Governor of the Prince of Navarre, for the young Princes, following the advice of the Queen Jeanne, never lost sight of him, listened to him with the most sedulous attention, and seemed to be guided wholly by his counsel. "The wits in the army (*les raïlleurs*) who could not endure the extreme deference of these young Princes, called them the Admiral's pages, a *sobriquet* that became at last common among the military men, as well on more serious occasions as over their cups." Of Henry's feelings nothing—of his actions at this time a few brief notices are all that can be obtained; the anecdotes that remain to us,

[1] Davila says he was so much younger that he could not explain his meaning; he was in fact older by about a year.

give evidence of the dawn of an extraordinary genius for military affairs, and of that headlong courage which distinguishes the French as a nation,[1] and Henry among Frenchmen; and which made him through life prefer hard fighting to every other physical excitement whatsoever.

The royal army had remained inactive three days, during which these affairs were being transacted, and then made an unsuccessful attack upon Cognac: a few towns in Poictou fell into their hands, and this was the extent of the advantages they reaped from their victory. Advantages dearly purchased by the loss of Timoleon de Brissac, who fell at the attack of some insignificant place.

The Court was at this time at Metz, where great rejoicings were made upon account of the victory, and Castlenau was thence dispatched to the Duke of Alva, (in Flanders,) to solicit additional reinforcements. "I found him," says he, "much more prompt to assist us than he was before the battle of St. Denys; and animated against the Hugonots of France, who had, after the publication of the last peace, endeavoured to aid the Prince of Orange and the Count Ludovic his brother, in the war they still maintained against him. After having made a thousand protestations of the desire he had to serve their Majesties, he promised me in ten days, 2,000 infantry and 2,500 good reisters, under the Count de Mansfeld, begging me to write to their Majesties and confirm all the assurances of his entire affection to their service, giving this counsel and advice 'Never to make peace with their rebel subjects, and still less with the Hugonots, but to

[1] Speaking of the comparative courage of the English and French troops, I remember the decision of a German veteran who had seen our troops on service. "The Englishman, of the two," said he, "yields life with the greatest firmness; the Frenchman throws it away with the greater alacrity."—The English at Home.

exterminate them, and treat their Chiefs as he had done the Counts Egmont and Horn.' "[1]

Projects such as these, of which there is no doubt Coligny was fully aware, left him no alternative but to continue the war, and render his party, if possible, so formidable, as to wrest from the government those securities by which he could alone hope to render a peace either useful or lasting. But his difficulties and anxieties increased—the loss of the Prince de Condé was soon followed by that of two other individuals almost equally important, and equally beloved, D'Andelot and Boucicault. The spirit and enthusiasm of D'Andelot were ill-supported by a sickly and fevered frame. The anxiety into which the late disasters threw him, and the exertions he immediately afterwards made in Poictou to recruit the army, sufficed to exhaust a constitution already weakened by sickness, so that returning to Xaintes, he was attacked by a malignant fever of which he died on the 7th May—an irreparable loss to Coligny.[2] "These two illustrious gentlemen having always preserved the tenderest affection for each other; and as a military chief D'Andelot by his enterprise, his inexhaustible resources, and undaunted spirit, was invaluable." The following letter was written by Coligny upon this occasion to his own and his brother's children, then at La Rochelle, living together as one family, and educated under the same preceptor.[3]

"Though I doubt not that the death of my brother D'Andelot has been to you all, the cause of much affliction, I think it right to remind you that you ought to esteem yourselves happy to be sons and nephews to so great a character, who I venture to affirm was a most faithful servant of God, and a most excellent and renowned cap-

[1] Mém. de Castlenau. [2] Abbé Perau, Vie de Coligny.
[3] Ibid.

tain—qualities of which the memory and examples ought always to be before your eyes, to imitate them as far as is possible. Truly may I say no one surpassed him in the profesion of arms; and I doubt not strangers will render him the same testimony, especially those who have witnessed his valour. Now he has not acquired this reputation by sloth and idleness, but by great labours, which he has endured for his country. Certainly, I have never known a man more just, or more a lover of piety to God; and though I am not ignorant that it is not fitting to publish his praises to strangers, yet I present them freely to you to incite you to the imitation of such great virtues—proposing him to myself as an example, and humbly praying our Lord and our God, that I may quit this life as piously and happily as I saw him die. And regretting him as I do with extreme *ressentiment*, I ask of you to temper my grief by shewing his virtues shining forth and reviving in yourselves: and that to this end you will give your whole hearts to piety and religion, and employ your time, while you are at the proper age, in that study of letters, which will forward you on the road of virtue—and though I do not object to those hours which your preceptor gives you to amuse yourselves and leave your books, yet take care to do nothing amid your amusements that can in any manner offend God. Let me receive good intelligence of you, that you increase in piety and virtue as much as in age and strength. God bless you and keep you in his care—and by his Spirit eternally preserve you—from Xaintes, this . . . . . of May, 1569.

The place of Colonel-General of the French infantry was, by the Admiral, given to Jacques de Crussol d'Acier, the Court conferred the vacancy on Strozzi—the place of Boucicault was given to Genlis.

The attention of the Hugonot army was now fixed upon an enterprize equally daring and extraordinary, upon the result of which, not only their ultimate success, but their very existence seemed to depend—this was no less than, to use the words of La Noue, "The memorable passage of the Duc de Deux-ponts from the banks of the Rhine into Acquitain."

At the first breaking out of the present war, the Prince de Condé had despatched an emissary, (Barbier de Francour) into Germany, to negotiate a levy of auxiliaries from the Protestant Princes, his friends and confederates. And, in consequence, an army, consisting of 5,000 lansquenets, and 6,000 reisters, had been levied by the joint exertions of the Grand Palatine of the Rhine, and of the Elector of Bavaria—and the command had been conferred upon the Duke de Deux-ponts, second son of the latter. Upon the confines of France the Germans were joined by a body of French Hugonots from Picardy and the adjacent parts, under Mouy and other chiefs, who had not been able to penetrate into Poictou; and also by the Prince of Orange and his brother Count Ludovic of Nassau, with their small army, which the Duke of Alva had succeeded in driving out of Flanders.

As soon as the government was apprised of the Duke de Deux-ponts' march, a considerable force was dispatched under the Dukes d'Aumale and de Nemours, to cover the frontiers, and prevent his entrance into and passage through Burgundy. But owing to misunderstandings between these chiefs, and their want of spirit and ability, the Duke made good his way through Alsace into the kingdom, and in defiance of the enemy, who hung the whole way upon his skirts, harassing his flanks and rear, arrived in good order upon the banks of the Loire. "After a march," says La Noue, "of at least 80 leagues,

encumbered by an immense baggage, the enemy holding the towns and the passages of the rivers, and having the whole country in their favour; and I have often heard the Prince of Orange express his astonishment, how, during so long and difficult a march, the Catholics never could make to themselves a favourable occasion." "But this great barrier of the Loire was a second and infinite difficulty for the German army, for it could not be forded so low down, and every town and bridge upon it were in the hands of the enemy." "The Protestants had neither artillery, nor other military stores necessary for the attack of fortified places, but the passage was so indispensable, that it redoubled their diligence, temerity, and invention; so having resolved to attack La Charité, where there was an excellent bridge, and finding it ill garrisoned, they pressed it so vigorously and *l'estonnerent par tant de mines et menaces*, that before it could be relieved, they had carried the place, which was to them an incomparable joy; for otherwise they would have been constrained to seek the source of the river at a distance of more than sixty leagues, and what was worse, would have found themselves embarrassed in a mountainous and woody country where their cavalry would have profited them little."[1]

"I, at that time," he continues, "sometimes heard M. l'Amiral discourse of this passage among his most private friends, but he deemed it an impossible thing, 'For,' said he, 'we cannot help them on account of Monseigneur's army before us: and as for them who have one also on their own hands, and such a difficult river to pass, it is to be feared that they will never unravel this web without disgrace and loss—but when he heard of the success of La Charité, he determined to risk everything

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

to join them: *il reprit esperance et dit, 'Voila un bon presage, rendons le accompli par diligence et resolution.'* So sending the Princes towards the marches of Limousin to approach the army of Monseigneur and keep it in check, he set out to meet the Germans with 10,000 arquebusiers and 2,500 cavalry; *à n'en mentir point chacun jour on étoit comme en fièvre*, expecting the moment when one of these two great armies would fall on and overpower our reisters. But it happened differently, for they seized their opportunity so well, guided by the French troops under M. de Mouy, that they passed by and approached the place where M. l'Amiral had sent them word he would give them the meeting; and in this manner the junction of the two armies was effected, with abundant rejoicings. I will not," adds La Noue, with his characteristic candour, "tax those brave chiefs and captains, who were in the Catholic army, for having allowed them to pass, for I do not know the causes which occasioned this; nor will I immeasurably praise those who passed; *ains j'estimeray que ce fut un heur singulier pour eux, qui se montre quelquefois ès actions militaires;* which ought to teach captains never to despair, for though they find themselves in great difficulties, a favourable accident may set all right; *lequel suit ceux qui s'évertuent et fuit ceux qui s'apparessent.*"

It was at St. Yrier that this junction was effected upon the 23rd of June, 1569. The forces were immediately reviewed, one month's pay, supplied by the indefatigable exertions of the Queen Jeanne, distributed among the troops; and to commemorate this happy success, medals, which had been struck by her orders, and were suspended upon chains of gold, given to the principal officers. These medals bore upon one side the heads of herself and her son, and upon the reverse this inscription:—*Pax Certa.*

Victoria integra. Mors honesta. It was probably in the triumph of this meeting, that the good trumpets of the French and reistres sounded this *chanson et quinte*, mentioned by Brantôme:—

Monsieur le Prince de Condé,
Il a été tué;
Mais Monsieur l'Amiral,
Il est encore à cheval
Avec de la Rochefoucauld
Pour achever tous ces Papaux—Papaux—Papaux.

But the Duke de Deux-ponts did not live to rejoice in the success of his undertaking; consumed by a slow fever, and exhausted by the fatigues of this most extraordinary march, he died at Escars, shortly before the junction with the Admiral was effected, leaving the command of his army to the Count de Mansfeld.

It was after his death that Brantôme tells us he had the honour to entertain the Princes and gentlemen of this army at his Château of La Bourdeille, where he, being sick, had at present retired from the army of Monseigneur. "And there I received all these gentlemen, French and foreigners, great and small, *qui me firent tous les honneurs et toutes les meilleures chères du monde.* No injury was done to my house, not a single image destroyed in the church, not even a pane of glass broken. *Si la messe y eust été en propre personne, on ne lui eut fait un seul petit mal par l'amour de moi, aussi leur fis je très bonne chere.*[1] It was there I saw the foreign Princes, and talked long with the Prince of Orange in an *allée* of my garden. In my opinion he was a very great personage, speaking well upon all things; he had fine manners, and a very fine person; Count Ludo-

[1] If the Mass had been there herself, they would not have hurt her in the least little manner—out of regard for me—and certainly I treated them with very good cheer.

vie, his brother, was smaller. The Prince was sad, and shewed by his countenance that he was under a reverse of fortune. Count Ludovic had a more open countenance, and was thought more bold and daring than the Prince of Orange; but in revenge the Prince was more prudent, *plus mur et plus avisé*, for the Emperor Charles V. had reared him, *et il se ressentoit bien d'un si belle nourriture.*[1]

[1] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, Prince d'Orange.

CHAPTER IV.

AFFAIRS OF THE ARMIES.—BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR.

THE successful termination of this enterprise entirely altered the aspect of the Hugonot affairs. In lieu of a broken and dispirited body of men, the Admiral found himself at the head of a fresh and flourishing army, consisting of 25,000 men, all in high health and spirits; he immediately, therefore, put himself upon the offensive, and prepared to attack the Duke d'Anjou without delay.[1]

It is true the royal army still maintained a numerical superiority, and having lately been reinforced by between 7000 and 8000 Italians under the Count Santa Fiori, and about 3000 Flemish troops sent by the Duke of Alva, amounted to 30,000 in all; but this superiority was merely nominal. Sickness preyed upon the troops, and a very general spirit of discontent, occasioned by their deficient pay, threatened speedy disunion and desertion. The most brilliant successes might have been now anticipated, when the bravery and enthusiasm of the Hugonots were, for the first time, aided by favourable circumstances; but by a strange ill fortune it will be found, that the very accidents which appeared so promising, proved eventually their ruin.

The Duke d'Anjou appears to have approached St. Yrier with design to prevent the junction of the armies, and failing in this object, he retired to a place called La Roche Abeille in the neighbourhood, desirous of avoiding

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

a battle. He took up his position upon a rocky hill, having in front a plain covered with trees and thickets. Here the Admiral attacked, and a partial engagement took place, considerably to the advantage of the Hugonots; a division of the royal army was cut off, and its commander, Strozzi, taken prisoner.[1] The advantageous position of the royal army, and the fall of some heavy rain, however, prevented a more decisive result. This battle, or skirmish as it should more properly be called, is remarkable as being the very first advantage of the kind obtained by the Hugonots; a fact that may be admitted without any impeachment of their extraordinary bravery; as on no one occasion, previous to this, had they made the slightest approach to an equality of force with their adversaries. Their success was stained with cruelty, unusual among them; few were admitted to quarter, and few prisoners taken. The Catholics made barbarous reprisals, and "remember La Roche Abeille," became the signal among them for more than ordinary carnage.

This was the first occasion upon which Henry of Navarre bore any conspicuous part in the perils of war. Davila tells us that "he took the place of the Prince de Condé in the command of the *bataille*, and shewed himself well deserving of such a succession. Charging at the head of the line, filled with generous enthusiasm, here he gave the first specimen of that brilliant courage, which was afterwards, by its memorable enterprises, to fill the universe with his name."[2]

This action took place about June the 25th, and its moral effect was great upon both armies; but the actual loss sustained by the Catholics was, in fact, trifling, amounting only to 400 men. This advantage afforded

[1] Mémoires de La Noue. [2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

an opportunity, anxiously seized upon by Coligny, for manifesting the sincerity of his professions in favour of peace. Finding himself in a situation to be respected, he pressed upon the young Princes the duty and the policy of opening a negotiation under such favourable auspices ;[1] and, with their concurrence, he himself prepared an address, which, though every impediment was thrown in its way by the Duke d'Anjou and the high Catholic party, at length, through the exertions of the Maréchal de Montmorenci, reached the King.

It was couched in the most respectful terms. Once more the reluctance was pleaded with which the Hugonots had taken up arms, constrained by the determined hostility of the Guises, and once more their readiness to return to their obedience declared, might they but be allowed the exercise of their religion : "desiring nothing but to live in peace, pursue their avocations quietly, and enjoy their property in security." With regard to religion they asked only toleration, till a free and legitimate Council should have decided upon the matters in dispute. "And thus, Sire," concludes the letter, "your Majesty will, by the grace of God, see the hearts of your subjects united, and your kingdom restored to its first estate and dignity ; to the confusion of your and our adversaries, who, by their secret intelligences with the Spaniard, have diverted the storm from the Low Countries, to make it burst over this kingdom. And most humbly do we entreat your Majesty to consider, whether it be better to wait until one of these two armies, now in the field, obtain a melancholy victory, equally fatal to the victor and to the vanquished ; or to employ them both for the service of your Majesty's affairs, in those great occasions which now present themselves, to preserve your kingdom,

[1] Abbé Perau, Vie de Coligny.

and divert the storm elsewhere—in which service these Princes, Nobles, Knights and Gentlemen, are deliberated and resolved, as in all other things wherein the glory and advantage of your estate is concerned, to engage their persons, possessions, and all the means which God has given them, even to the last drop of their blood. Acknowledging in the world no sovereignty but yours, and desiring to live and die in that obedience which, as Prince, Sovereign, and natural Lord, your Majesty may justly expect from good, loyal, and faithful servants and subjects." [1]

To this affectionate address, the only answer which the King deigned to return, was received in a letter from Montmorenci to the Admiral.

"MONSIEUR,

"I have informed the King that you have sent me a certain address to be presented to him—his answer was—That he would neither hear nor see aught from you, until you, having returned in all things to your obedience, were restored to his favour—assuring me that he would receive you if you returned to your duty, &c."

The terms of this letter, though not express, were understood to demand, that the Hugonots, without treaty, pledge, or security, should lay down their arms, and submit unconditionally to the mercy of the government. It is needless to enlarge upon the absurdity of such a demand under existing circumstances; and after the experience they had so bitterly acquired of the absence of all good faith, justice, or humanity, upon the part of those in the direction of affairs. Coligny's reply was as follows:—

[1] Abbé Perau, Vie de Coligny.

"MONSIEUR,

"I have received your letter of the 20th of this month, by which you give me to understand that you had informed the King that you were in possession of the address which we wished to present to his Majesty; and having now seen his answer, we can make no other to it than this—That God and all Christian Princes are our judges, whether or not we have done our duty (*nous nous sommes mises en notre devoir*)—and whether we have now done our part to avert those dangers which menace the ruin and desolation of this state. But seeing now more clearly than we yet have done, that nothing will be spared, even to the destruction of the whole kingdom, to deprive us of the exercise of our religion, and finally exterminate us, we must now more than ever seek and provide our own remedies. Dated Montreuil, Bonnia, July 26, 1569."

The door for conciliation being thus abruptly closed, Coligny prepared to pursue his advantages, and urge the war with vigour. But as he raised his arm to strike, the object of attack, as by a charm, seemed to disappear from before his eyes—and the internal weakness of his adversaries proved their salvation.

The disorganisation of the royal army had rapidly increased, and the Queen-Mother, with the Cardinals Bourbon and Lorraine, alarmed at the imminence of the danger, were already arrived at head-quarters to consult as to what was to be done. And here the necessity for suffering the *gens-d'armerie*, weary, discontented, and sick, to retire to their several estates and houses, to refresh their spirits, collect their revenues, and refit themselves and their followers, was unanimously decided upon.

It was considered that the best policy was to avoid an action with a brave, desperate, and numerous army, and

seek by every means to lengthen out the war, and give time for the Germans to exhaust themselves: "which they always do," says Davila, "sooner or later; for, led into countries differing in climate from their own, more especially in the heat of the summer, and among abundance of grapes, of which they are *avidissimi*, sickness soon enters their camp."[1]

The want of a defined object against which to direct their efforts, it was urged, would oblige the Hugonots to expend their strength in attacking the towns which would greatly weaken them; and when, in a few months, shortness of provisions and of pay, united to sickness, should have impaired their strength, the Catholic forces, refreshed and invigorated, would be ready to take the field with the greatest effect. "Such counsels pleased the Queen," adds Davila, "who ever preferred those least in the power of fortune." The Catholic army was accordingly disbanded—a general rendezvous appointed for the 15th of August, the French nobility and gentry retired to their homes, and the foreign troops were cantoned in different towns—while the Duke d'Anjou himself joined the Court at Tours.

Thus the royal army had melted away like a vision, before the astonished eyes of the Hugonots; and the field being left completely open, the following plan for the campaign was resolved upon.

In the first place it was determined to complete the conquest of Poictou by taking several towns which still remained in the power of the enemy; it being calculated that the receipts of this province, amounting to 60,000 livres per month, with the profits drawn from their enterprises by sea, would suffice to pay the Germans, *qui erioient incessamment à l'argent.*[1] This being accomplished

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia—Pérau.

they would proceed to invest Saumur, and thus securing a passage over the Loire, would, during the remainder of the year, carry operations once more into the neighbourhood of Paris—"which never inclined to peace, till she heard the war at her doors."[1]

Unfortunately Coligny suffered himself to be diverted from this well considered plan, and his army to be delayed by the siege of Poictiers; a siege which, in its eventual consequences, well nigh proved the ruin of the Cause. "This should teach us," says La Noue, "that none are so perfect in their art, but at times they may be caught tripping—this must excuse the Hugonots for attacking Poictiers, which happened thus.

"The success which had attended the Hugonots on their return to Poictou puffed up their hearts, and having taken Chatelleraud and Lusignan, and hearing that the Duke de Guise, with his brother the Duke de Mayence, had thrown themselves into Poictiers, a desire began to be expressed among the officers, more especially among those belonging to the Princes, to make themselves masters of Poictiers—an enterprise till now rejected as impossible—before quitting the province to attack Saumur. Two councils were held to deliberate upon the measure, in both of which the Admiral vainly besought them to adhere to their original plan, urging his maxim 'that great cities are the sepulchres of great armies.' The principal nobles and gentlemen of Poictou insisted that the city was weak, that the spoil would be great, that, once subdued, the whole of this rich province would be ours, and above all, that the capture of M. de Guise and his brother, was in itself a prize of the first magnitude."

Since the unfortunate death of the Prince de Condé,

[1] Mém. de la Noue.

it is evident that Coligny, deprived of the support of his rank and authority, had found the task of controlling his army more difficult than ever. The gentlemen and officers suffered themselves no longer to be guided implicitly by his advice. A spirit of insubordination was generally prevalent; and he found himself compelled in this, as in other instances, to adopt measures which his own judgment and foresight disapproved. "Their opinions prevailed;" says La Noue, "we sent with all diligence to La Rochelle for powder and ball, and set out to besiege Poictiers."[1]

Into the details of this siege, still more remarkable by its consequences than even for the accidents which attended its progress, it is not necessary to enter. The place is situated on a plain surrounded by mountains, the heights of which, according to La Noue, approach in some places within 400 paces of the walls; "so that it is commanded not only by heavy artillery, but by the arquebusses—but then, on the other hand, there are hills within the walls, which serve as elevations from which to annoy besiegers; and it is almost encircled by two great rivers, which are as two great ditches to be crossed. Were it not for the last mentioned peculiarities, I would rather with 4,000 men attack the place than with an equal number defend it."

The Duke de Guise, emulous of the renown his father had acquired by the defence of Metz, took advantage of every favourable circumstance, and resisted every attack of the besiegers with singular skill and bravery; and the Hugonots being, as usual, ill-provided with artillery, the siege, in spite of the most extraordinary efforts, advanced very slowly. "In the meantime[1] August came in with excessive heats, and the sickness usual to that season, began to show

[1] Mém. de la Noue.

itself in the camp of the besiegers, where numbers of the soldiers, especially of the Germans, died. A malignant fever broke out, the contagion reached the chiefs; La Rochfoucault, Brion, Montluc, and several others retired to seek better air, and medical assistance; and Coligny, consumed by continual watchings and insupportable fatigues, was left almost alone to wrestle with his difficulties. Yet, though he fell sick of the flux, nothing could abate the indefatigable determination with which he prosecuted his enterprise; at length, upon the 2nd of December, he ordered a general assault." [1]

The assault lasted several hours, but proved unsuccessful; and through the extraordinary activity and courage of the Duke de Guise and the Count de Lude, the assailants were once more beaten off. The situation of both parties became now almost equally embarrassing: within the town the miseries of famine were raging; without it, the assailant army was perishing with sickness and desertion. At length, the approach of the Duke d'Anjou relieved them both alike. Alarmed at the danger which threatened Poictiers, he had hastily collected such troops as were at hand—amounting to about 9,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry, French, Italian, and German—and still guided by the military experience of Tavannes and Biron, approached and threatened Chatelleraud as a division.

Chatelleraud, important at all times, was now rendered doubly so by being filled with sick and wounded officers and soldiers. The Admiral readily seized upon this pretence to save the honour of his army; and, abandoning a place before which two precious months of the summer had been consumed, 3,000 men lost, and with them an occasion never to be recovered, he hastily raised the siege, crossed the Vienne, and approached Chatelleraud

[1] Mém. de La Noue, Davila.

and the royal army. Poictiers was immediately relieved, and the Duke de Guise quitting the place repaired to Court, where he was received with "*tous les bonnes chères et uremerciements possibles*, for the service he had done by the defence, young as he was, of such a villainous place."[1]

The Admiral, impatient to attack the Catholics before they could be reinforced, had used the utmost diligence in approaching Chatelleraud; but the negligence of a few hours forfeited the reward of his assiduity. While his troops were refreshing themselves in a small town on the Vienne—imagining, as the evening was falling, that there was nothing more to be done; "the Duke, finding the opportunity favourable, withdrew his artillery with incredible celerity ..... and two hours after sunset silently began his march, neither the Admiral, nor any of his, perceiving the movement till the very last squadrons under la Vallette and the Count Santa Fiori were retiring.[2] The royal army crossed the river Creuse at Pont de Pillès, and reached La Selle where were secure and well-provisioned quarters. The Admiral followed, in hopes of still forcing a battle, but he found the Duke in too strong a position to be attacked, and after waiting three days in this situation, he was obliged to retire."

And now his mercenaries began to murmur loudly at the hardships to which they were exposed: and he, finding himself compelled to abandon the design of harassing the enemy, repassed the rivers Creuse and Vienne, and retired to La Faye la Vincenne, while the Duke refreshed and completed his army at Chinon—at which place he was joined by the Duke de Guise, and several companies of gens-d'armes and cornets of cavalry. So that the army with which he recrossed the Vienne amounted to 25,000 men, all in excellent condition.

[1] Mém. de La Noue, Davila. [2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

This delay at La Faye la Vincenne, while the royal army was thus reinforced, is placed by La Noue on the same line with the fatal siege of Poictiers.[1]

The distresses and vexations of a mind, with all its fortitude exquisitely susceptible of such emotions, were at this time exasperated by the publication of an *arrêt* of the Parliament, which, singling out Coligny from the midst of his party, levelled at his head those penalties which, if due to any, were due to all. It would appear that Charles was, at this time, under the influence of the most exasperated feelings,[2] and was enraged beyond measure at seeing a party, which he imagined the death of the Prince would annihilate, rise to fresh importance under the efforts of the Admiral. The form of a trial had been gone through, and Coligny, after a summons to which it was of course impossible he could answer, had been sentenced to all the penalties of high treason, published in the present *arrêt*.

"The sentence gives birth to strange reflections," says a French author,[3] "whether we consider the principles there laid down, or the barbarous forms of the criminal jurisprudence of the times. The Court having seen the charges and informations made at the request of the Procureur-général of the King against Messire Gaspard de Coligny, Seigneur de Châtillon, Chev. de l'ordre, &c., it decrees—"that the said Coligny is *debouté* by the said Procureur-général, from all exceptions and defence that he might allege against the demands and conclusions of the said Procureur-général, and declared *crimineux de lèze Majesté au premier chef*—disturber and violator of

[1] Mém. de La Noue, Davila.

[2] Davila speaks of l'odio acerbissimo conceputo de Rè contro la persona dell' Amiraglio.

[3] Ob. Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.

the public repose, safety, and tranquillity, author and conductor of rebellion, &c., &c.; and therefore, the said Coligny is deprived of all honours, estates, and dignities: and sentenced to be strangled upon the Place de Grève, either in person or in effigy, and his body to be hung upon a gibbet at Montfaucon. His arms and effigies to be dragged at the tail of a horse through the towns and fauxbourgs, and then to be broken and destroyed by the public executioner, in token of everlasting infamy. His feudal possessions held of the crown, to be resumed, and all his other possessions, moveable and immoveable, confiscated to the King; his children to be declared *ignobles vilains, roturiers, intestables, infames, indignes et incapables de tenir états, offices, dignités, et biens en ce royaume.* A prohibition follows, against receiving or sheltering the said Coligny, *lui bailler aide, comfort, alimens, eau, ni feu.* Lastly, a reward of 50,000 crowns, *or soleil,* was put upon his head."[1]

Upon this passionate and ill-timed sentence Castlenau remarks, "Such an *arrêt* some thought was issued at an unfavourable time, and that it would serve rather to inflame and augment than to extinguish the civil wars. The party was too strong and too determined to be terrified by pen and paper, when it had not quailed before armies of 30,000 men."

The sentence was published in French, German, Latin, Spanish, and English, and Coligny narrowly escaped perishing in consequence of its last clause. Catherine, who, in the *march of crime,* had arrived at that point in which assassination comes to be regarded as an ordinary means, employed a confidential servant belonging to the Admiral—tempted by the large reward set upon his head

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur.

—to poison his master; but the man upon entering his presence betrayed so much perturbation in his countenance that suspicion was excited; he was seized, interrogated, and, upon his own confession, hanged. One part of the sentence was, however, fully carried into execution: and Coligny learned with grief that his lovely and beloved home of Châtillon-sur-Loire—the scene of his domestic happiness and rural labours, and which he had so loved to adorn with his own hands—had been ravaged and utterly ruined. The fine trees were cut down and burned, the vineyards and gardens rooted up, the castle defaced, and the splendid furniture carried to Paris and sold by public auction at the King's order.

While these measures of wanton exasperation were carrying on, a powerful Catholic army was assembling at Chinon, and warm were the debates in the Council at Tours as to the plans to be adopted for the ensuing campaign. It is noted that the young Henry, Duke de Guise, whose aspiring and restless temper raised him afterwards to the invidious distinction of rival with the Sovereign himself, now first took his place as member of the Council of government.[1] Heir of the popularity and consequent influence of his father, of his lofty temper, commanding form, and personal courage—but wanting a certain generous magnanimity, disinterestedness, and breadth of comprehension which adorned that great captain—he sacrificed his Sovereign, his country, and himself to the vain aspirations of that wild and mounting ambition which "o'erleaps itself," and became at once the scourge of France, and his own destroyer.

The advice of Tavannes to pursue the Hugonots without remission, now weakened and in disorder after the

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

fruitless siege of Poictiers, prevailed; and it was resolved to force them to a battle before their succours could arrive.[1]

It had now become the Admiral's interest to avoid if possible an engagement. His present forces were weakened and out of humour, but he expected considerable reinforcements, both from Bearn, under the Count de Montgommeri—who had succeeded, in spite of the neighbourhood of Montluc, in re-establishing affairs in that quarter—and from Germany, where the Prince of Orange was already gone to raise fresh levies. But his ill-fortune, as we shall see, once more prevailed, and led him to the most disastrous field which the unfortunate Hugonots yet had entered—that of Moncontour.

THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR.

With a fresh and well-appointed army of 7,000 horse and 18,000 foot, the Duke once more crossed the Vienne. The Admiral, to gain time, proposed to retire into Lower Poictou and the borders of Guyenne, where the strength of the situations, and the numerous towns possessed by his party, would put it in his own power to accept or refuse an engagement; but no sooner was this resolution, in the expediency of which the Princes and leading officers concurred, made generally known, than the whole camp resounded with murmurings and discontents. The nobility, who had now for nearly a year been in the field, found their resources exhausted, and having already "done more than could be expected from the French character,"[2] anxious to return home, demanded loudly to be led to the enemy or to be dismissed. "The camp resounded with the groans and lamentations of men

[1] Mém. de Tavannes, Davila. [2] Davila, D'Aubigné, La Noue.

praying that their life or their miseries might end; while Count Volrad de Mansfeld and his Germans, weary of suffering, and disappointed in their expectations of great pay, and rich booty, tumultuously demanded their arrears or their dismission. After various delays, the representations of the Admiral for the time prevailed, and these dissatisfied mercenaries consented once more to follow his banners, and to begin their march; and the Hugonot army had nearly reached the plain of Moncontour, when, at a place called St. Clair, the armies—and it must surprise every one to hear it—in equal and total ignorance of each other's situation, suddenly encountered."

The advance of the Catholic army, under Biron, fell in unexpectedly with the flank of the Hugonot rear-guard, under Mouy, and immediately attacked it. And the Calvinists were dispersed, and so completely routed, that La Noue affirms, without a certain passage which held the Catholics in check, the whole of their army must have been overthrown.[1] This place was a stream of water, which, issuing from and terminating in bogs and marshes at either end, afforded only one narrow passage, where no more than twenty men could cross abreast. Behind this, the Admiral, after repeated charges, had retired, and occupying the banks beyond with his men in perfect order, the Catholics dared not attempt to follow him on either side of the stream. The two armies remained drawn up during the remainder of the day, but under widely different circumstances, for the Hugonots were without artillery, their cannon having preceded them to Moncontour, and that of the Catholics opened upon them with so tremendous a fire, that the banks

[1] Davila, La Noue.

above the river were speedily covered with their dead. The infantry saved themselves in some measure by falling upon their faces; but the cavalry, perfectly unsheltered, found their situation intolerable, and sent repeated messages to the Admiral, entreating they might be withdrawn. But he could in no manner consent to abandon the passage, having a river to cross in his rear, which must have entailed the certain destruction of his army. At last the Germans, harassed and impatient, were actually upon the point of abandoning their post, when the young Prince of Navarre, urging forward his horse, and exposing himself to the whole fire of the enemy, persuaded them to stand their ground a little longer, till the approaching darkness should rescue the army. "In which appeared," says Davila, "the powerful genius of the young Prince, which had force to give bounds to fear which knows no bounds, and to restrain the impetuosity of the Germans, so head-strong and obstinate in all their resolutions."

The closing in of a night unusually dark, at last afforded some relief, and at two o'clock A.M., the Admiral, without drum or trumpet, silently decamped, and crossing the river Dive, succeeded in putting that stream between himself and the enemy.[1]

The succeeding day, October 1st, he entered the fatal plain of Assai, before Moncontour.

It had been the design of the Admiral to continue the retreat, and put as much space as possible between himself and the Catholic army, and his resolution of avoiding a battle had been strengthened by an incident which had occurred in the course of the preceding day. Two Catholic gentlemen had found an opportunity of addressing some of the Hugonots, from whom they happened

[1] Davila, La Noue, D'Aubigné.

to be separated only by a few trenches, and had said, "Gentlemen, we wear the colours of your enemies, but we hate neither you nor your party. Tell M. l'Amiral to have a care how he comes to an engagement, for our army is marvellously powerful, through the reinforcements just arrived. But let him temporise for a month, for all the nobility have sworn and said to Monseigneur, that so long and no longer they will attend him; but that if he will employ them during that time they will do their duty. Let him remember that it is dangerous to resist the French during their first fury, which will soon subside; and without a speedy victory, they will be constrained to come to a peace, and you will have a good one. Tell him we know this from good authority, and were desirous to inform him of it." [1]

When this intelligence was made known to the Hugonot chiefs, some laughed at it—others despised it; "*et voilà*," says La Noue, "*une autre cause de notre meschef, d'avoir trop negligé ce qui dévoit être bien noté.*"

The Admiral was far from sharing this indifference. He immediately called a council of war, and proposed, that, at nine o'clock on the evening of the second, the retreat should be continued, and the army sheltered under the walls of a place called Ervaux, by which movement a second river would be placed between it and the enemy. But this opinion was opposed by numbers of the French gentlemen, and still more tumultuously by the Germans, who broke out into the most brutal and mutinous expressions; threatening to pass over to the enemy if an end was not speedily put to their fatigues. The infection of insubordination spread to the French soldiers, who, exclaiming and menacing, demanded a battle, and were sup-

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

ported by many of their captains. They cried out that these nocturnal retreats were disgraceful, abating the courage and lessening the reputation of an army, and that, it would be more creditable to wait at least till sunrise, —to this absurd opinion the Admiral was constrained to yield. "*On peut voir que l'armée royale que nous fismes si vîte retirer de devant Chatelleraud ne laissa pas trois semaines après de nous vaincre, pour ce que nous faisions difficulté de nous retirer de jour, et pour nous arreter à maintenir la reputation en apparence, nous la perdismes en effet.*"[1]

At sunrise the next morning every thing was in order of march—the cavalry mounted and upon the point of setting forward—when, as Coligny placed his foot in the stirrup, a fresh disturbance broke out, sufficient to drive a less firm and patient spirit to despair. The lansquenets and five cornets of reisters suddenly threw down their arms, refusing to march a step, unless their arrears were paid upon the spot. This last delay rendered the catastrophe inevitable. While the French officers were engaged in appeasing the tumult, an hour and a half elapsed, "which prevented our reaching Ervaux, *où nous aurions vendus notre peau plus cher.*" Order was at last restored, and the troops began to move, but scarcely had they made half a league, when, with a loud noise of drums and trumpets, the royal army, in perfect order, began to appear upon the plain; a battle became unavoidable, and in the very worst position that could by possibility have been chosen. The Duke had crossed the watercourse on the morning of the first, and had approached the Yrier, but

[1] The same army which forced us to retire from before Chatelleraud, three weeks after was able to vanquish us, and that because we made a scruple of retiring by night; and to preserve our reputation in appearance, we lost it in reality.—La Noue.

the Admiral was posted too advantageously upon the opposite bank for a crossing to be attempted, he had, therefore, remained during the night upon that ground covered with dead bodies which had formerly been occupied by the Hugonots. The river, however, being reconnoitred, a passage had been discovered lower down, the whole of the day of the second was occupied in the crossing: the third, early in the morning, the royal army entered the plains of Assai.

The Admiral had already commanded the main body, led by Count Ludovic and the Princes, to precede the vanguard which was under his own command, and to advance on the road to Ervaux; when, therefore, he halted and prepared for battle, the position of his different divisions was in a manner reversed. The rear-guard under Mouy formed the advance, and the main body was in the rear. The Admiral, with the vanguard, occupied the left, the *bataille* or main body, in which were the Princes, formed upon a rising ground, which commanded the field of battle. Thus posted, and with no other advantage than that afforded by the rivers Torey and Dives, which in some measure covered his flanks, he faced the army of the Catholics, between whom and himself lay the open plain of Moncontour, unencumbered by tree, bush, ditch, or shelter of any description. The royal army, commanded by the Duke in person, took up its position in the finest order; it was separated into two grand divisions, each of which, in numbers, nearly equalled the whole of the Hugonot army. These divisions were commanded—the first, by the Dukes de Montpensier and Guise, and the Count Santa Fiore—the second, by the Duke d'Anjou in person, accompanied by the Dukes d'Aumale and de Longueville, the Maréchal de Cossé, Villars,

Montmorenci, and Thoré: there was also a reserve, commanded by Tavannes and Biron.

Distrustful of the event of the day, and anxious above all things for the security of the young Princes, Coligny had consigned them to the care of Count Ludovic, with strict orders that they should not be allowed to enter into the engagement. They rode, however, through the ranks, exhorting the men to do their duty, and then retired to the rear; Henry shedding tears of impatience and vexation, as he obeyed the command. The lansquenets, as some expiation of their ill conduct, "and according to their custom, kissed the ground as the Princes rode by, and swore to die like men of honour."[1]

Four hours were consumed in various manœuvres before the attack began; while the artillery on both sides posted in front, continued to play with considerable effect. During which, says D'Aubigné, "might be seen several lords and gentlemen volunteers riding between the armies *pour faire le ça ça galant homme*—asking to speak to some friend or relation among the enemies' forces. But these civilities were stopped by the *enfans perdus* of the Duke, who, about two o'clock, began the attack by falling furiously upon the division of Mouy. This movement was instantly followed by a desperate engagement between the advanced divisions on both sides."

The first charges of the Hugonots exceeded in impetuosity all the brilliant exploits of former battles, and unable to resist their vehemence, the first division of the Catholics began to give way, and show symptoms of great disorder.

It was at this juncture that Henry, who from a rising ground had remained watching the battle with every

[1] Davila, D'Aubigné.

mark of impatience, saw the decisive moment, and called out to be allowed to charge the broken squadrons at the head of his reserve, and pursue and ensure the victory. But no one was present to second the inspirations of his genius: Count Ludovic, to whom the Admiral had applied for a reinforcement, had very incautiously quitted his post, and advanced with the troops himself, and no one remained upon the spot with authority to command the movement of the main body: "We are losing our advantage," cried Henry, "and the battle in consequence."

The prognostication proved but too just; the tide of success speedily turned, and the Princes, in spite of their tears and entreaties were borne from the field, and carried in the midst of retreating numbers to Parthenai. While the Duke with his own division, the Swiss infantry, and the reserve, fell—a fresh army—upon the Admiral. The combat now became desperately unequal. Coligny, his jaw broken by a pistol-shot from one of the reisters, choked with blood, incapable of articulating the word of command—was at length compelled to retire to the rear; and a total rout ensued. Arms, baggage, artillery, military stores, all fell into the hands of the enemy. A dreadful slaughter followed. The soldiers calling out *remember La Roche Abeille!* refused quarter. The lansquenets to a man were massacred by the Swiss; the brave French gens-d'armerie were utterly broken. "Still to the last," says D'Aubigné, "the brave soldiers, though defeated, were not utterly subdued; with the enemy close upon them, they continued their resistance—rallying in large bodies, and charging those who pursued. Of these retreating charges the principal glory is due to the reisters, but they must allow a share to Saint Cyr. This noble old man having rallied three cornets of cavalry in a wood called Maine; and finding that it was in his

power by a vigorous charge to cover the retreat, and save the lives of a thousand men; *his minister, who had helped him to this resolution*, advised him briefly to harangue those valiant followers whom he could never hope to address more. 'To brave men few words,' cries he, 'Brothers and companions, this is what you must do;' and thereupon, covered in the old French fashion with arms all plated with silver to the very greaves—his face alone being bare, his venerable beard as white as snow—he being aged eighty-five years, forward he drove, twenty paces before his troop, and saving many lives—lost his own."

The Hugonots crossing the Torey retreated under the walls of Ervaux—and had not the passages of this river been fortunately secured, the whole of their army must have perished.[1]

Thus, after only one half hour's duration, terminated the battle of Moncontour—the most decisive overthrow which the Hugonots had yet sustained. Of the proportion of the numbers engaged no very exact account remains. De Thou makes the Catholics exceed by one-third the Hugonots in number—and, as in the preceding battle, the whole force of the Hugonots—such as it was—never came into action. A large portion of the main body, D'Aubigné insinuates, was very ready to quit the field with the Princes; and the rest, owing to the ill-advised advance of Count Ludovic,[2] was without a commander. Coligny, fighting according to the fashion of the times, at

[1] Davila, La Noue, D'Aubigné, De Thou.

[2] "C'est que lorsque M. l'Amiral vit bransler l'avant garde des Catholiques . . . . . il mand au Comte Ludovic, qui commandoit à notre bataille qu'il le renforçat de six cornettes, ce qu'il fit, mais lui même les aména et au même temps commença le combat, ou il demeura obligé et estant ou que s'il y eut bien fait un plus grand effet veu qu' estant sans chef et sans ordre il cuida bien esbranler celui de Monseigneur. Le combat dura peu plus d'une demie heure et fut toute l'armée Hugonote mise à vauderoute."— La Noue.

the head of his division, was in no situation to direct the engagement in general: a striking instance of the ill effects of a custom now universally abandoned. The loss in killed and wounded amounted on the side of the Hugonots to 5,000 men—being above one-fourth of their army, that of the Catholics to only 600. Several distinguished officers were killed and wounded. La Noue was again taken prisoner, and saved from the fury of the Duke de Montpensier by the interposition of Martigues, *l'homme sans peur*. In like manner D'Acier was rescued by the Count de Santa Fiore, for which piece of humanity he was afterwards censured by the father of Christians—the Pope. 900 baggage wagons, 11 pieces of artillery, 200 standards were the spoil of the victors.

This day may be called the most glorious, perhaps the only glorious day in the life of Henry of Anjou. He had distinguished himself at once by his bravery during the action, and by his humanity afterwards; exposing his person without reserve in the battle, and exerting himself to arrest the merciless barbarity of his soldiers, crying out—"*Sauvez les François.*" The Hugonots were pursued to St. Genoux, and that night the Duke dispatched orders for a *Te Deum* to be sung throughout France to celebrate his victory — "the news of which," says D'Aubigné, "soon spread to Rome and Spain, where it was considered the signal of a total defeat of the enemies of the Roman Church."[1]

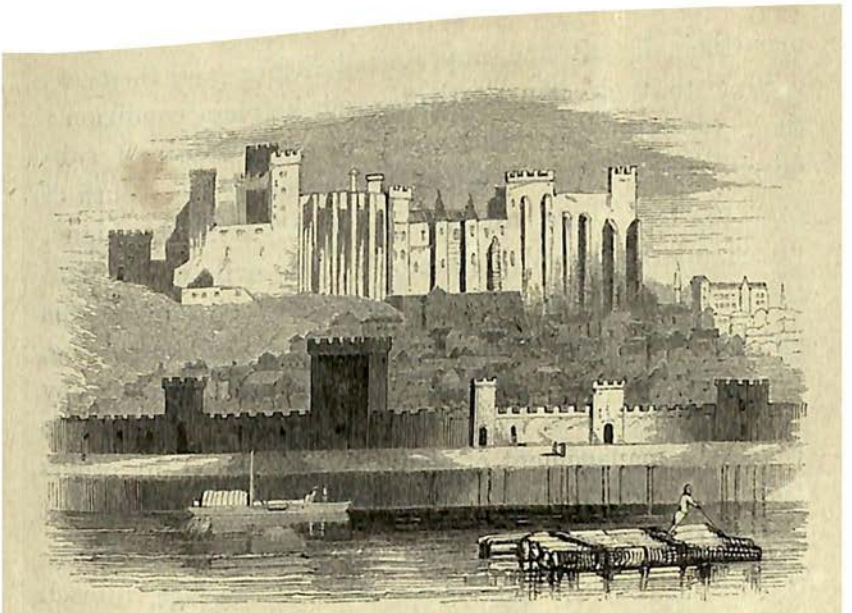
I shall borrow the words of Margaret de Valois, afterwards Queen of Navarre, to paint the Duke, appearing before the King and Queen-Mother after this triumph.[2] "My brother of Anjou arrived with the principal chiefs of his army, the flower of the Princes and nobility of

[1] D'Aubigné—Mém. Marguerite de Valois.

[2] Margaret says, in her Memoirs, Jarnac, but it is agreed she must mean Moncontour.

France, in whose presence he made an harangue to the King, giving a report of his charge, and how he had acquitted himself of it since he left the Court; composed with so much art and eloquence, and repeated with so much grace, that it filled all present with admiration. The more so, as his extreme youth added lustre to the prudence of his words; which were more suitable to an experienced captain than we might expect from a youth of sixteen, whose brow was encircled by the laurels of two victories, and whose beauty, sufficient to have enhanced any action, so adorned him, that nature and fortune appeared to contend which should render him the most illustrious. What his mother felt, who loved him extravagantly, cannot be represented by words. It requires the veil of the father in Iphigenia. And any one but herself, whose prudence never forsook her, would have betrayed the transports of their excessive joy. But she, moderating her emotions as she pleased, shewed that the discreet are never betrayed to unseemly demonstrations. So, without indulging herself by celebrating the praises which the actions of so perfect a son merited, she took up the leading points of his harangue upon which to deliberate with the Princes and nobles."[1]

[1] Mém. Marguerite de Valois.



VIEW OF AVIGNON.

CHAPTER V.

SITUATION OF COLIGNY.—SIEGE OF ST. JEAN D'ANGELI.—MARCH OF THE ADMIRAL THROUGH THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES. — AFFAIR OF ARNAY LE DUC.—PACIFICATION OF ST. GERMAIN.

THE situation of the brave, the wise, the good Coligny, after this fatal battle, affords a striking contrast to the picture of prosperity presented by his young adversary.

He passed the night with the Princes at Parthenai; and two hours before sunset of the next day they all set forwards for Niort, where they were joined by the chiefs of their broken and dispirited forces, and where a council of war was immediately held. The loss in this defeat had been unexampled, and so was its effect upon the army. Regret for the past, terror for the future, seemed to have seized upon the whole assembly. Their thoughts turning

upon their distant and unprotected homes, and then reverting to their own destitute and helpless condition; their resolution seemed at once to give way, and submission and pardon upon any terms was in the mouth of every one. "There, the Admiral saw," says D'Aubigné, "accumulating round his head all those evils which befal the leaders of the people. Blamed for every accident, his merits forgotten, his army discontented and despairing, with two young Princes devoured in their poverty by greedy mercenaries, by some taught to censure those to whom the management of affairs was entrusted, by others led to desire a change in order that they might conduct things themselves. Surrounded by weakened towns,—terrified garrisons,—foreigners without baggage, himself without money,—pursued by an enemy pitiless to all—without mercy for him; he was abandoned by every one, save by a woman, the Queen Jeanne, who had already reached Niort, to hold out her hand to the afflicted, and assist in retrieving their affairs. This old man consumed by fever, as they carried him in his litter, lay revolving all these bitter things, and many others which were gnawing at his heart, their sting more grievous than his painful wound, when L'Estrange, an aged gentleman, and one of his principal counsellors, travelling wounded in the same manner, ordered his litter, where the road widened, to be a little advanced in front of the other, and putting forward his head, looked for some time fixedly at his chief. Then the tears filling his eyes, he turned away with these words—*Si est ce que Dieu est très doux.*[1] And so they parted, perfectly understanding each other's thoughts, though quite unable to utter more. But this great captain has been heard to confess to his intimates, that this one little word from a

[1] Yet God is a sweet consolation.

friend sufficed to raise his broken spirits, and restored him at once to better thoughts of the present, and firm resolutions for the future."[1]

The Admiral addressed, as well as his wound would permit, the council of war assembled at Niort, and exhorted them to constancy and perseverance.[2] He recalled to their memory, how, after preceding defeats, they had, to the astonishment of their adversaries, rallied with increased strength and courage; reminded them that their affairs were far from being at present desperate; that their allies in England and Germany would only be the more ready to assist them on account of their present depression; and that they possessed in Bearn, under the Count de Montgommeri, a second army ready formed with which a union might be speedily effected. Which being done they would be again in a condition to take the field, and might obtain from the Catholics favourable conditions; but that to throw themselves thus at their feet in the full career of victory, was but to expose themselves to insult and contempt. These arguments, being warmly seconded by the young Princes and by Count Ludovic, produced at length their effect. The spirits of the party were re-animated, and before they separated, dispatches were forwarded to England, Scotland, Denmark, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons—making light of the disaster, urging the necessity of mutual co-operation, and soliciting fresh succours. At Niort, Chapman, with a hundred gentlemen from Queen Elizabeth, met them. At this place the brave Mouy was left to stand a siege—Blacons was dispatched to defend Angoulême—Pilles to St. Jean d'Angeli, while the Princes and the Admiral repaired to La Rochelle, abandoning all their conquests in the open country and more distant towns, it

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle. [2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

being evidently impossible to maintain them before a victorious army.

It was not, however, the design of Coligny to remain in La Rochelle, where it would be impossible either to pay or to provision his mercenaries—now become his principal dependence—death or desertion having diminished the body of French *gens-d'armerie* with which he entered the city to 900 men. To maintain his little army in the field before the victorious Catholics was manifestly impossible; and their neighbourhood alone was sufficient to complete his ruin by affording a constant temptation to the reisters to desert their standards, and follow the victorious colours of the Duke d'Anjou. In this emergency Coligny at last resolved upon abandoning this part of the country altogether, and retiring into the south—where the great strength of the Hugonots lay—there to meet and collect such detached bodies of his partisans as might be scattered over the country, while he could amuse and satisfy his reisters by the plunder of some of the towns still held by the Catholics, and refresh himself in others possessed by the Protestants. Then, after wintering in the mountains, and allowing time for the Catholic army to expend its first vigour, he trusted to being able to open the campaign in the ensuing spring with his forces refreshed and strengthened, and by thus re-establishing his affairs, obtain the object of all his exertions—a just and well-secured peace.[1] In consequence of this determination the whole of Poictou—

[1] The motives which induced Coligny to undertake this march of 400 leagues, and thus to occupy nine months' time, are very succinctly stated by Castlenau; and the loss of the Admiral's own memoirs, as will be related in the sequel, have eft it difficult quite to understand his position. The intelligent author of the observations in the Collection des Mémoires thus attempts to make up the deficiency. "The provinces where he was about to take refuge, offered all the resources of which he stood so greatly in need. The young Princes, in whose name

with the exception of Niort, and Angoulême, and St. Jean d'Angeli—was of necessity abandoned to the enemy.

The defence of La Rochelle during his absence was entrusted to La Noue, who had escaped from his captivity; and such was the excellence of its means of defence that no apprehension was entertained but that it would hold out during the winter. The other towns it was calculated would resist some weeks, and delay the progress of the royal army.[1]

The coldness with which his victory had been followed up by the Duke d'Anjou afforded ample opportunity for carrying these plans into execution. Of a temper easily excited, and as easily exhausted by any extraordinary effort—victory with Henry of Valois was but a prelude to indolence, languor, and self-indulgence.[2] Instead of

he commanded, were held there in the greatest consideration. Montgommeri, at the head of a body of victorious troops, would unite with him, and restore confidence to his dispirited forces. Destitute of money as he was, the contributions of the Catholics, and the plunder of their towns, would supply him. Should the victors pursue, the passes of the mountains, into which he was retiring, would afford the means of protection against very unequal forces." While delay would prove the destruction of the royal army which he well knew was a prey to every species of division and jealousy.

[1] Davila, De Thou, D'Aubigné.

[2] Some explanation of the Catholic inactivity may be found in the rising jealousy with which Charles regarded the success of his brother. The King began to suspect that the partiality of his mother, instead of providing for him a servant, was erecting for him a rival in his new Lieutenant-General; and his mind, which with all its vices was capable of generous aspirations, envied the dangers by which so much glory was acquired. He was heard to lament that care of his person which forbad him to lead his own army to the field, and to hold cheap a crown which condemned him to inactivity, while his brother was gaining so splendid a reputation. "His life," he said, "was not of that value to France that he need be hid in a casket like the crown jewels." Brantôme tells us, that, after the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, "there was a certain M. d'Orat, who presented him with some verses made in his praise. 'Ha!' says he, 'write nothing for me, these are only lies and flatteries, reserve your fine writing for my brother who is every day carving fresh work for you;' showing thereby a certain pity for himself, and secret emulation of his brother; often reproaching the Queen-Mother that, because she loved him the best, she furnished him with all occasions for acquiring reputation." We shall see the King soon after join his army in person before St. Jean d'Angeli. —Brantôme, Charles IX.

vigorously pursuing the shattered remnants of the Hugonot army, and thus ensuring with its destruction a termination of the quarrel; the Catholics amused themselves with overrunning Poictou, and retaking the towns. Lusignan, Chatelleraud, Saint Maixent, speedily fell into their hands. Niort made a more determined resistance: but the death of its brave commander Mouy, (who was assassinated under circumstances of the most atrocious treachery by Maureval, called afterwards the Queen's murderer,[1] and which action even Tavannes declared to merit *la corde*) gave the city to the Catholics. The royal army then sat down before St. Jean d'Angeli, where the King joined the forces. Here the brave Pilles detained them for two months by a defence of unparalleled skill and resolution, which gave the Hugonots time to breathe, and enabled the Admiral to pursue his enterprise without molestation. "Thus, as with the siege of Poictiers began the disasters of the Hugonots, so that of St. Jean d'Angeli arrested the victories of the Catholics; M. l'Amiral has himself told me, that, had he been promptly pursued when he marched towards Gascogny with the remnant of his army, he must have been lost.. . . . but the time allowed him to refresh his troops in the rich countries through which they passed, served to reanimate courage and hope, and St. Jean d'Angeli helped to repair the ruin that Poictiers and Moncontour had occasioned."[2]

The Admiral was accompanied by the two Princes, whom he wished to make well acquainted with his army,

[1] Louviers de Maureval had joined the army with the express intention of assassinating Mouy. He had insinuated himself into the favour of that brave officer, as frankly confiding as he was courageous. He had shared his bed, his board, his purse, and been, as he himself afterwards confessed, in all things treated as a son. Upon the return from a sortie he shot Mouy in the back, who was obliged to leave Niort, and died shortly afterwards of the wound in La Rochelle.

[2] Mém. de La Noue.

trusting that their presence and the influence of their name might serve to strengthen his authority, so fatally weakened by the death of the Prince de Condé. Thus attended he prepared to descend into the fertile provinces of Guyenne and Languedoc, there to unite with Montgommeri, who—having defeated Montluc and Terride in Bearn was on his march to join him—and with the forces collected through the country, at the approach of spring to reascend the Rhone, and marching through Burgundy once more threaten Paris.[1]

It is asserted by Davila that he was encouraged in this design by the expectation of the co-operation of Damville Montmorenci, who had succeeded his father in the government of Languedoc. Long an ardent supporter of the Catholic party, in opposition to the views of his brother the Maréchal, Damville, he says, was now becoming jealous of the preponderating influence of the house of Guise—(more probably, it may be said) he began to open his eyes to the dangers with which his country was threatened through the intrigues and ambition of that aspiring family. It appears, however, that this assertion of Davila is premature, and it was not till later events tore the veil from his eyes that Damville embraced the part of moderation.

Leaving therefore La Rochelle, the Admiral and the Princes, accompanied by their little army, set forwards. Their force consisted almost entirely of cavalry, for the infantry had been literally cut to pieces; and they were accompanied by the English under Chapman; they rapidly crossed Saintonge, and entering Guyenne, passed the Lot at Cadenac, and descending that river to its confluence with the Garonne, took Aurillac. Their

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

numbers were swelled as they advanced by numerous bodies of their adherents. After taking various small places they advanced to Montauban, where a junction was happily effected with Montgommeri—notwithstanding that Montluc lay in considerable force before Agen, and that Damville was in the neighbourhood of Mazères—but the ill intelligence which subsisted between these chiefs—the pride of the one and the incompatible humour of the other afforded infinite advantages to their enemies: "and thus the imprudence and negligence of the Catholics suffered this little snowball to roll without interruption till it was as large as a house. The authority of the Princes attached many; and the foresight and invention of the Admiral carried various excellent projects into execution, while the body of reisters, 3000 strong gave reputation to the army: *Quand on donne à un grand chef de guerre du temps pour enfanter ce que son entendement a conçu, il reconsolide les vieilles blessures, ains il redonne force aux membres qui avoient languis.*"[1]

From Montauban the Princes ascended the Garonne and approached Toulouse. The Parliament of Toulouse, as we have seen, had been distinguished for more than ordinary barbarity during the troubles, and even in the intervals of pacification had persevered in the most unrelenting persecution of the Reformed. "*Quiconque portoit le nomme d'Hugonot, aussitôt pris aussitôt pendu.*"[2] The audacious murder of Rapin, perpetrated by this body, has been already mentioned. The Hugonot army now took its revenge by ravaging the country, and burning the houses of the principal councillors, inscribing on the smoking ruins "Remember Rapin."

[1] Mêm. de La Noue.

[2] Whoever bore even the name of Hugonot, no sooner taken than hanged.

Damville, though lying in the neighbourhood, did not interfere in any manner with the execution of this rude justice, which might seem to justify the assertions of Davila with respect to his motives, had not La Noue assured us, "*que ce bruit étoit faux et le sçait bien.*"[1]

Towards the end of December St. Jean d'Angeli after an unparalleled defence surrendered on conditions—and the brave Pilles crossed the country and joined the army of the Princes. Advancing afterwards farther into Languedoc, numerous towns were taken, and the army at length approached the Pyrenees. Here large bands of the banditti who infested those mountains came to offer their services; but the Admiral, we are told, fearing they would only serve to complete the corruption that was fast spreading among his soldiers, dismissed these hardy mountaineers, retaining only a few of the finest men to serve as guards to the Prince de Bearn.

The Hugonot forces remained in Languedoc until the end of January, 1570.

Throughout the whole of this march Henry of Navarre by his gaiety, his activity, and conciliating manners, was of infinite service to Coligny, and more than supplied the place that had been so admirably occupied by Condé; "Surpassing," says Davila, "the expectations conceived of him—maintaining the spirit of the troops by his gaiety, while by his authority, solicitations, and industry, he induced both people and nobility to arm in defence of the cause—his connections in this part of the kingdom being very numerous."

The acquisition of the large and rich city of Nismes crowned the successes of the winter. It fell, not through any attempt on the side of the army, but through such an extraordinary series of persevering exertions on the

[1] La Noue, Davila, D'Aubigné.

part of an obscure individual, that I have inserted the story which is well worth knowing, in a note from D'Aubigné. It affords a striking instance of the spirit which animated every class in those early days of generous enthusiasm.[1]

While Coligny and the Princes thus pursued their career of success, the royal army had fallen into a state of almost complete inaction. After the fall of St. Jean d'Angeli the energy both of chiefs and followers seemed completely exhausted. The King and the Duke, "whose complexion ill fitted him for continued exertion," retired to spend the Christmas with the Court at Angers,—leaving La Rochelle languidly invested both by sea and land.

[1] Nismes fell into the hands of the Hugonots through the stratagem of a carpenter, Maderon by name. The governor, a ferocious old man, had treated the Hugonots with the greatest barbarity, and had plundered and banished numbers who had retired to Genlis. Maderon resolved to deliver the town up to his exiled brothers, and for this purpose took advantage of the famous fountain, of which the abundant waters flow between the gate of Carmes and the Castle, through a channel which is closed by a grate. Just above, and close by the castle, a sentinel was placed, who was relieved every hour. When he was about to leave his place, he was accustomed to ring a bell in order to advertise the soldier, who was to relieve him to come and take his place. A short interval always elapsed between the departure of one soldier and the arrival of the other, and Maderon having observed this, undertook, in these moments, to file asunder the bars of the grate. He executed his project thus: in the evening he went down into the ditch with a cord fastened round his body, the end of which was pulled by a friend when the soldier quitted his post and again when the other arrived—Maderon worked during these few moments, and then ceasing, waited in patience till another hour had elapsed. In the morning he covered his work with mud and wax. In this manner did this indefatigable man work for fifteen nights, the noise he made being drowned by the rushing of the water. It was not till his work was nearly completed that he informed the exiles of his success, and invited them to take possession of the town. They appear to have wanted courage for the undertaking; and while irresolute, a sudden flash of lightning, though the weather was otherwise serene, terrified and put them to flight. But their minister, pulling them by their sleeves, exhorted them to come back, saying, "*Courage! cet éclair montre que Dieu veut être de la partie.*" Twenty of them entered the town, and, being joined by others, who were exasperated at the cruelty of the governor, it was taken, and the castle surrendered a few days afterwards. This town, by the large supplies it afforded, was of great service to the army of the Princes during the ensuing spring.

The Duke of Alva and the Pope considering the contest as decided, had withdrawn their contingents, and the remainder of the army was left under the command of the Prince dauphin, son of the Duke de Montpensier. "But the greater part of the forces were dismissed, which through defect of pay, and the inclemency of the season, could hardly be kept together."[1]

In the different provinces throughout the kingdom the contest was maintained with various success—to the inevitable misery and ruin of the people in general, but with various circumstances of individual heroism and elevation which D'Aubigné loves to record. Even Charles himself was enchanted by the spirit displayed by Marie de Brabançon, a widow, who, at the head of fifty men, bravely defended her castle for fifteen days against the Catholics; mounting the breach with a half pike in her hands, and animating the soldiers by her example. Charles, upon her surrender, admiring her extraordinary courage, ordered her immediately to be released.

Catherine had not during these proceedings neglected her usual system of carrying on negotiations; shortly after the battle of Moncontour Castlenau had been dispatched to La Rochelle with proposals of peace; but as the first and indispensable condition of the treaty denied to the Hugonots all exercise whatsoever of their religion, it was rejected without hesitation. Though so low at this time was the condition of their affairs that "had the Catholics offered," says la Noue, "any tolerable terms, though far worse than they afterwards granted, they would have been accepted. But when it was seen that the exercise of their religion would not be allowed—only simple liberty of conscience—they were thrown into

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

despair, and making a virtue of necessity persevered in their resistance."[1]

The negotiations were not, however, dropped. While the army of the Princes lay at Carcassone, Biron, De Mesmes, and Teligny, arrived at the camp, charged with the most affectionate letters from the King and Queen. But as the exercise of the Reformed religion was still imperatively denied, the terms—though extremely favourable to individuals—were again rejected; and the Admiral—while the Court abandoned to security lay dissolved in luxury and pleasure, heedless of the little band exiled as it were to a corner of Aquitaine—prepared to carry on the war with renewed vigour, and demand a peace under the walls of Paris.

Upon the first approach of spring the Admiral and the Princes commenced the difficult enterprise of their return.

Taking the road by Beziers, Pezenas, and Montpellier, they approached the sea, and then turning northwards—having besieged Lunel, they proceeded to Nismes; here they were supplied with money and refreshments, of which they stood greatly in need. They then ascended to the Vivarais, which, lying in the north-east of Languedoc is separated from Dauphiné by the Rhone. A volcanic district it is, of which the mountains are cleft into narrow valleys between walls of lava, at the foot of which pass the narrow and difficult roads. The army marched in three divisions under the several commands of the Admiral, the Princes, and Count Ludovic. That under Count Ludovic crossed the Rhone in the expectation of collecting large reinforcements in Dauphiné. But the recollection of the hardships of the last winter campaign had indisposed many of the gentlemen; he got together, however, 3,000

[1] Mém. de La Noue.

arquebusiers, whom he mounted on horses, and re-crossing the river, the three divisions of the army united at Privas.

With excessive difficulty, through roads at all times impassable for artillery, and now dreadfully cut up by the snows and rains of a most severe winter, the forces next crossed the precipices of the Cevennes mountains, and at length, after enduring incredible fatigues, halted at St. Estienne en Forez.

Here, to the universal grief of the army, the health and strength of Coligny—long taxed so severely—suddenly gave way, and he fell dangerously ill. "Had he died," says La Noue, "a change of counsels must have ensued. I cannot affirm they would have persevered—thus losing the hinge upon which all turned." "This danger however profited in one thing," says the caustic D'Aubigné, "those young people who surrounded the Princes, and began to make a Court of the army, learned by their apprehensions the value of the old man."

After repeated bleedings the disorder gave way, and Coligny, once more at the head of his troops, and having been reinforced by the arrival of Briquemont with 1500 cavalry, rapidly prosecuted his march, descended into Burgundy, threatened Cherolles, and then advancing to Arnay le Duc, thus terminated a course of 400 leagues.

"It was never imagined by the royal Council," says Mezeray, "that this army could thus have disembarrassed itself of so many towns, passages of rivers, and defiles of mountains, and penetrated through countries so rugged and broken, filled by a population that harassed them day and night—could have surmounted the vigours of winter, the difficulties of roads, and the resistance of seven or eight provinces."[1] It cannot be denied that this difficult

[1] Mezeray, Davila, La Noue, &c.

march of six months was no ordinary lesson for the young Prince of Navarre—either as an exercise of skill and perseverance, or of that patience, self-denial, and cheerful resolution, which neither at this time, nor at any other, forsook him. "*Voilà*," cries la Noue, "*les belles galleries et les beaux promenoirs de gens de guerre . . . tout cela à la vérité est digne de rémemoration et de louange, mesmement quand ceux qui marchent par ces sentiers, et souffrent ces travaux, maintiennent une cause honnête.*"

The appearance of the army after this long and painful march bore evidence of the fatigues they had endured. Their numbers, in spite of the numerous reinforcements they had collected, were little increased. Death, sickness, and more than all, desertion—as the gentlemen on their progress approached their long-deserted homes—had thinned the ranks. Nearly 6,000 had perished through fatigue and hardship alone; of the English twelve men only remained alive. The hardy and indomitable reisters sat on their lamed and wearied horses, without corslets or head-pieces; having found it impossible to endure the load of their heavy armour in the painful march through the mountains, or to drag their ponderous waggons over the narrow and precipitous roads; while the more delicate coursers of the French gentlemen were so *recrues* that they could scarcely stand upright. Yet, like the brave soldiers of our Henry the Fifth when before the battle of Agincour:—

> Their horsemen sat like fixed candlesticks
> With torch staves in their hands, and their poor jades
> Lob'd down their heads, dropping their hides and hips,
> The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes,—
> And in their mouths the gimmal bit
> Lay foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless—

they were ready to defy, and prepared to overthrow the exulting and well-appointed forces of their enemies.

The following verses, written at the time, are inserted as descriptive of the privations suffered by, and of the gaiety which yet animated this incomparable little army.

Cheminer tous les jours au vent et à la pluye,
La nuit être à haye avec un froid manteau,
La tête decouverte et les pieds dedans l'eau,
Se repaitre d'ennui et de melancolie.
Avoir les Rois du monde et la terre ennemie,
N'avoir pour les blessés sureté que le tombeau ;
Sentir dix mille poux, qui demangent la peau,
Avoir du corps entier la force defaillie,
Avoir faute d'argent, d'habits, et de pain,
Avoir la bouche fraische et se saouller de faim ;
Avoir de tous moyens la personne affamée ;
Porter la mort en crouppe et les armes au dos—
Et n'avoir un seul jour d'aise ou de repos—
C'est la commodité de notre pauvre armée.

The King, Queen-Mother, and the Duke d'Anjou, were hunting in Brittany, and entirely occupied with this and their usual diversions, when they were thunderstruck with the intelligence that the Hugonot army, having surmounted the difficulties of the wild and mountainous districts which it had traversed, was approaching the Loire. Upon this Charles, seizing the pretence of a trifling indisposition under which the Duke d'Anjou then laboured, deprived him for the present of the command of the army, and dispatched the Maréchal de Cossé with a force consisting of 10,000 infantry, 2,500 arquebusiers,—1,000 of which were gentlemen—and twelve cannon to arrest their progress.

The Maréchal crossed the Loire at Desize, and advanced directly towards the army of the Princes, which now consisted of something more than 6,000 men. He came up with them at Arnay le Duc, assuring himself of an

easy victory; but he found the Hugonots strongly posted upon the side of a declivity, defended in front by a small river and some pools of water, and when he attempted to force their position, he was triumphantly driven back by their repeated and impetuous charges.

The gallant French lances, led by young Henry himself, —who, in spite of every persuasion to the contrary, persisted in charging in person at the head of his forces—and animated by that brilliant effervescence of courage which distinguished him on every field of battle, bore down upon the Catholics with such impetuosity that they were compelled to retire with considerable loss. "My first exploit in arms," said Henry, long afterwards, to Matthieu, the historian, "was at Janée (Arnay) le Duc where the question was, whether to fight or retire; I had no retreat within forty miles; and if I remained, must necessarily lie at the mercy of the country people; if I fought, I ran the risk of being taken or slain, for I had no cannon, and the King's forces had. A gentleman was killed by a cannon ball not ten paces from me—I decided to fight and recommending the success to God, it pleased him to make the day favourable and fortunate." This affair happened on the 25th or 26th of June, 1570.[1]

The next morning, the Hugonot army, it being thought too dangerous to remain in their present position, filed off, leaving Montgommeri to protect their rear, "which the enemy perceived too late, or were very glad to perceive,"[2] and retired to La Charité, where the troops were refreshed, "and where the Admiral amused himself in preparing artillery, and still more willingly in making all his preparations useless, by the negotiation of a peace."[3]

A peace, the resource of the Court after every reverse,

[1] Matthieu, Histoire. [2] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.
[3] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

was becoming more and more imperiously necessary. Success had crowned the efforts of the Hugonots throughout the kingdom. La Noue had completely reinstated their affairs, and re-established their little empire, if it may be so called, in Poictou, and had succeeded in preserving their capital of La Rochelle. The contests carrying on in almost every other province had terminated in their favour, and to complete the flattering prospects of the confederates, advices were received that Prince Casimir, having collected a fresh body of reisters, had already crossed the frontiers to join them. The Admiral having recruited his forces at la Charité, now recommenced his march, and steadily advanced upon Paris. He passed Montargis and Bleneau, and had reached Châtillon-sur-Loing, when his further progress was stopped by the ratification of the peace.

This pacification doomed to be so perfidiously broken, is known as the Peace of St. Germains, and was signed at that place, August the 8th, 1570. The negotiations had been conducted by Biron and De Mesmes, on the part of the Catholics; by Beauvais le Nocle, Teligny, and Cavagnes, on that of the Hugonots. The King, in his anxiety for its conclusion, had arrived in person at St. Germains, in order to hasten its progress; and exulting in his success, emphatically called it *his peace*.

Its conditions in the following points were more favourable than had yet been granted, and mark the advancing power of the religious party. A former clause which had limited the exercise of the Reformed religion in Provence to one town—Mirandol—was cancelled The Queen of Navarre was allowed to establish a place of worship in Albret, Armagnac, Foix, and Bigorre—two towns were added in each province where in the fauxbourgs liberty of worship was allowed. In all places wherein public

worship was established upon the 1st August of this year, the privilege was to be retained. Equality of reception was granted to the Hugonots at all universities, schools, hospitals, &c. . . . and their privileges restored to those towns which had taken their side in the contest. All prisoners of war were to be liberated. All castles, houses, goods, furniture, restored. All *arrêts* given against the Reformed, annulled (*cassés*). No Reformed person to be compelled to plead before the Parliament of Toulouse; and in all other Parliaments, a right recognised to challenge a certain number of the judges. Lastly, and of far more value than any other condition, being the pledge and security for the whole, the Hugonots were, for the first time, allowed to retain cautionary towns. La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité, were to remain in their hands during two years. The Admiral obtained, likewise, advantageous conditions for his allies and for his friend Prince William of Orange, at this time driven by the storm raging in the Low Countries to seek for shelter in other kingdoms. It was stipulated that the principality of *Orange*, situated in the south of France, and so long withheld by the French crown, should, with all its dependencies, titles, papers, &c., be restored to William of Nassau, its rightful inheritor.

The reisters were once more discharged, "so that *Messieurs les reiters*," says Brantôme, "were paid off at the expense of the King, and were in much good humour with M. l'Amiral, and promised him to come again for the same price, when he wanted them; *et s'en retournèrent portans un tel renommée de M. l'Amiral par toute l'Allemagne, qu'il en resonnoit bien autant qu'en France.*[1] But Brantôme is wrong, the money was not paid by the King—the Germans were paid by the Hugonots, and

[1] Brantôme, vie de Coligny.

the funds were raised by a compulsory levy upon the Churches.

Favourable as were these conditions, it is a fact that such was the extraordinary impatience, which, for some cause or other, impelled the King to conclude this pacification, that De Mesmes had it in his power to boast that he had fallen considerably within the letter of his instructions.

The motives which led Coligny to conclude a peace in the present flourishing condition of his affairs are easily penetrated, and perfectly well known. Acting with entire good faith throughout the whole of this quarrel; security for his religion and the protection of consciences were the sole objects he proposed as the end of his exertions, and having, as he trusted, at length attained them, he was impatient to lay down his arms. The disorders and licentiousness of civil war were to his righteous spirit an intolerable spectacle; and the necessity he had lain under, during the winter's campaign, of overlooking such disorders—the uncontrollable nature of the troops he commanded, and the fierce and mutinous spirit of his German cavalry, had wearied and disgusted him at once.

"The disorders of our men of war," says La Noue, "were such that they were no longer to be remedied, so that M. l'Amiral has often told me he *would rather die than fall again into such confusions, and see such evil committed before his eyes.*[1]

The charge of selfish personal ambition is perpetually made against this great and good man, by every Catholic historian; and Davila, above all, scruples not to accuse him of the most turbulent and seditious designs,—with

[1] "I have heard him say," says Brantôme, "*que la plus grand peine qu'il eut jamais en ses armées, c'étoit à contenter ses reisters: et la dernière paix qu'il fit, il jura que le plus tard qu'il pourroit, voire que bien forcé il ne tourneroit jamais en guerre civile; et s'il étoit si malheureux,*

how little justice I may, perhaps, in the slight sketches of these pages, have succeeded in shewing. Happy were it indeed for mankind, if hearts so unstained by ambition or self-interest, habits so pure, a temper so just and so generous, and principles of virtue so uncompromising, were more often the portion of public men. "If any one in these lamentable wars laboured hard both in body and mind," concludes La Noue, "it was M. l'Amiral. For the heaviest burden both in military and civil affairs he sustained with constancy; bearing himself with equal firmness before the Princes his superiors, as with gentleness to his inferiors—holding piety ever in singular esteem; and having a love of justice that made him prized and valued by the whole of his party. He never ambitiously sought commands or honours; they were forced upon him through his sufficiency and wisdom. When arms were in his hands, he shewed that he understood the management of them—as well as the greatest captain of his time, always courageously exposing his own person in every danger. In adversity his magnanimity and resources were equally remarkable, and he was in all things without *farde* or *parade*. Briefly, he was one worthy to have restored a weakened and corrupted state. This little, I think it right to say *en passant*—having known him well, frequented him much, and greatly profited in his school—I should have done wrong had I not made just and honourable mention of him."[1]

qu'il retournoit, il ne tiendroit plus ces grandes armées en campagne, et ne se chargeroit jamais d'une si grande troupe de reisters, qui plustôt donnoit la loi qu'elle ne la recevoit."—Vie de Coligny, Hommes Illustres.

[1] La Noue, Brantôme, vie de Coligny.

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE HUGONOTS.

BOOK V.

FROM THE RISE OF THE FIRST TROUBLES TO THE DEATH OF CHARLES IX.

CHAPTER I.

MOTIVES FOR THE PEACE. — GERMANS RETURN HOME.—HUGONOTS RETIRE TO LA ROCHELLE.—CONCILIATORY MEASURES OF THE COURT. — WAR IN FLANDERS.

THE motives which led a violent and profligate government to grant, at this moment of time, a just and moderate peace, remain a problem in history. The dreadful tragedy by which in less than two years it was terminated, have led men of almost every persuasion to agree in supposing, that the pacification was, as La Noue says, but a mask (*paix masquée*), and covered the most desperate and atrocious designs. Many have gone so far as to suppose that the massacre of Paris, in all its circumstances, had been planned so far back as the conferences of Bayonne; and that this was the secret scheme covered by the present fair appearance of cordiality and moderation. This opinion appears to approach, without exactly attaining the truth. When we consider the course of events during the six years that intervened between those conferences at Bayonne and the St. Bartholomew—the vicissitudes which took place—the changes in men and measures during that period, it is difficult to conceive that the details of that scheme of deception which finally assembled the Hugonots at Paris, could then and there have been planned. The character of the Queen-Mother, likewise, vacillating and uncertain as we know it

to have been, rendered her especially unfit for the conduct of a design requiring such a long continued perseverance and so much firmness of purpose. Yet the fact of the catastrophe — the plans of almost equal atrocity which Catherine's principal counsellor, the Cardinal de Lorraine, had for years entertained—the measures of violence and cruelty upon which it is certain the secret cabinet had not scrupled to deliberate, and which De l'Hôpital had so long and so resolutely opposed—but above all, the character of those ministers who now made part of this secret cabinet, force upon us the conviction, that ill faith there was. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, though not precisely planned as it occurred in 1572, arose in the course of circumstances, through that sort of fatality in crime, by which those who permit themselves coolly to contemplate, as a means, the breach of any of the great laws of righteousness and justice, seem impelled by an almost irresistible power to depths of atrocity, at the contemplation of which their souls would once have shuddered.

The secret Council, of which I have spoken at this time—besides the members of the royal family and the Cardinal de Lorraine, with whose character and principles of action the reader is already well acquainted, and whose presence and influence insured that of the Duke de Guise, and the other members of his ambitious and profligate house—consisted of Tavannes, whose unsparing and bloody animosity against the Hugonots is notorious—and of two men than whom, worse or more profligate, more base, or more cruel, never poisoned the councils of a Prince—namely, Birague, who had succeeded De l'Hôpital as Chancellor,[1] and Albert Gondi, Maréchal de Retz. Of the first, the

[1] Morvilliets held the seals for a short time after the retirement of De l'Hôpital.

following character is given by L'Estoile.—"He was an Italian, both by birth and by religion—He understood state affairs well—those of justice, little—of learning, he had none to spare, his provision for himself being small enough—He was extravagant, voluptuous, a time-server, and an absolute slave to the will of the Prince, often saying that he was *Chancellor of the King, not of the kingdom.*"[1] "*Il considéroit,*" says Mezeray, "*plus un valet en place que toutes les loix du royaume,*"[2] and had been heard to say, that the only way to deal with the Hugonots, was "*through their cooks.*"[3]

The Maréchal de Retz was, if possible, a still more infamous creature. Issuing from the lowest dregs of society—the child of a woman exercising the basest and most opprobrious of occupations, one, whom the vices of the father, Henry II., had placed about the most unfortunate of sons, he might be said to have crawled like a reptile into those high offices, to which men of more generous and less subservient temper with difficulty rise. He was mean, flattering, envious, licentious, voluptuous, and cruel—"*fin, caut, corrompu, menteur, et grand dissimulateur.*"[4]

With such counsellors, we shall find little difficulty in giving credit to Davila when he unravels the secret reasons of this pacification, though, as I have before stated, his authority is always questionable; as he hesitates not to misstate and distort facts to favour his own opinions; and falls into the common error, which De Thou has not, of the Italian authors, "who are such admirers of deep laid schemes and successful conspiracies, that they may often be suspected of inventing them."

[1] Journal l'Etoile.

[2] He thought more of pleasing a mere lackey in place, than of breaking all the laws of the kingdom.—Mezeray, Hist. de France.

[3] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres.

[4] De Thou.—M. Capefigue has fur-

The statement of Davila is, that the Queen being convinced that this war was continued with great peril, began to listen to proposals of peace. That the intelligence of the approach of Prince Casimir; the state of the finances which made it impossible much longer to retain the Swiss and Italian troops in the service; the ruin of the people; the perpetual uneasiness of mind in which the Court was kept; and the streams of blood which had been shed, made the war universally detested, and the name of peace most desirable and grateful. "For the which reason the King, the Queen-Mother, the Duke d'Anjou, and the Cardinal de Lorraine, deliberated to carry into execution the ancient, and so often interrupted councils—namely, to grant the Hugonots a peace, in order that they might dismiss the strangers in their pay, and then with *art and opportunity to depress the heads of the faction;* which heads being removed, there could be no doubt the lower orders of people would of themselves submit, and be reduced to a perfect obedience, being no longer instigated and sup-

nished us with extracts from what he calls a monument "de la plus haute curiosité politique," and which, as illustrative of the matter now in hand, I will insert here, though the letters are of a somewhat earlier date. These are the letters of Pius V. whom M. Capefigue qualifies as "un homme doux de mœurs et de caractère," and if this account of him be just, his subsequent remark upon the idea such maxims from such a man give of the age is but too just also. When Charles IX. began the war, this pope wrote to Philip II. to the Duke de Nevers, to the Doge of Venice, and to the Duke of Savoy for assistance in the holy cause of extermination of heretics. In his epistles to Catherine and Charles IX. "Il ne parle," says M. Capefigue, "que de la profondeur du crime d'hérésie, et de la vengeance qu 'on doit en tirer, soit pour satisfaire à la justice du ciel, soit pour rappeler à l'obéissance des sujets rebelles." The Pope's own words are:—"Ne laissez plus aux ennemis communs la possibilité de se soulever contre les catholiques; nous vous exhortons avec toute la force, toute l'ardeur dont nous sommes capable. Vous y parviendrez si aucun respect humain en faveur des personnes ne peut vous induire a épargner les ennemis de Dieu, qui n'ont jamais épargné Dieu."—Epist. Pie V, March 28, 1589. Again, "Ce n'est que par l'extermination entière des hérétiques (ad internecionem usque) que le Roi pourra rendre à ce noble royaume l'ancien culte et sa vieille religion, pour la gloire de son propre nom, et pour votre gloire eternelle." I have made use of M. Capefigue's translation of the original Latin.

ported by their chiefs. By such means they hoped to compass those ends which the perfidy of the great[1] forbade them openly to carry by force.—A counsel often proposed, often accepted, but which, through its own difficulties or the want of faith in men, had before proved unfortunate both in its conduct and its results." "The unexpected success of the Hugonots," it is said in the *Œconomies Royales de Sulli*, "changed the opinion of the government at once, as likewise their form of attack; taking the resolution to get rid of the Hugonots by less apparent arms."

"*Sans nuls desseins arrêtes, de la Sainte Barthélemy*," says Tavannes, who ought to know, "*quoique les ignorans ayent écrits*"[2]

It should likewise be remarked here, that if such designs were actually entertained, it is certain the Pope and the King of Spain were not in the confidence. The Nuncio and the Spanish Ambassador threw every obstacle in the way of the conclusion of the treaty; the Spanish Ambassador going so far as to promise the King 3,000 cavalry and 6,000 infantry, with which to exterminate the Hugonots, would he but continue the war. Castlenau says, "*la paix après avoir été différée quelques temps par les belles remonstrances du Pape et promesses de l'Ambassadeur d'Espagne, qui offroit à sa Majesté* 3,000 *chevaux et* 6,000 *hommes de pied pour l'extermination des Huguenots.*" . . . De Thou, in mentioning this fact, remarks—either that the design was not at this time contemplated, or that the King of Spain was ignorant of what was designed, or perhaps that the Queen alone, without the knowledge of the King, had formed her own project with Birague and Gondi.

[1] He alludes to Damville and Cossé, to whose secret favouring of the Hugonots he attributes the extraordinary resurrection of their power.

[2] Without any fixed design of the Saint Bartholomew, whatever people ignorant of the matter may have written.

What share Charles himself bore in the intended treachery is a second and interesting question which has never been satisfactorily answered. Some few have been inclined to compassionate this most unhappy Prince, and to consider him as the victim of his own hasty passions and of the dark intrigues of those around him, while, by the generality he has been held up as the most treacherous and execrable monster that ever wore a crown. There is considerable reason for believing that historians, blinded by a sort of passionate indignation at this unheard of treachery and cruelty—feelings which cannot but be considered as both natural and pardonable—have been in some measure unjust to the character of the wretched Charles. It appears, I think, unnecessary to add to the charge of brutal violence, cruelty, and infamous breach of faith, that of a cold perseverance in a plan of insidious deception, which seems inconsistent with his years or with his fiery character.

The reasons which seem to justify the opinion of the King's sincerity at this time and upon the occasion of this Pacification, are first—that so far from being upon terms of good understanding with the Queen-Mother and the Duke d'Anjou during this period, it is well known that he was extremely anxious to shake off the authority of the one, and extremely jealous of the reputation of the other, whose military career he seemed determined to arrest at any price. And secondly—that finding himself incapable of opposing by his own unassisted weight the high Catholic faction with which the Queen and the Duke d'Anjou were so closely bound up, it is not at all improbable that he should do—what had so often been done beforee—ndeavour, during the Court intrigues which succeeded this peace, to maintain himself by having recourse to the Reformed party. That those about him believed

him to be sincere in his advances to the Hugonots, cannot be doubted. Castlenau and Biron, employed in these negotiations, were neither of them men to bear a part in a scheme of treachery. Coligny and his son-in-law, Teligny, it is certain, were satisfied of the King's good faith and relied upon it implicitly; and it is scarcely to be believed, that a man so rough and violent as was Charles, could prove so accomplished a dissembler, that during nearly two years of intimate communication, not a suspicion of the truth should cross the minds of men so well experienced in the world.

The Queen, it may also be remembered, with all her art and insinuation, and with the advantage of being exposed to much less frequent observation, was unable to inspire them with equal confidence. In addition to the above reasons, we have the express evidence of Tavannes, whose Memoirs betray so much jealousy of the influence Coligny had acquired, that it is impossible to doubt his sincerity. He not only asserts, that the King was in total ignorance of what was intended until a few hours before its execution, but paints in so lively a manner the irresolutions and vacillations of the Queen herself, that we almost regard Catherine herself as a victim impelled forward against her will by the bloody faction on which she had bestowed her confidence.[1]

[1] Mezeray says, "On parlait diversement des motifs que la cour a eu. La Reine-Mère vouloit qu'on creut qu'elle avait considéré les prières des Princes d'Allemagne, et les conseils de l'Empereur—quelques uns imaginerent qu'elle avoit fait la paix pour songer au marriage du Roi .... plusieurs croient, avec apparence, que cette Princesse aimoit les divertissemens,et les plaisirs, s'ennuyoit d'être toujours dans les troubles et dans une agitation perpetuelle. D'autres plus pénétrans croyoient que ses ententions étoient à desavouer les Huguenots lasses des misères de la guerre, et qu'elle pensoient à endormir peu à peu pour les faire tomber plus aisément dans les pièges que les conjonctures à venir lui donneroit occasion de leur tendre ..... l'évènement sembloit avoir confirmé ce soupçon, quoiqu'il y ait apparence que les divers intêrets et les differens esprits qui contribuerent à un si terrible conseil en firent souvent changer les projets, et les resolutions."—Mezeray, tome vi. p. 244.

On the other hand, Brantôme charges Charles with the treachery to its full extent; and he speaks, no doubt, the opinion current among the Catholics; and various anecdotes are on record of the King's expressions, which support the same idea.

To reconcile these difficulties, it has been thought by some, that the King at first shared in the secret councils of his mother; but that being thrown into personal communication with Coligny, his sentiments altered; and that the conduct and appearances of friendship prescribed as an act of dissimulation, became at length the genuine expression of those sentiments with which the Admiral had inspired him. This opinion may possibly be correct. Few, who examine the history of the ensuing years, can entertain a doubt that Charles was sincere in his later professions of confidence and esteem for Coligny and his party. The reluctance with which he consented to the massacre—his horrors at the time—the subsequent total change in his character and temper—his sleepless nights, his agitated days—display the intensity of his regret and remorse. For he, if my impression be just, exceeding in this the guilt of the others, had betrayed the man he really loved and really trusted—while they at least only beheld detested enemies in those they saw massacred around them. In the agonies of his distress he was deploring those whom he knew to have been his friends and his allies, while they considered themselves delivered from their greatest enemies. This difference in their subsequent feelings is most striking. I have already perhaps enlarged upon this subject, which appears to me so interesting, beyond the limits consistent with this slight work; but on consulting the Abbé le Laboureur, his ideas appear to me so just, and coincide so exactly with my own, that I shall insert them.

"*Catherine de Medicis traita le Duc d'Anjou comme*

Janet pinx. F. Wageman del. F. Radclyffe sc.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

Queen of France.

ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN HIS POSSESSION.

le mieux aimé de tous ses enfans, le rendit capable d'ambition, et lui inspira de grands desseins, pour lesquels ils trouverent tous deux à propos, de le rendre chef du parti Catholique, en qualité de Lieutenant-Général du Roy son frère. Ses victorieux exploits ayant eu le succés qu'ils desiroient il ne se defierent pas sans sujet de la jalousie du Roi—qui n'avoit point une joye entière de tant d'avantages—qui se degoûta enfin d'une si étroite intelligence—et qui peut être se fit tort d'avoir temoigné trop ouvertement ses sentimens car cela redoubla les soupçons de la Reine qui continua d'instruire le Duc son fils dans des maximes plus étrangères que Françoises, et de gouverner l'état conformément à leurs interets : c.à d. de fomenter les divisions—d'entretenir l'esprit du Roi dans le trouble et dans la defiance, et de le réduire par le peu de plaisir qu'il prenoit à entendre parler de ses affaires, à en redouter les soins, et à vivre mollement parmi les delices où l'on l'amusoit . . . . il sceurent neanmoins qu'il ne laissoit pas d'etre susceptible des conseils ambitieux, mais principalement quand il écouta les propositions que l'Amiral, que la paix avoit rapproché, lui donnoit de faire la guerre en Flandres, pour recevoir sous son obéissance les villes du Pays Bas ; et ce fut le plus pressant motif qui les determina au massacre de la Saint Barthélemy pour changer tout d'un coup la face des affaires. Il y'avoit long temps que la Reine et son fils avoient, avec la maison de Guise, conjuré la perte de l'Amiral ; toutefois c'étoit sans avoir convenu du temps et de l'occasion, jusqu' à ce qu'ils s'aperçussent qu'il avoit gagné l'ésprit du Roi, qui lui donnoit de trop favorables audiences—le Duc en êrut etre certain un jour qu'entrant dans la chambre du Roi—qui se promenoit familièrement avec l'Amiral, il le vit changer de visage à son arrivée ; et de serein qu'il étoit auparavant, reprendre la fureur de ses yeux, porter la main sur la

garde du poignard et faire de mines qui le fit aussitôt retirer tout en desordre pour en parler les nouvelles à la Reine: elle lui dit qu'il ne falloit plus marchander. . . *Après la sortie de l'Amiral elle vint avec un visage melée de serieux et de gayeté demander au Roi ce qu'il avoit appris d'une si longue conversation — 'J'ay appris, Madame,' luy dil il, en blasphémant, 'que je n'ay point de plus grands ennemis que vous et mon frère.' . . . Comme ce changement étoit à redouter de tous ceux qui étoient du gouvernement, s'etant aussitot assemblé au mandement de la Reine—on conclut sur le champ avec elle qu'il se falloit défaire de l'Amiral—d'abord on ne pensa sinon le faire assassiner mais n'ayant été que blessé le bruit qu'en firent les Huguenots servoit infiniment à menager le consentement du Roi sur le point de l'executiou du dessein qui fut pris ensuite, de faire le carnage de tout ceux de ce party."*[1]

I have made small use of the Hugonot authors in this short examination, they are upon this question of little authority, being evidently blinded by indignation, and undistinguishing in their accusations. Conviction upon questions of this nature, so long undecided, it is impossible to arrive at, but there is satisfaction in reflecting that the matter is rather interesting than important, for it is not so much the motives which impel, as the consequences which result from given actions which furnish the most useful speculations in history.[2]

The story of the two years which intervened between

[1] Mém. de Castlenau, additions of Le Laboureur, t. iii. p. 30, 31.

[2] M. de Lacretelle, in a long note upon this subject, in which he widely differs from the view taken in this little book, seems to forget the jealousy which certainly existed on the part of Charles towards his brother, he rejects the authority of Tavannes, and prefers the Italian authors. We have already mentioned why the evidence of these is to be suspected. Tavannes we cannot help regarding as excellent authority, to say nothing of an irresistible air of truth which his narrative bears.

the period at which we are arrived, and what may be considered as the catastrophe of this part of the narrative, will now be continued with little further remark or interruption, premising, that though nothing can be more extremely easy than to form, as Davila has done, a clear and well connected story, by bending every circumstance to a preconceived opinion, nothing can be more difficult than to steer with fidelity through the monstrous contradictions which perplex what is really known of this extraordinary business. The variations of historians on this subject, "prove," says an excellent French author,[1] "how difficult it is at the period we are now examining to establish the truth of the facts. Contemporary authors contradict each other respectively, often retracting what they themselves have asserted. The cause of these contradictions, as it appears to us, is easy to assign. Charles IX., naturally violent and quite inexperienced, and having no fixed plan of administration, changed continually according to the impressions which he received. This Prince, most truly to be pitied, was surrounded by vicious people, and distrusting every one, seemed often to destroy in the evening plans which had been constructed in the morning. Add to this the spirit

He is, in fact, if we except the account of Miron from the mouth of the Duke d'Anjou, which confirms him, the only writer we have who was art and part in the business. His son evidently feels both shame and remorse, and is anxious to lighten the burden as much as possible, yet he invariably affirms the King's sincerity with regard to the Admiral, and never once represents him as the mover of this affair, though a royal order would at that time of day have been held a sanction for almost any enormity. The excessive dissimulation which M. de Lacretelle attributes to Charles, appears to me incredible, and the blindness of the Admiral equally so. Coligny, in spite of every sinister appearance, relied implicitly upon the good faith of the King, and I think nothing but truth could have fixed in his mind so rooted a conviction.

M. Capefigue, though differing from the views I entertain in many respects, agrees with the opinion given above.

[1] Annotations on Castlenau, Mem. Tavannes.

of party—and the key may be found to those vacillations which reign among the authorsof the time, and to the formal contradictions which they make to each other's statements."

A slight sketch of the materials which composed, what, for want of a better name, must be called the government of France, will, perhaps help to illustrate the relation which follows. The cabinet, so long divided between the faction of the Guises and the more moderate party, had at length yielded to the ascendancy of the extraordinary abilities of the Cardinal de Lorraine. Since the death of Montmorenci he had possessed the Queen's ear, and she was now almost entirely under his influence, and consequently in the hands of the high Catholic party. Of these last, Gondi, Birague, and Tavannes, shared her most secret confidence; and sympathised with her in a certain jealousy, with which the all-powerful Cardinal and his aspiring house were regarded.

It was to balance the formidable power of the Guises that the Queen had elevated the Duke d'Anjou, in the hopes, also, through his means to oppose the Hugonot Princes of the blood; and to defend her authority even against the King himself, should he be inclined as years advanced, to assert his independence and resist her dominion. The Duke, indolent, uncertain, and devoted to pleasure, seems at this time to have shared in all the violence and prejudices of the high Catholics. But with the King it was not so, the passionate exasperation to which he had been excited against the Reformed during the war, was being fast obliterated by feelings still more irritating, and the occasion of which lay yet nearer home—namely, his jealousy of a brother whose reputation he envied, and whose power (calling him a "second king,") he dreaded—the mingled impatience and fear with which he endured,

rather than submitted to, the yoke of his mother —and the secret hatred which he bore to the Duke de Guise.

As for the house of Guise itself, how far the wide ambition of their designs might even now extend, it would be difficult to say. Irresponsible and unbounded authority under the King's name, might at present be its limits, without aspiring as yet to the title, with the dominion of a sovereign. The other members of the Catholic cabal appear to have been led—Gondé and Birague, by a mean truckling to the passions of their masters—and Tavannes, to whom we must add the Dukes of Nevers and Montpensier, by a brutal and stupid detestation of the Reformed; so that, whatever opinion may be entertained of the sentiments of the King, and of the vacillating intentions of the Queen-Mother, there can be but one as to the designs of the above faction.

The peace having been signed, a calm, the most complete, seemed for a short moment to settle over the kingdom. All parties weary of the bloody contention, appeared inclined to pause and take breath: and to the general distraction succeeded as general a tranquillity.—Brief interval of repose!

The young Princes and Coligny to show their alacrity in conforming to the conditions of the treaty, had set out even before it was signed, in order to reconduct the Count de Mansfeldt and his Germans to the frontiers; they had attended them to Langres, where they parted, and leaving the Marquis de Revel to accompany them to Pont à Mousson, they had returned to La Charité.

But from La Charité, to the surprise and disappointment of the government, instead of retiring as had been the case on former occasions, to their country-houses—dissolving the confederacy, and resuming the character of

private individuals, the Admiral, with the chiefs of the party, crossed the Limousin, and repaired to La Rochelle. Here the Queen of Navarre still continued to reside, and here Henry, having first made the tour of his dominions to receive the oaths of allegiance from his mother's subjects, and arrange the affairs of his government, soon after rejoined them.

Distrusting the good faith of a cabinet by which they had so frequently been betrayed, and suspicious of those fair appearances upon which they had so often relied in vain, they had resolved to maintain instead of dissolving the union, and to increase its strength and ensure its permanency by every means in their power. Having proved, by repeated experience, that the best—nay, the only policy—to be pursued in order to secure their very existence, was to overawe the government into good behaviour. For this purpose, as Sulli tells us in his Œconomies Royalles, "As a means of establishing among their party a better correspondence, and giving a more solid foundation and consistency to their affairs, they resolved to take up their residence permanently at La Rochelle,[1] in which place the business of the Confederacy could be henceforwards carried on with much the same regularity as during the war; and within the walls of which they could alone consider themselves in security and out of the reach of their enemies." And thus the cruel and impolitic system adopted by the government and legal authorities of France, in this grand crisis of opinions, had at length resulted in establishing a complete disunion among the people under their control; and in the establishment of what was in fact little less than an independent republic in the very centre of the kingdom—a republic possessing its own capital city, and seat of government.

[1] Sulli, Œconomies Royalles.

"This turn of affairs appears never to have entered into the calculations of the cabinet, who seem to have speculated with certainty upon the usual dispersion of the Hugonot chiefs as soon as the Pacification should be signed, and that they would thus lie entirely at their mercy, and might be arrested or exterminated with comparative facility.

"But these prudent resolutions, on the part of the Hugonots, were soon, and too lightly changed," adds Sulli, "for the most subtle of the Court, judging what was their design, resolved to employ every invention to break it."

To withdraw the Calvinists from La Rochelle, and to dismember this powerful confederacy, henceforward became the leading object of the Cabinet, and neither caresses nor promises, nor arguments apparently the most convincing—were spared to effect the purpose.

The Court had returned to its usual round of amusements, to which indeed the dismal tragedies enacted around had only appeared to give a new zest. The remark of an old historian of the time was, as Capefigue observes, but too truly verified. "It was," says he, "the reign of Francis I.[1] repeated with additional licentiousness, and without that varnish of gallantry which in that period somewhat concealed its grossness. Life was passed in balls, masquerades, *noëls de nuit, astrologie, pompes parfumées, jongleries, duels de sang, tables accablées de mêts delicatement preparées.*" The Italian cooks of Catherine de Medicis were celebrated for their knowledge in gastronomy.

Many of the amusements were rude, not to say brutal; and the wild ungoverned, almost furious, temper of the King is displayed in the anecdotes retained of his sports.

[1] Capefigue, Hist. de la Reforme.

The marriage of the King with Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, which took place on November 26th of this year, furnished occasion for the display of extraordinary magnificence and festivity. This marriage was, in itself, a sort of compromise between the contending parties. In 1569, the Queen-Mother had almost concluded a treaty with Philip for the Infanta; but, under the influence of the new policy—whatever that might be—this plan was abandoned, and the daughter of the Emperor, a prince far more tolerant in his opinions than the King of Spain, was decided upon. The marriage was celebrated with much pomp, in order, Capefigue implies, to dazzle the eyes of the people of Paris, and incline them to look favourably upon an alliance of this description.

Car Madame la Royne Isabeau n'étoit point Huguenote, mais elle vivoit dans le pays de cette maudite hérésie.[1]

"The King commanded M. le Prevost to multiply the entertainments"—the 26th November—"*Messieurs de la ville*, accompanied by the counsellors, quarteniers, and others, went to the church of Nôtre Dame, to assist at the high mass for a blessing upon the marriage; and, after the said high mass, a dinner at the Hôtel de Ville, as usual in such cases, was prepared. And before the said hostel there was a pyramid of wood, very great and lofty, for a *feu de joie*, where there were rockets and *lances à feu;* and after dinner, in the said Hôtel de Ville, there were a great quantity of the dames et demoiselles of the bourgeoisie assembled, to whom, at about three of

[1] Madame, the Queen Elizabeth, it is true, was not a Hugonot, but she came from a country infected with this cursed heresy.— Registres de l'Hotel de Ville, fol. 21.

the clock, was offered a collation of *confitures, dragées, pâtisseries de toutes sortes, et autres choses en tel cas requirés,* with excellent instruments of music; and then the said *feu de joie* was lighted, and the artillery sounded, and a ton of wine was broached for the people in the Place de Grève; and certain pleasant words were published by the crier; and things were very dexterously and well done and executed, to the great joy of the people, who thus demonstrated the contentment they had in this marriage."

When their Majesties made their entrance into Paris, they were met by deputies from the six *corps de marchands,* twenty-four in number, "clothed in robes of divers coloured velvets, who bore the canopy over his Majesty the King; and all the way their Majesties were to take, there were triumphal arches richly ornamented. At the Porte St. Denis, by which his Majesty entered, there was made a rustic gateway, *à la Toscane,* dedicated to the antique origin of the kings of France, ... and all sorts of pictures and architectures, ... finer than ever had been before seen, and it looked like nature herself, because of the various herbs, and snails, and lizards, mixed therewith—*ce dont les spectateurs estoient en singulier admiration.*[1]

"The Queen was in an open litter, covered within and without with cloth of silver, and the mules which bore it covered also with cloth of silver. The said Queen being clothed in a surcoat of ermine, covered with jewels of very great, excellent, and inestimable value; wearing on her head a crown of gold, enriched with an infinitude of pearls and precious stones. And *Messieurs les frères du Roi* were most richly dressed, and mounted upon great

[1] Registres de l'Hôtel de Ville, from Capefigue.

Spanish horses superbly harnessed.[1] *Messieurs de la ville* made most fine and notable harangues, and presented the Queen with a buffet of silver gilt, of very great value for the excellence of its chiselled work, and for the beauty of the histories wherewith it was adorned. *Messieurs ses frères*, and the other great lords, went to the ball, which was truly magnificent; then with the Queen they all passed into the hall, where was the collation, where was an infinite number of all sorts of *confitures*, dry and liquid, *diversité de dragées, massepains biscuits*, and other singularities of that sort, and there was every kind of fruit to be found in the wide world, whatever its season, and every sort of meat; and every sort of fish, all executed in sugar, and quite true to nature —even the dishes were made of sugar."[2]

The following was among the songs made upon the occasion :—

Le Roi vestu estoit
En habit excellent;
La robe qu'il portoit,
Fine toile d'argent,
Brodée richement
De perles fort valables,
Tant que son vestement
Estoit inestimable.

Premier dix sept rangs
Des lansquenets marchoient,
Vestu d'incarnat blanc
Et gris; puis les suivoient
Les Souysses par honneur;
Tant du Roi que ses frères
Portant de leur seigneur,
Les couleurs contumières.

[1] In the Lenoir collection are some drawings representing Henry II. and his sons, at several times, thus dressed and mounted; the effect of the whole is very magnificent.

[2] Registres de l'Hôtel de Ville, from Capefigue.

Tambourins et trompettes,
Hautbois et violons,
D'une hauteur parfaicte,
Faisoient tendir les sons ;
Marchoient en bel arroy,
Les chevaliers de l'ordre,
Ceux du conseil du Roi,
Les suivoient en bel ordre.[1]

The turbulent city of Paris was it seems in high good humour. The principal nobility of the kingdom attended also to display at once their loyalty and their magnificence, but the Calvinist gentlemen were not to be found among them, in spite of the repeated and most pressing invitations of the King. Cautious and distrustful they held back, excusing their non-attendance upon the unsettled state of the country, the impossibility of travelling in safety without a powerful escort, and the umbrage they should give if they appeared with one. "They did wisely," says the Abbé Perau"—on what authority I know not—"for orders had been given to arrest the principal of them immediately upon their arrival."

The doubt and suspicion which hung over the public mind, with regard to the intentions of the King and his Cabinet, are illustrated by the address which upon the 23rd December of 1570, Charles received from the ambassadors of those German Princes, who were ancient allies of France, namely, the Elector Palatine, the Dukes of Saxony, Brandenburg, Brunswick, Wirtemberg, and Mecklenberg, the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Margrave of Baden. This address accompanied their congratulations upon his marriage. It dwelt long upon the advantages of *good faith, adherence to promises*, and upon impartial justice, and equal protection for all. "Con-

[1] Chanson Nouvel des Maz. faits au Mariage du Roi et de Mad. Eliz. de l'Austriche.—Capefigue.

[2] Abbé Perau, vie de Coligny.

sider, sire," said they, "that the multitude of a people is as the wise man sayeth the crown of a prince. . . . . That the first law imposed by God and nature upon a king, is the preservation of his subjects. That *those who would lead you to break your faith*, saying it is impossible for a state to subsist wherein there is diversity of religion, speak what they do not believe, or are ignorant of what has and does take place in the most flourishing empires." Turkey and Poland are quoted in support of this last assertion; and the examples of the Emperors Charles V., Ferdinand, and Maximilian II., held out to prove the wisdom and advantages of toleration.

Charles made a reserved and cautious answer, saying, that he was aware the Emperor had spared no pains to preserve the tranquillity of Christendom, and that it would give him pleasure to second the excellent intentions of that Prince,

In spite, however, of these flattering appearances, the Calvinists soon saw cause to rejoice in the prudence of their resolutions. Their short-lived tranquillity was speedily disturbed by a renewal of those popular violences in different parts of the kingdom which destroyed all the comfort and security of private life, and which were still evidently fomented or at least connived at by the government. "Either the King intentionally broke his word," says Tavannes, "or the irrepressible hatred of the Catholics caused massacres in various places." At Orange, the people, incited by the monks, broke out into the most terrible disorders—the commotion lasted three days, and the streets were filled with the dead and wounded Hugonots—many of them women. This sedition was at length put down by Damville. At Rouen and Dieppe similar violences took place, with this additional and alarming feature, that a body of the King's troops

were themselves concerned in them. In contempt of the Edict the authorities of her own town of Lectoure obstinately refused admission to the Queen of Navarre. The castle of St. Valery was withheld from the young Prince de Condé, and Villars—the inveterate and cruel enemy of the Hugonots—was appointed, in spite of all Henry's representations to the contrary, as his lieutenant in the government of Guyenne.

And yet, when Teligny, Briquemaud, and Cavagnes were dispatched from La Rochelle to make representations upon these subjects, the King received them with the utmost kindness, and met their demands with every appearance of fairness and cordiality. He treated Teligny—who united indeed the most sweet and engaging manner, to great good sense and spirit—with the utmost favour, and even affection.[1] The seditions were immediately made the subject of enquiry; several Catholics upon that account were sentenced to death, and at Rouen two of these sentences were executed; while the Maréchal de Cossé, a known friend of the Hugonots, was sent by the King to La Rochelle to confer upon, and arrange any difficulties that might have arisen in carrying the Edict of Peace into execution. Everything tended to inspire confidence, and to evince the King's sincere desire to maintain tranquillity. Teligny, moreover, found the family of Montmorenci—especially the Maréchal, the long-

[1] Teligny was universally beloved and esteemed, more especially by the Admiral, who, though owing to the extravagance of his father he was extremely poor, bestowed upon him his eldest daughter Louisa de Coligny, a lovely and accomplished woman. *Qui gagnoit l'amour de chacun par une parole douce et charmante, et l'estime générale par un raisonment fort et une bonté angelique.* The Admiral advised his daughter to choose Teligny in these words, "*Pour les bonnes et rares qualités que je connois en lui, je lui donne ce conseil pour ce que j'ai pensé que ce sera son bien et contentement . . . que l'on doit plustôt chercher en toutes choses qae les grands biens et richesses.*" Louisa de Coligny, after the death of Teligny at the St. Bartholomew, married the Prince of Orange.

tried friend of Coligny—in high and unusual favour at court.

At the commencement of January, 1571, the conferences were opened at La Rochelle between the Admiral, the Queen, and Prince of Navarre, and the principal Hugonots upon the one side, and the Maréchal de Cossé and two other commissioners upon the other. The Maréchal appeared anxious to smooth every difficulty, but he complained of the want of confidence manifested by the Hugonot nobility; of their absenting themselves from Court and shutting themselves up thus in a corner of the kingdom; and that as it was reported, levies of troops, were being made among them, which occasioned fresh complaints every day.

He was answered, that the readiness with which the Hugonots had dismissed their reisters was a sufficient pledge of the sincerity of their intentions; and that the necessity for the levy of a few troops arose from their vicinity to their acknowledged and bitter enemy the Marquis de Villars, who lay with a considerable body of forces in their neighbourhood. As for their residence at La Rochelle its necessity was lamented, but no intention was intimated of departing from the present system.

The parties having, however, exchanged assurances of good faith and of an earnest desire to maintain peace, the Maréchal returned to court.

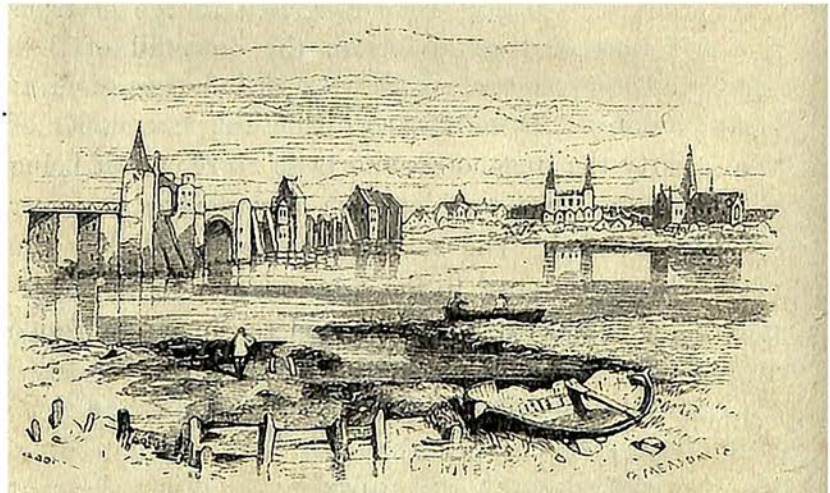
Soon afterwards Teligny and his companions returned from Paris to La Rochelle. They gave the most flattering report of the King's dispositions—more especially as regarded the war in Flanders; where the Prince of Orange was once more endeavouring to make head against the tyranny of the Duke of Alva. The King, they said, had shown a strong desire to take

advantage of the dissensions in that country, and by supporting the malcontents, to wrest from Spain those provinces on the frontiers, so long the object of ambition.

Nothing could be suggested more flattering to the hopes and wishes both of Coligny and the Queen of Navarre, than such a scheme. No stronger pledge of the King's good faith could by possibility be offered than this; for the revolted Flemings and the Hugonots of France had been long united in one common cause—and the triumph of one almost infallibly ensured the safety of the other. A quarrel with Spain would prove that a termination had been put to that fatal influence which had so long been exercised to the destruction of France, and would ensure the downfall of that party in the government, which to such influence owed in great measure its power:—and during the ascendancy of which party the Hugonots could taste no repose, it being impossible to place confidence in any pledges, however solemnly attested. The subject became immediately one of the deepest interest to the Admiral, and it was determined that Count Ludovic, who had continued to reside at La Rochelle, should proceed to court without delay, endeavour to negotiate for his brother, and make some trial of the good dispositions of the King. Count Ludovic was received by Charles at Lezigni en Brie with great cordiality though in secret; their conferences, for greater security, being held in a garden.[1] The King expressed the greatest ardour for the war, and a wish that the Admiral should take the command, and Count Ludovic was at this time, whether justly or not, certainly convinced of his sincerity.

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

It may be remarked of these secret conferences, that they were in themselves a warrant of such sincerity. If acting in concordance with the designs of his perfidious cabinet, why was the proposed plan for a Flemish war to be kept a secret from them? Why did they not appear to concur in that good understanding which, if so considered, was but their own bait to their own snare!



VIEW OF POISSY.

CHAPTER II.

BIRON AT LA ROCHELLE.—MARRIAGE OF THE ADMIRAL—PROPOSALS OF AN ALLIANCE WITH THE KING OF NAVARRE. — PRINCESS MARGARET.—QUEEN OF NAVARRE AT COURT.

In the meantime Biron arrived at La Rochelle, the bearer of the most flattering proposals. The presence of one esteemed so true a friend of justice and moderation was in itself sufficient to inspire confidence. After dwelling at large upon the good inclinations of the King, and his determination to maintain the Edict—upon the favour which the Queen and Prince of Navarre would find him inclined to show, if they approached his person—upon his desire to place confidence in Coligny, and to employ him in affairs of the first importance—he made those proposals which Sulli, in the *Œcumenies royalles* so feelingly laments, as the cause which induced his friends to abandon their first prudent resolutions.

To cement a fusion of parties upon which the King and Queen-Mother were, he asserted, alike intent,[1] Biron proposed a marriage between the Prince of Navarre and Mad. Marguerite, youngest sister of the King with a dowry of 400,000 crowns,[2] and an alliance between Mary,

[1] Œconomies Royalles, Sulli.

[2] This project of the marriage of Margaret, so far from being the insidious suggestion of the Cabinet, was, as she informs us in her own Memoirs, first proposed by the Maréchal de Montmorenci. It cannot be doubted, if this be true—with the views here alleged by Biron, and with the most perfect good faith.

third co-heiress of Cleves, and the Prince de Condé. This Princess had been educated herself in the Reformed religion, though her family were Catholic.[1] The King likewise offered his services to promote a marriage now in agitation between Coligny and the Countess d'Enstremont, a lady of very large possessions in Savoy, and which marriage had been opposed by the Duke of Savoy, on account of the Admiral's religion and party.[2]

The resolution which the King had taken to assist the Prince of Orange and the confederates in Flanders formed the subject of the other proposals. Biron asserted, that Charles had determined to make war upon Spain, until the feudalities of Flanders, Artois, &c., should be restored. But that he would undertake nothing without the assistance of the Admiral; it being his desire not only to be guided by his counsels, but to make use of his influence in order to attach the Hugonot gentlemen to his standards. With this view it was his intention to nominate him chief of this enterprise, under the title of Viceroy.

To add weight to these proposals the King professed

[1] Upon the death of the Duke of Nevors at Dreux, his titles and estates fell to his three sisters. The eldest, who carried the title, bestowed the duchy of Nevers upon Louis Gonzago, in gratitude for the attachment he had displayed, at a time when, without beauty and with small expectations, she was generally disregarded. The second, Catherine, married, first, the Prince de Porcian, and was now married, *en second noces*, to the Duke de Guise, though her first husband, it is said, with tears, entreated her upon his death-bed not to give him a successor in his most cruel enemy. The third, Mary, married Henry II., Prince of Condé. She was of extreme beauty, and is the princess afterwards so idolatrously loved, and ridiculously mourned by Henry III.

[2] Jacqueline d'Enstremont, widow of Claude de Basternay, a rich heiress of one of the first houses of Savoy, moved, as some say, by admiration for the Admiral, and willing to be the "Marcia to this new Cato;" by others, in consequence of an attachment which had been disappointed in their youth, wished now to unite her fate with his. The Duke of Savoy opposed the marriage, and forbad by an edict any of his subjects from intermarrying with foreigners, unless by his express consent, under pain of confiscation of all their property. The King's good offices, and all representations on her part proving fruitless, the Countess married Coligny in defiance of the edict, and forfeited her estates. There is a beautiful portrait of this lady in the Lenoir collection.

a determination to renew the ancient alliances of the French crown with the Protestant Princes of Germany, and to cement that with England by the marriage of the Duke d'Anjou with its Queen. A measure that would not only secure to the Hugonots the protection of their best ally, but at the same time remove from the head of affairs one so justly regarded with jealousy, both by the Sovereign and by the Reformed party.

Biron was followed by the Maréchal de Cossé, who was the bearer of a letter from the Maréchal de Montmorenci, urging upon the Admiral and the Queen of Navarre all these considerations; and acquainting them with the present state of parties at court. The letters enlarged upon the apparent decline in the influence of the house of Guise—the disfavour with which, on many accounts, the young Duke de Guise more especially, was regarded by the King — the growing favour of the house of Montmorenci and moderate party—the secret dissatisfaction of Charles, and the desire which might be detected in him to shake off his mother's fetters, and assert his independence by favouring the Protestants. To these considerations were added the flattering reports with which Teligny once more returned from court. He brought the most affectionate letters, written in the King's own hand, inviting the Admiral to return, and promising a good reception. The Queen-Mother wrote in the following terms: "The King, her son, had need of the Admiral's good counsels, and those of the other great Lords who were attached to him—and that it was a deplorable thing to see the Princes of the blood-royal of France so long alienated from the Court and society of their own rank. She had entreated the deputies to devise the means of reuniting them with each other;

adding, that if those of Guise were irreconcilable they must be sent about their business."[1]

Coligny now ceased to hesitate. Whatever might be the secret doubts and misgivings of his mind, it was impossible for such a man to suffer a regard for his mere personal safety to interfere with the important objects —both as respected his country and his party—now presented to his view. To overthrow that dreaded faction which had exercised so baneful an influence over the destinies of France—to destroy those fatal understandings which had, during so many years, rendered his country the slave and victim of the Spanish tyrant—to restore his party to their due and just importance in the state—himself to return to the allegiance after which his heart was yearning—and once more exercise, under the authority and for the benefit of his Sovereign, powers to which circumstances had given so fatal a direction! Motives such as these were not to be resisted, and the Admiral consented to leave La Rochelle and join the Court, which was then residing at Blois.

The Queen of Navarre listened with more reluctance to the proposals made for her son. Flattering as was the prospect of such an alliance with the daughter of France, and she, a princess of extraordinary accomplishments and great beauty, the Queen hesitated. It might be on religious grounds, for we find she consulted her ministers though these were admitted to so general an interference upon all matters, military and political, as well as religious, that the subject-matter of the appeal cannot thence be decided. It might be that she distrusted the character of one formed in such a Court, and by such a hand. She answered Biron cautiously, saying, that an affair of this importance required deliberation; that she

[1] De l'Estat de la France sous Charles IX., 1571.

did not know whether her conscience would suffer her to profit by the advantages held out—that she would consult her ministers; ending with the most respectful acknowledgments and submissions.

Of Henry's own sentiments upon the occasion we are left in total ignorance; so little, according to the customs in these matters then and since prevailing in France, were they to be consulted. That his heart at least was not at his own disposal we know, for it was already in the possession of the beautiful Corisande d'Andouins Countess de Guiche. Some of his letters to her, bearing this date, still exist; and he appears to have cherished for her an affection which, endured with constancy—though without the slightest pretence at fidelity—for a great number of years.

The negotiations of which we have spoken lasted several months, during which the little capital and Court —if it may be so called—of La Rochelle presented a scene of peace, happiness, and almost of festivity—strikingly contrasted with the alarms and distractions of the late war. During this period the marriages of Coligny with the Countess d'Enstremont, and of his daughter Louisa with Teligny were celebrated: and it is said, even the rigid Jeanne herself, yielding to the influence of the tender passion, contracted an obscure marriage, which was never avowed.[1]

It was the 11th of September, 1571, before Coligny quitted La Rochelle, and attended, at the express desire of the King, by a train of fifty gentlemen, proceeded to meet Charles at Blois. Returning thus at length to the service of his Sovereign—to confidence and loyalty after his long revolt—his feelings excited to even more than

[1] See Papers of Duplessis Mornay.

their usual sensibility, overpowered his accustomed reserve, as kneeling at the King's feet, and bathing his hands with tears, he poured forth expressions of the most affectionate devotion.[1] He was received with every mark of tenderness and regard. Charles raised and repeatedly embraced him, calling him "his father—and the day the happiest of his existence." Cheek pressed to cheek, and a hand grasped in his own, "*Nous vous tenons cette fois,*" he exclaimed, "*et vous n'eschapperez pas quand vous voudrez.*"[2]

The Queen-Mother and Duke d'Anjou vied with the King in expressions of affectionate cordiality. It is asserted by the Abbé Perau, in his life of Coligny, but he does not give his authority, that at this very moment, it was proposed in the Privy-Council to arrest and make away with him; but that the advice was rejected because it was thought too many of his friends were at large.[3]

To all outward appearance, the Admiral seemed elevated to the summit of royal favour. Charles expressed the greatest possible admiration for his abilities and affection for his person; he lavished his gifts upon the new favourite, gave him 100,000 crowns to repair the ravages committed upon his fine estate at Châtillon; conferred upon him one year's revenue out of the benefices of his brother, the Cardinal de Châtillon, who had recently died in England (under the strongest suspicions of poison;)[4] granted, at his solicitation, a pardon to Villequier, which had been refused to the entreaties of the Queen-Mother and the Duke, and lastly shewed his impartiality or rather fa-

[1] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

[2] D'Aubigné, Davila.

[3] Abbé Perau, vie de Coligny.

[4] The Cardinal de Châtillon was preparing to leave England when he was poisoned, by whose orders or on what account does not appear: but there is no doubt of the fact: and he seems to have been the first victim to the new measures.

vour to the Hugonots, by, at his request, causing the pillar erected over the foundations of the house of the unfortunate Gastines, to be removed,[1] in defiance of the people of Paris. He also wrote, at the Admiral's suggestion, a most pressing letter to the Duke of Savoy in behalf of certain Protestants of la Bresse, who had been deprived of their property in consequence of the civil wars: "I make this request, not with common feelings," wrote the King, "but in the most affectionate manner, it being a thing so just in itself, and so earnestly desired on my part, that I feel assured you will not refuse it."

The Duke de Guise had lately received various mortifications from the King. His passion for the Princess Margaret had met, on the part of Charles, with the most contemptuous repulse, in spite of the extreme tenderness with which it was answered by the Princess. One day in particular, the Duke coming to a splendid assembly, in order to meet the Princess, and being arrayed in all the magnificence which dress and unnumbered jewels could add to his before splendid person, had been stopped at the door-way by the King, who, rudely asking him "why he came there," told him, "he had no occasion for his attendance." "A sentence which, whether true or a feint," says Davila, "struck him so to the heart," *Il che, o'daverro, o fintamente fosse detto, gli penetro nêll animo cosi vivo*:[2] that the very next morning, in order to do

[1] Philip Gastines was a rich merchant, who, having been suspected of allowing private meetings of the Reformed in his house for religious purposes, was hanged with his son and brother-in-law, June 30th, 1569. His house, in obedience to the sentence passed upon him, was demolished, and a cross of stone erected in its place, whereon was engraved a recital of the offence for which he had suffered. After the Peace numerous representations for the removal of this cross were made to the King; they were ineffectual till the Admiral arrived at Court, when an order was given to that effect. But such was the violent opposition of the people of Paris, and such a disposition shown to riots and tumults, that the authorities were obliged to content themselves with privately removing it in the night, and placing it in the Cimetière des Innocens.

[2] Davila, Guerre Civile di Francia.

away with all occasion of displeasure, he married the Princess Catherine of Cleves.

The Duke de Guise could not disguise his jealousy and impatience at the favour of Coligny. This was not diminished, when the King, alleging the danger of collision between such formidable rivals, and his own desire for tranquillity, expressed it to be his pleasure that Guise should for the present retire to his government, to which he accordingly retreated with marked ill-humour. The Cardinal de Lorraine at the same time absented himself on a journey to Rome.—Why? it has been asked. But the question is not easy to answer. Whether was it to explain to the Pontiff the secret object of these caresses—a secret too important to be entrusted to a common messenger—or to prepare a refuge for himself against the apprehended decline and ruin of his house? It is a most suspicious circumstance, that the dispensation for the Princess Margaret's marriage was resolutely refused by the Pope, until after the Cardinal's arrival at Rome.

The Admiral employed his influence, real or supposed, as became a man of probity and honour. Though desirous, on every ground, to emancipate the King from the extraordinary power which his mother still exercised over his mind;[1]—a power so misapplied and so dangerous—he refused to lend himself to that deceit which the King seemed inclined to exercise towards her. Discussing the war in Flanders, "*Mon père,*" said the King, "there is one thing to be attended to—my mother—*qui veut mettre le*

[1] The power Catherine had obtained over her children's minds was extraordinary. Margaret says, "*J'étois nourrie en telle contrainte auprès de la Reine ma mère, que non seulement je ne lui osois parler mais quand elle me regardoit je transisois de peur d'avoir fait quelque chose qui lui deplût;*" and upon the Queen bestowing upon her a mark of confidence, she says, "*les paroles firent ressentir à mon âme un contentement si démésuré qu'il me sembloit que tous les contentemens que j'avois eus jusques alors n'étoient que l'ombre du bien.*"

nez partout,[1] must know nothing of this enterprise, *du moins quant au fonds, car elle gâteroit tout.*" "As you please," replied Coligny, "but I hold her for so good a mother, and so well affected to your interest, that should she know it, *je crois qu' elle ne gâtera rien—joint qu' à lui céler j'y trouve de la difficulté et de l'inconvenient.*" "You deceive yourself, father," said the King; "I see you know nothing at all of my mother, *c'est la plus grande brouilleuse de la terre.*" But Coligny was indefatigable in urging the King to resist the faction which had usurped his authority; and to prosecute the war in Flanders. He shewed that, in addition to its other advantages, this war would afford the means of occupying those intemperate spirits of either party, who having been accustomed to the excitement of the late troubles, felt it difficult to return to tranquillity, and kept the country in a perpetual ferment. He wished, like Bertrand du Guesclin, to lead off these dangerous and turbulent warriors, and employ their activity in foreign contests.

The marriage of the Duke d'Anjou with the Queen of England was likewise the object of his solicitude; but the negotiation, as is well known, failed. The Duke d'Anjou, by the advice of Tavannes, rejected the alliance. Tavannes told him, "the Queen was old and ugly—bade him consider the reception of Philip II., and what treatment he might expect with his hands red with Hugonot blood." There can be little doubt—whatever the motives which influenced Charles in desiring the return of Coligny—that once in his presence, he exercised a very real influence over the King's mind. The loyalty and sincerity of his temper, his rigid principles, and great abilities, were exactly calculated to seize upon the imagination of a man—not naturally of an ungenerous

[1] L'Etoile.

disposition and remarkable for his admiration of talent, however displayed. The virtue and genius of the Admiral contrasted also forcibly and advantageously with the vice and incapacity which surrounded the King. Talking to Teligny one day, he said, "shall I tell you freely, Teligny, that I distrust all these people.—I suspect Tavannes' ambition; Vieilleville loves nothing but good wine; Cossé is a miser; Montmorenci cares only for hunting; De Retz is a Spaniard; *et les autres de ma Cour et Conseil ne sont que bêtes—mes Secretaires d'Etat, pour ne rien céler, ne me sont pas fidèles; si bien qu' á vrai dire je ne sais par quel bout commencer.*"[1] As regards Coligny himself, there is something extremely pathetic in the loyalty and affection with which he welcomed this change of sentiment on the part of his master, and the confidence with which he looked forward to better times. Brantôme relates a conversation that passed between the Admiral, himself, and Strozzi, something later than this. It took place one morning in the Queen's anti-chamber. "He was walking with us, waiting to be admitted to the Queen, who was ill, and in her bed-room;" (a proof of the intimate terms he was upon;) "and began to discourse with us upon the affairs of Flanders, which were going on well, for Mons and Valenciennes had just been surprised, at which he testified extreme joy.—'Now God be praised,' said he, 'all goes on well; before long we shall drive the Spaniard from the Low Countries, and we will make the King their master, or we will perish there; and I, myself, the first of all—for never shall I regret my life lost in so good a cause.' . . . . And what," continues Brantôme, "could the King desire more than such a Cap-

[1] The rest of my Court and Council are but asses; to tell truth even my Secretaries of State are unfaithful; and in short I don't know what handle to take hold of.

tain to destroy such an enemy as he ever considered Spain to be, in spite of the fair appearances she preserved. One who could have brought him 20,000 men, and God knows of the best; and conquered for him a territory as large as a kingdom—for the King—without doubt; for to talk of his wishing to get it for himself, was nonsense; or that he wanted to make himself King of France. He wished it no more than I did. He desired nothing but to hold an important charge under his Sovereign, as he had done under his father. True it is, he was very ambitious *for* his King, and to serve him and make him great."[1]

Charles shewed the greatest anxiety to conclude the alliance between his sister and the Prince of Navarre, and thoroughly persuaded of his sincerity, the Admiral wrote to the Queen Jeanne, urging her to accept the proposal. The King added letters of his own, in which he entreated her to bring her son to court, assuring her most positively, that her religion and her feelings should be respected.[2]

The Queen of Navarre at length yielded to these solicitations, and on February 1st, 1572, unaccompanied, however, by her son, and beginning that journey from which she never returned, set forward upon her way to Court. As she travelled, her coach was passed by that of the Cardinal Alexandrin, hurrying from Italy as legate from the Pope. Pius, perplexed and dissatisfied by what was going on, having charged him by every possible means to break off the intended marriage; and to engage the King in a league newly entered into against the enemies of Christianity.

The manner of the Cardinal's reception by the King is coloured according to the different sentiments of the nar-

[1] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres. [2] Abbé Perau, Mém. de Tavannes.

rators. By some, Charles is represented as listening with indifference to the remonstrances of the legate; by others, as *pressing his hands—presenting him with a valuable diamond,* and exclaiming, "Why am I not permitted to explain myself! *Plut à Dieu, M. le Cardinal, que je pusse tout vous dire, vous connaitrez bientôt aussi que le S. Pontife que rien n'est plus propre pour assurer la religion que' l'extermination de nos ennemis.*" This anecdote rests upon the authority of Capi Lupi alone; and is rendered improbable by the fact, that the Cardinal refused to accept the King's present, so little was he satisfied.

The King, upon the arrival of the Queen of Navarre, loaded her with caresses, calling her *sa grande tante, son tout, sa mieux aimée;* treating her with so much honour and regard that every one was astonished.[1] Some say that upon leaving her he laughed, and asked his mother if he played his part well. "Excellently, my son, if you can persevere." "Let me alone," said he, "you shall see I will bring them all to your net." If this anecdote be well authenticated, we might almost regard it as an attempt upon his part to deceive his mother. "The favour, *non dissimulé,* of the King," says Tavannes, "raised the hopes of the Hugonots."

The rapid progress in the King's favour now making by the Admiral, seems to have alarmed the Queen and the Duke d'Anjou. They sent letters to Tavannes, in haste, begging him to join them at Court, that they might profit by his advice in their present perplexity. Tavannes tells us he tried to break off the marriage. "*Il tâte le nœud de la mariage du Roi de Navarre, essaye de la rompre, tant s'en faut que l'on pensast faire la Sainte Barthelemy à leur noces.*"[2] The Queen-Mother asked him what she should do to get possession of the Queen of

[1] L'Etoile, De Thou, Davila. [2] Mém. de Tavannes.

Navarre's secrets: "*Entre femmes mettez la la première en colère, et ne vous y mettez point, vous apprendrez d'elle, non elle de vous.*"[1]

If Charles all this time dissembled, he was it would seem a far more accomplished dissembler than his mother, for the Queen of Navarre appears early to have detected the ill-will of Catherine, and to have suffered much mortification from her caprice and contemptuous ill-humour. A letter which has been preserved, written to her son, conveys so lively a picture of the Court she was visiting and of her own vexations and anxieties, that the greater part of it shall be inserted, though it be somewhat long.

"My Son,

"I am miserable, and in such extremity that had I not been in some measure prepared for all this, I should be tormented beyond endurance. The haste in which I dispatch the bearer, prevents me sending you so long a discourse as I otherwise would have done, but I have given him several little memoirs and notes which he will explain to you. . . . . One thing I wish especially to inform you of, that I am obliged to negotiate in a manner the very reverse of what I had been led to expect. I have no liberty to speak to Madame,[2] only to the Queen-Mother, *qui me traite à la fourche.*[3] As for Monsieur, he advises me, but very privately—half jokingly, as you know his way is—half hypocritically. As for Madame, I never see her but in the Queen's apartment, no good place—from whence she never stirs, so that I can never speak to her without being overheard. . . . . I have not yet given her your letter, but I will do

[1] Two women—put her the first in a passion, and don't go into one yourself and you will learn of her, not she of you.

[2] Marguerite.

[3] Who treats me shockingly.

so—I mentioned it to her: She is discreet, and always answers in general terms of reverence and obedience to us both, should she become your wife.

"Seeing then, my son, that nothing advances, yet that they wish to hurry me on instead of conducting things in a proper order,[1] I have spoken three times to the Queen; but she only laughs at me, and goes away, and repeats to every one as my words, exactly the reverse of what I have said, so that my friends blame me—*et je ne sçay comment dementir la Reine?*[2] And if I say, 'Madam, such and such expressions are imputed to me,' though she herself invented them, she laughs in my face, *et m'use de tel façon que vous ne pouvez dire que ma patience ne passe celle de Griseledis.* When I represent how different this treatment is from what I had been given reason to expect, she denies everything. The bearer will relate the conversations, and describe my situation.

"When I leave her, I am surrounded by a swarm of Hugonots who talk to me rather as spies than friends, and on whom I must bestow all sorts of fine words to avoid a quarrel. I cannot, however, complain of wanting advice, every one bestows that upon me, and every one different.

"Seeing my hesitation the Queen says she cannot come to an agreement with me, and your people must assemble to find expedients. She has named those persons she wishes to be consulted upon both sides. . . . . I pray you, therefore, my son, to send me my Chancellor (Francourt), for I have no one here who can be equally useful. . . . . The Queen does nothing but laugh, and will yield nothing about the mass, of which she speaks in a

[1] The difficulties here alluded to relate to the religious arrangements and ceremonies which it was difficult to settle, without shocking the prejudices of one or both of the parties.

[2] And how can I gainsay the Queen.

manner she was never used to do. The King, on the other hand, wishes you to write to him, ... but I beg you to understand that what they want is to have you to themselves; therefore think well of it—*car si le Roi l'entreprend, comme l'on dit, j'en suis en grande peine.* . . . . I send this to tell you how they have changed their manner of negotiating, and to insist, upon that account, on the necessity of M. de Francourt coming. If he make any difficulty, persuade him—command him. If you knew the situation I am in, you would pity me—*car l'on me tient tous les rigueurs du monde, et des propos vains et moqueries au lieu de traiter avec moi avec gravité comme le fait merite.* I am so determined not to be angry that I am a miracle of patience . . . . . but I am afraid I shall sink under it, for I am already far from well. I like your letter, and shall show it to Madame; as for her picture I will get it from Paris. She is beautiful, sensible, and graceful; but bred in the wickedest and most corrupted company that ever existed. Every one is infested; your cousin the Marquise, is so changed that she has lost every appearance of religion, except that she does not attend mass. In every other respect but idolatry she lives like one of the Papists; and my sister the Princess is worse.[1] The bearer will tell you the wildness of the King (*comme le Roi s'émancipe*). 'Tis a pity! I would not have you living here for the universe.

"One reason that I desire your marriage is, that you and your wife may escape from all this corruption. I thought it great, I find it far greater. Were you here you could by no possibility escape, save by the abundant grace of God. I send you a bouquet *to put upon your ear*, as you are coming to market (*puisques vous êtes à*

[1] Of Condé no doubt.

vendre), and some *boutons* for your cap. The men wear abundance of jewels—we have bought to the amount of 100,000 crowns for you; and are buying more every day. . . . . I remain in my first opinion that you should return to Bearn.

"My son, you would understand by my first letter, that they only wish to separate you from God and your mother. You will judge as much by this, and of the anxiety I am under on your account. Pray God, my son, for you have much need to do so at all times, more especially at this. I pray him to aid you, my son, and give you all your desires. From Blois this 8th March, 1572. "Your good mother and best friend,

"JEANNE."

"Since writing the above, wanting opportunity to give your letter to Madame, I told her the contents. She said that when these negotiations began every one knew her religion, and that she was much attached to it. I told her those who opened it to us asserted no such thing; that they made light of the difficulty of religion, and even insinuated that she had some affection for ours: that otherwise I had never advanced so far, and prayed her to consider of it. She never answered me upon this subject either so absolutely or so bluntly before; but I think she says what they bid her. . . . . I asked her this evening whether she had anything for you, she answered not a word; but, upon my pressing her, said, she could say nothing without leave. But the other (Catherine) bade me make her compliments (*recommandations*), and tell you to come. *Mais je vous dis le contraire.*"[1]

This letter gives a sufficient idea of the difficulties of the negotiation; but there appears little of that insidious flattery employed, which is intended to delude the victim

[1] From Obs. on Tavannes, 27.

of a previous conspiracy. However that may be, the difficulties the Queen of Navarre speaks of were at last overcome; the 11th of April the marriage articles were signed, and the Queen of Navarre shortly afterwards accompanied the Court to Paris, to make preparation for the reception of her son.

In the meantime the Court and Council were divided; but the favour of the Hugonots appeared hourly upon the increase, and every thing seemed in train for a Spanish war. "*Le Roi,*" says Tavannes, "*n'avoit pas besoin de fiction pour faire croire aux Huguenots, qu' il les favorisoit—désireux de guerre il étoit entièrement à eux.*"[1] He adds, that for this reason the Cardinal de Lorraine and his nephew left the court—"the Sieur de Tavannes alone remaining to oppose the designs of the Admiral;" and remarks, that the Queen had looked upon the rising influence of Coligny at first without apprehension, being sure of the King (*sûr de posséder le Roi*)[2] by the means of her creatures, De Retz and Villequier.

In the month of May Count Ludovic, with the secret approbation of the King, left Paris privately, in order to commence operations in Flanders, by possessing himself of numerous towns on the frontiers, within which he had good intelligences. He was accompanied by several French Hugonot gentlemen, among whom were La Noue and Genlis, avowed by the King's own letters —*advouées par les lettres du Roi*[3]—Mons, Valenciennes, and several of the principal fortresses in Hainault speedily fell into his hands.

Much about the same time a naval armament was pre-

[1] The King was under no necessity of feigning to persuade the Hugonots that he favoured them, he was so set upon the war, that they were all in all with him.

[2] Discours Merveilleux, de la vie de Catherine Medicis.

[3] Mem. Tavannes.

pared at Brouage. Its first destination had been directed against the Spanish settlements in Peru, in order to avenge those injuries committed upon the French possessions in Florida, mentioned before; but the Admiral was using all his influence to alter its direction, in order that it might be employed in a descent upon the coasts of Flanders, in furtherance of his grand design. The command of this armament had been given to Strozzi, one of the nearest of the Queen's Italian connexions, and Tavannes assures us this promotion had more than sufficed to lead her to favour the premeditated enterprise. At the same time the alliances with England were drawn closer than ever; the ancient ones with the German Protestant Princes renewed, and all the late political relations of France appeared upon the point of being reversed. Genlis returned from Mons with a report of the first success obtained in the Low Countries, upon which letters were addressed to several of the French gentlemen granting permission to levy troops and convey succours to the Prince of Orange. This Prince was now at the head of an army of reisters, levied, it is said in the *Discours Merveilleux*, with the King's money, and he was now entering Brabant. "The entire authority of the King of Spain, in the Low Countries was shaken," says our author, "and I leave you to guess whether he liked it."[1] The Duke of Alva, it is certain, as far as appearances went, seemed very much displeased with such proceedings upon the part of his old allies, and threatened to send the Queen-Mother *des chardons d'Espagne*, in return for her *fleurons de Florence*. And the Spanish ambassador, immediately upon the taking of Mons, prepared to quit the French Court. He was persuaded, however, to remain, by the remonstrances of Tavannes, who tells us, that at

[1] Discours Merveilleux, de la vie de Catherine Medicis.

the same time, Gatez, a gentleman of Burgundy, was dispatched by his Majesty, with a gold chain of 100 crowns value, *pour aller en Flandres asseurer son maître qu'il n'aurroit point de guerre—tant était tout en balance.*

The taking of Mons renewed the debates in the Council as to the propriety of an open rupture with Spain. Coligny, then at Châtillon, was sent for; and first made his appearance upon this occasion since the peace at Paris,[1] which he never afterwards quitted. The debates were long, and the disputes ran high—written opinions were at length demanded from all present, and were laid before the King, and the following one was presented by the Admiral. It had been drawn up at his desire by Duplessis Mornay, afterwards so celebrated as the adviser of Henry IV., and head of the Protestant party, and who now began to take a part in public business. It is entitled

DISCOURS AU ROI CHARLES
Pour entreprendre la guerre contre l'Espagnol es Pays-Bas.

It begins—

"SIRE,—Though the contrariety of the French humour, and the long relapses of that ancient malady caused by difference of religion into which we have fallen, might lead men to look for nothing less than the ruin of your state, or at least, the loss of a part of her members, and much of her strength, God, nevertheless, the great physician, has given your Majesty grace to see her cured, restored, *et remis sur pied.* It remains to preserve her from any fresh relapse, and to maintain her in health *par tous moyens loisibles et possibles*; and to this end there is nothing more useful than timely exercise, which will confirm health by consuming noxious humours, and

[1] As regards the undertaking war against the Spaniard in the Low Countries.—See Mem. Correspond. Duplessis Mornay, I. 2.

for this purpose the most advisable course is to engage in a foreign war, in order to preserve internal peace. . . . Every one knows that the Frenchman who has once tasted the pleasure of arms, (*qui a gouté les armes*) lays them down most unwillingly; and often from mere *gaieté de cœur* for want of some other enemy, will fight his countryman, companion, and even his friend. Peace once made, the Italian, the German, the Swiss, returns without reluctance to his usual employments, but the Frenchman despises all other trades, and remains a soldier still; and, for want of a more convenient exercise, many will rather seek war in distant lands, or make it against the very travellers upon the high roads, than sit down quiet at home.

"To clear off, then, so much superfluous blood, which might create new disorders in the body politic, a vein must be opened, or in other words a foreign war undertaken. But this war must be just, easy, and useful, and the profit thereof as honourable, as the honour would be profitable; and in brief such a one is only to be found against the King of Spain."

He then proceeds to prove the justice of such a war, by enumerating the injuries the King had received from that quarter *en vestre bas aage*—the hereditary provinces of his ancestors of which he had been dispossessed, the attack upon, and massacre of his soldiers in Florida, &c. "*Des biens il est venu à l'honneur.*" The precedency taken at the Court of the Empire over France, the equality asserted at the Court of Rome, and in every other place, and many other disputes of this nature, are then detailed at length, proceedings it would seem of a nature especially to excite the pride and jealousy of the King; "So that," he concludes, "his (the Spanish King's) reputation has so increased at the expense of yours, that it seems to all the neutral provinces of

Italy as if you were entirely in his dependence, and that the lilies were withered without hope of a revival; and upon all sides, to the great disgust of every honest French heart, he (of Spain) is called *le Roi*, as if he were not only the greatest, but the only potentate in Christendom to whom that title properly belonged."

He then repudiates the idea of any claim for consideration on account of consanguinity, or friendship, or good offices. "If his good offices during the civil wars are quoted in his favour, let it be asked—is *he* to be esteemed a true friend, who, seeing one so transported with fury and passion as to be ready to put an end to his own life, reaches him the dagger with which to destroy himself? *Il n'y a François, s'il n'est transubstantiané en Espagnol, qui ne confessé bien ceste avoit esté son intention . . . il n'attendoit, sire, que de voir vostre sceptre brisé et votre couronne en pièces pour en amasser les esclats, et en recueillir les fleurons.*"

He then disposes of all the other arguments in favour of peace with the Spaniard, particularly that drawn from the war in which Spain was engaged with the Turk, the common enemy of Christendom, asserting that the Spaniard ought to be more detested than the Turk—"*que plus est haïssable le chien qui mansge l'aultre que le loup mesme.*"

"But why," says he, "dispute longer as to whether this war *ought*—let us rather consider *how* it is, to be made?"

He asserts that the war is in fact begun, for that the favour shewn to Count Ludovic and the reception of Genlis after his return from Mons, were proceedings that the astute Spaniard could regard as little else than a virtual declaration of hostilities—*autant vous est il ennemi pour lui avoir monstré vostre espée que de l'avoir battu.* . . . . . Your Majesty is not in fact about to make yourself a new

enemy but to defend yourself against one already made; but as the justest quarrel may be lost for want of proper means to carry it on, he says he will enumerate those in the King's hands.

"Force," he says, "comes from within and from without;" and speaking of the strength from within, we meet with an assertion which will surprise many accustomed to look upon the French from generation to generation as the most war-loving nation in the world.

"Within the country," he says, "where the people used of old to *fly* the profession of arms, now they follow it—*qui fremissoit—il saute au son du tambour.*[1] The sword of the gentleman is sharpened, that of the *bourgeoisie* has lost its ancient rust, the plough-share of the labourer is forged into a knife. So many little towns as your Majesty possesses, so many garrisons and nurseries of soldiers he will find, and these not raw recruits, but well accustomed to war—having seen more sieges, marchings, skirmishes, surprises, in one year of civil, than in ten of ordinary warfare; so that he who *obeyed* in the *civil* contest is esteemed sufficient to *command* in the foreign, and from captain becomes colonel." He then refutes the idea that faction would divide the army, and render it inefficient; and triumphantly quotes the siege of Havre in support of his assertions.

He contrasts the spirit which animates the French *gentilhommerie* with that of Spain, where he says the nobility never think themselves obliged to serve beyond the Pyrenees. Whereas *vostre noblesse va chercher la guerre où elle est, fust en la mer glaciale.* He says, moreover, that the Spaniard, on account of the manner in which his dominions lie dispersed, is too much weakened by the necessary dispersion of his forces to bear upon one point.

[1] He who used to tremble now springs up at the sound of the drum.

In the Low Countries more especially he is enfeebled by the universal detestation in which the government—on account of its atrocious barbarity—is held. And he enumerates the forces he commands there—which enumeration it is unnecessary to follow; but it completely proves his point that the King of France would have greatly the advantage in numbers.

He then goes through a list of all those foreign powers whom Charles might count upon as standing his allies in case of a contest. Among them he mentions the English, "who formerly, through mutual jealousy, always took part against us in every quarrel; but now the Queen Elizabeth is our confederate, and no longer our enemy."

He then adverts to the subject of money, and shows that enough might be obtained for the purpose; and concludes by again exhorting the King to make use of those turbulent spirits with which France swarmed: "and who, if they hear of war, only ask *ou est ce?*"—and to employ them in aid of a miserable people, who stretch out arms to him for deliverance: thus uniting those countries to the crown of France—namely, Flanders, Hainault, and Artois, upon which he had, from inheritance, such just pretensions. Once obtained, he exhorts him to secure his dominion there by justice and moderation; by respecting the liberties and privileges of the inhabitants, and by extending their commerce, and increasing their wealth through the security derived from his protection. *En somme vous acquirez un païs auquel n'avez province qui se puisse comparer en grandeur, beauté, richesses, peuples, villes et commodités, tant de terre que de mer.* The Germans will fear you, the Englishmen respect you .... your people will be enriched by commerce .... and you, Sire,

shall with immortal honour, reap incredible profit from this victory."[1]

Such were the inducements with which the young Duplessis Mornay, then twenty-three years of age, pleaded the cause of the Admiral, and such ideas we may easily understand were well calculated to work upon the mind of the young King, and engage him heartily in that quarrel with Spain, which at this juncture, it seems impossible to deny, would have proved the salvation of the country.

Tavannes prepared two papers, one drawn up in his own name, the other in that of the Duke d'Anjou. "His advice," he tells us, "was not relished by the King, who was inclined to the war, which, joined to the vacillation of the Queen-Mother—agitated by hope, and timidity—and urged forwards by her desire for the advancement of Strozzi and her relations, embroiled all the councils."

The Admiral pressed his opinions upon Charles with the greatest earnestness. "Stimulated by hope and despair, *il violentoit tous les conseils.*" Thus, jealousy upon the one hand, and dislike upon the other, brought these two able captains into constant collision. Tavannes endeavoured to excite the ill humour of the King, by representing the powerful influence Coligny possessed in the State by means of his party. The Admiral declared that every one who opposed the Spanish war *avoit le croix rouge dans le cœur.*[2]

In the midst of all this agitation the Queen of Navarre after a few days illness, died suddenly at Paris. Her death, which appears to have occasioned no great sensation at the time, was afterwards attributed to the per-

[1] Mém. de Duplessis Mornay, t. ii. p. 20.
[2] Rouge—Burgundian cross in his heart.

fumed gloves of Renée, the Queen-Mother's Italian perfumer. The accusation, however, appears unfounded. No sufficient motive can be assigned for the perpetration of such a crime at such a time; and a pleurisy, the extreme heat of the weather, and the hurry and agitation in which the Queen had been lately living, seem causes sufficient to account for her death.[1] The Admiral, assisted by her ministers, supported his friend upon her death-bed with religious consolations; but not a shadow of suspicion seems to have entered his mind The Queen died as she had lived—with fortitude and courage. She appointed Coligny the executor of her last will: and Henry the guardian of his only sister Catherine—earnestly recommending to this beloved son, perseverance in the religion wherein he had been educated.

We must not suppose during this interval of uncertainty with regard to the King's intentions that the Duke d'Anjou, or the high Catholic faction, abated any-

[1] The body of the Queen was opened. An abscess had formed in her side, but there was no appearance of poison. It has been asserted by many, that the head, in which such appearances from the nature of the poison administered would have been found, was left untouched; but Victor Cayet, whose relations with the family of Navarre were most intimate and domestic, assures us it was opened by the Queen of Navarre's express order; for having long been tormented with a most troublesome *démangeaison* under the skull, she was anxious for the benefit of her children, that the cause of her complaint might be discovered. The head was accordingly opened, and numerous minute vesicles of water found on the part affected, but nothing to justify the suspicion of poison. It may be thought the manner in which the poison was said to have been administered, furnishes of itself a sufficient refutation of the report; but this abominable art seems to have been carried to a very extraordinary perfection by the Italians in those nefarious times. The man who poisoned the Cardinal de Châtillon confessed to having done so by the perfume of a poisoned apple—poisoned gloves, it may be recollected, was a means with which Queen Elizabeth was threatened in one of the numerous conspiracies against her life. I have heard myself, from very good authority, of a young man and woman having both died at Geneva, not many years ago, in consequence of having held the apple of the Mandragora between their hands when they were dancing: It would appear by this that poison might be administered through the pores of the skin.

thing in their designs against the Protestants. We may with reason suppose that they persevered in their original plan; but that they were perplexed by the change in the King's sentiments, and at last, still more unexpectedly by the vacillations of the Queen-Mother herself. "Now was the bow bent," says Tavannes, "for the final ruin or establishment of the Hugonots. The King urged to the Spanish war by their subtle representations that he should soon obscure the victories of his brother; the Queen fluctuating between peace and war—Fear of civil war inclines her to a foreign. The old ambitious Italians, her relations, hoping to aggrandise themselves in this war, persuade her. *Comme femme elle veut et ne veut pas*, changes her mind and rechanges it in an instant. *Les Huguenots cornent la guerre, le Roy est avec eux.*

While thus the balance hung suspended an unfortunate event threw the weight into the sinister scale: and the fate of thousands dependent upon the feeble will of a faulty man was unhappily decided. Genlis returning, in the latter end of June at the head of 3000 men, to the assistance of the Prince of Orange, was attacked at advantage by the Spaniards. He was defeated, and his party cut to pieces — himself remaining a prisoner. The Spaniards had, as Tavannes assures us, received the intelligence of his intended march from the Court, "*estant bien advertis par les ennemis des Huguenots en France.*"

This defeat at such an inauspicious moment was, according to Tavannes, the main cause of the ruin of the Hugonots. The Queen was filled, as usual, with consternation, and imagining the Spaniards already at the gates of Paris, thought of nothing but how to prevent a war. While the Admiral, irritated and impatient, made use, it is said, of very strong expressions. "Fear of the Spanish

army seizes the Queen, disdain and rage the Admiral—who accuses those of this defeat who had prevented the King from declaring himself. The audacity of the pacific party increases, *tout tonne dans la cour.*"[1]

The Admiral intreated the King to raise new levies immediately, assuring him he could no longer restrain the impetuosity of his party, "*et qu'il falloit une guerre Espagnolle ou civile.*" He maintained, with vehemence, that the King ought not to take it amiss that those of the Religion should conquer Flanders for him in spite of himself; and appears to have pressed his opinions with perhaps imprudent warmth. He did not perceive "*que la Reine s'esloignoit de son avis—Il ne connoit la legèreté du Roi Charles, la puissance que la dite Reine a sur ses enfans par ses creatures qu'elle leur a donné pour serviteurs pendant son absence,*"[2]

Forgetting his usual caution, Coligny appears also to have encouraged the King openly to assert his independence of his mother—and it is asserted that the zeal with which he advocated the acceptance of the crown of Poland, at this juncture offered to the Duke d'Anjou, was very ill-interpreted both by that Prince and by Catherine.

The King manifested the change in his sentiments with his usual rough brutality. It is said that upon one occasion, after the Queen-Mother had been anxiously waiting the close of a long and secret conference with Coligny; she entered his closet and asked, with some irony, what he learned in these endless conversations! "I learn, Madam, that I have no greater enemy than my mother." And the Duke d'Anjou tells us, "He found

[1] The thunder rolls round the Court.

[2] That the Queen was separating herself from him; he did not understand the levity of the King, the power of the said Queen over her children, through the creatures she had put around them to serve them in her absence.

equal reason to doubt his brother's favour, and to fear his violence."

The crisis in the Queen's resolutions now rapidly approached, and the words of Tavannes will best describe what ensued. "The Queen was advertised by M. de Sauves et de Retz, of the secret councils, designs, and words of the King, and counselled to recover that maternal influence of which the Admiral had deprived her. Jealousy of his government of her son, and through him of the State, and unbridled ambition, set her at once on fire, *enflame, brusle la Reine de hors et dedans*, she takes counsel to make away with the Admiral.

"The King hunting stops at Mont Prisseau—there the Queen hastens, shut up with him in his cabinet she bursts into tears, 'I never should have thought,' cries she, 'after the pains I have taken to rear you, educate you, and preserve your crown alike from Hugonot and Catholic—after having sacrificed myself for your welfare, and incurred every risk for your advantage, that this would be the miserable return; you hide yourself from me—from me your mother, to take counsel with my enemies; you forsake the arms which have preserved you to take shelter within those of your assassins. You would plunge your kingdom, inconsiderately, into a war with Spain, to make France, yourself, and all of us a prey to those of the Religion. Am I so unhappy? Rather than witness that catastrophe give me my dismissal; let me retire to the place of my birth: dismiss, too, your unfortunate brother, who may well be called unfortunate after having employed his life in your service. Give him time to retire where he may be at least in security, and escape the animosity of his enemies. Enemies acquired in your service—Hugonots—who do not desire a Spanish, but a French war, and the sub-

version of the whole kingdom for their own benefit." This harangue moves, astonishes, frightens the King—not so much on account of the Hugonots as of his mother and brother. He well knows their art, their ambition, their power in the State—wondering to find his secret counsels revealed; he confesses, asks pardon, promises obedience. This step taken, this first blow struck, the Queen, continuing to affect discontent, retires to Monceaux, the King trembling follows her, finds her with his brother and the Sieurs de Tavannes, de Retz, de Sauves, *lequel De Sauves se met à ses pieds et reçoit pardon de sa Majesté pour avoir revelé ses conseils à sa mère.*[1] The want of faith, bravadoes, audacity, menaces, and enterprises of the Hugonots are magnified with so much truth and artifice, "*que d'amis les voilà ennemis du Roi.*' "*Lequel fluctuant,*" he adds, "*ne pouvait perdre le desir conçu d'obtenir gloire et reputation par la guerre Espagnolle.*"[2] He tells us further, that the Queen-Mother judging that not only the safety of France was at stake, "but what she valued much more, her own power and influence—being apprehensive that she might be sent to Florence, and esteeming the Duke d'Anjou in danger—resolved with her two counsellors, upon the death of the Admiral—believing that all the Hugonot party *consistoit dans sa tête*—and hoping, by the approaching marriage of her daughter and the King of Navarre, to set all to rights." The execution, he says, was immediately resolved upon, and it was settled that the ancient quarrels between the Admiral and the house of Guise should be revived to cover the enterprise.

"The Cardinal being at Rome, the packet containing the order to act was addressed to the Duke d'Aumale,

[1] Mém. de Tavannes.

[2] Yet he still hesitates, for he could not give up his intense desire to reap glory in a war against the Spaniards.

who received it with exceeding joy." Maurevel, who it may be remembered was the murderer of Mouy, was fixed upon as the assassin—and the Duke d'Aumale engaged to lodge him in a convenient situation, and provide him with a Spanish jennet for his escape.

It would appear by this relation that the King was certainly *not* in the secret of this design to assassinate the Admiral. Tavannes says expressly that the Queen, satisfied with the effect she had produced upon the King's mind—"*sans luy en dire davantage resout la mort de L'Amiral avec ses deux conseillers et M. d'Anjou.*"[1]

But now that vague suspicion of the truth which is almost always found to arise upon occasion of a conspiracy—however secret, and however closely guarded—began to diffuse itself through the Protestant party.

Letters upon letters, and from every quarter, warned the Admiral of his danger. "Remember," it was said, "the dispensation from oaths to heretics granted by the Council of Constance, and that as such are we designated by the Queen and her party. Consider that the Queen-Mother is the soul of the State—she who is herself without a soul—for what are her morals? what her family? ..... Recollect the education the King has received. Instructed to swear upon all occasions—to perjure himself in atrocious terms, mocking at God—Accustomed to all infamous and villainous sins—to dissemble and compose his words and countenance—whose Bible is Machiavel, and who takes pleasure in the cruel torment of animals, and to watch them dying by piecemeal. He is instructed that he is no King if he permits two religions in his kingdom—that the Reformed ministry wish to establish

[1] Without saying a word more resolved upon the death of the Admiral with her two councillors and M. d'Anjou.—Mém. de Tavannes, c. 27.

an aristocracy, being already constituted judges over honour and conscience. That a Prince is not bound to maintain extorted edicts and so on. You know there can be no alliance between Christ and Belial. This sentiment has been attacked in Consistories; but it is a truth that will not deceive you, and it is far more useful than State maxims, which will only lead to your destruction, for is it not said, 'The children of this world are more prudent in their generation than the children of light?'" [1]

Advice thus expressed was, by its violence, not calculated to produce much effect upon a mind tempered like that of Coligny; he replied to it however both by words and in writing. He said that all examples *clochent;* that the circumstances are never at two periods exactly the same. That the Catholics had learned to estimate the small profit resulting from their cruelty. That he knew the nature of the King *être plus benin, than that of any Prince who ever sat upon the fleur-de-lys.* That it was true Monsieur hated the Reformed Religion, but that he would no longer hate the Religious when marriage would give him a brother of that persuasion. "What can be intended," said he, "by these new alliances contracted with England and the German Princes? Why has the King assembled round him the first spirits of either party? He makes a league with the Prince of Orange—the Duke of Florence contributes 200,000 ducats—the Pope himself is tired of the Spaniard; as for the house of Guise, the King himself is the pledge of our reconciliation." He thanked them for their advertisements; but begged to be no farther troubled with such insinuations, for after all that had passed "he would rather die and be dragged through the streets of Paris, than renew

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

a civil war, or give reason to suppose he in the slightest degree distrusted his Sovereign, who had so lately restored him to so high a place in his good opinion."[1]

Advertisements of a similar nature were given to the King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé; but they were treated with more open contempt by these young men, and the councillors who surrounded them: and, instead of the reasons and explanations of the Admiral, they met with nothing but abuse and ridicule. The authors of these warnings and remonstrances were only designated as timid old fools, dreamers, malicious gossips, and turbulent enemies of the State.[1]

The preparations for the King of Navarre's marriage were now continued with the greatest activity, and at the end of July, that Prince once more appeared upon the dangerous theatre of the Louvre.

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

VIEW OF OLD PARIS.

CHAPTER III.

KING OF NAVARRE AT PARIS.—MARRIAGE.—FEASTS AND DIVISIONS.—ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE ADMIRAL.—CONFUSION AND PERPLEXITY.

THE King of Navarre, accompanied by his cousin and friend Henry Prince de Condé, arrived at Paris the 20th July. The Princes came from Blondy, the seat of the Marquise de Rothelin, at which place the Prince de Condé had just celebrated his marriage with the beautiful Mary of Cleves.

They entered the city, followed by a numerous train of 800 of the first gentlemen of their party, all clothed like themselves in deep mourning, in memory of the Queen of Navarre.

"Henry of Bearn, who had assumed the title of King of Navarre,"—to borrow the eloquent description of M. de Capefigue—"refused to appear at the Court of Paris without a large attendance of the provincial chivalry. All these noblemen had made incredible sacrifices, even mortgaging their estates to appear with distinction north of the Loire . . . . for the honour of the nobility of the south was concerned. They were in number more than 1000, clad in armour. (I do not know where he finds this.) When they entered by the Porte St. Antoine the quarteniers were almost terrified at the martial appearance of the Hugonots thus riding in groups of twenty or thirty men. Those of inferior rank wore their broad brimmed hats, with their dress perfectly plain; *leur just au corps, serrés dans les pourpoints et fraises.* Their countenances were severe, their eyes melancholy—sometimes they were preceded by their ministers on horseback. The Catholic multitude watched this long train defile through the narrow streets of the city—along the walls beyond the Bastille,—regarding them with uneasy looks, and eyes filled with suspicion and animosity, while from time to time stifled murmurs might be heard from the assembled multitudes, *Huguenots! Huguenots! voilà les Huguenots!* they followed them to their assigned quarters; and when the next day the Reformed were seen, dispersed through the town—and passing with their heads covered before those sacred crosses where the *confrèries* and the people of the *halles* were reverentially kneeling — the people with menacing tones were heard to exclaim, *Huguenots! Maudits Huguenots! Les voilà qui renient Dieu et les Saints!*"

By the Court, however, they were received with every mark of affection and respect.

All the principal nobility and gentry of either party

had, indeed, crowded to Paris to be present at the expected nuptials. The Dukes de Guise, d'Aumale, d'Elbœuf, de Montpensier, Nemours, Nevers, Montmorenci the Maréchals Cossé, Damville, Tavannes, Thoré, Meru, Biron, on the Catholic side. On that of the Hugonots, La Rochfoucault, Montgommeri, Pilles, Pluviault, Cavagnes, Briguemaud, — every name which had been distinguished during the civil wars was here to be found. Paris was filled to overflowing, and scarce amid her crowded streets could lodging be found for the numbers of gentlemen, squires, pages, and attendants, that followed in the train of these distinguished guests. Regulations were made with the utmost care to preserve order throughout this vast assemblage; rigorous edicts were issued forbidding the lower classes to carry arms; and in case of disagreements arising between the higher gentlemen, the Admiral and the Duke d'Anjou were appointed umpires to bring such matters to amicable conclusions.

Davila represents Henry as acquitting himself with equal grace and address in the difficult part he had to perform amid this assemblage of hostile and jealous tempers. Behaving with reverence and respect to the King and Queen, and tolerating in a manner at once prudent and noble, the repulses and caprices of his affianced princess. Showing himself to every one courteous, liberal, full of spirit and generosity; "so that the name of Prince of the blood, which had become detestable in the Court, was regarded with favour and affection, even by the Queen-Mother herself." But the sentiments with which Marguerite de Valois regarded her lively, witty, and high-spirited suitor, may be understood from the general tone of her Memoirs. Indifference would be an expression too feeble to express her feelings,

coldness, secret dislike—hatred for his religion and contempt for his party appear the prevailing dispositions of her mind. Her heart devoted to the Duke of Guise, her career had even thus early taken a vicious direction. While on the part of Henry these sentiments were perhaps met with equal dislike. His heart, likewise, had been bestowed upon another—his career of infidelity had already begun—and thus the loveliest young woman, and the most agreeable man in Europe became united without a spark of mutual sympathy or affection.

Some obstructions with respect to the dispensation for the marriage have been adverted to.[1] The Cardinal de Lorraine had at length, with the utmost difficulty, dragged from the Pope the necessary brief. Certain informalities in this instrument, however, occasioned scruples on the part of the Cardinal de Bourbon, by whom the ceremony was to be performed, and some time was lost in the attempt to overrule them. At last the Queen-Mother, fertile in expedients, composed a letter, purporting to be from the French Ambassador at Rome, assuring her that all the difficulties had been overcome—that a dispensation in the form desired by the Cardinal was already upon the way to Paris and that it was therefore unnecessary further to delay the nuptials.

Accordingly, upon the 17th of August, the ceremony of the *fiançailles* took place with great pomp in the Louvre, followed by a splendid supper, after which the King, the Queen, the Queen-Mother, the Duchess of Lorraine (Claude of France), and the first ladies and gentlemen of the Court attended the affianced bride to

[1] These difficulties irritated Charles —"*Si ce vieux fagot le Pape*," said he to the Queen of Navarre, "has not soon done with his difficulties, I will take *ma grosse Mayot* to the altar with my own hand, and have her married there myself."

the house of the Bishop of Paris, where she remained that night.

The next day was appointed for the nuptials. In the morning the King of Navarre, accompanied by the Dukes d'Anjou and d'Alençon, brothers of the Princess—the Prince de Condé, the Marquis de Conti his brother, the Admiral, the Dukes de Montpensier, Guise, d'Aumâle, Nevers; the Maréchals de Montmorenci, Damville, de Cossé, de Tavannes, the Count de la Rochfoucault, and numerous gentlemen of both religions, paid their respects to Margaret. The King Charles followed soon after, and himself conducted the Princess to Nôtre Dame. "Our marriage," says Margaret in her Memoirs, "was celebrated with a triumph and magnificence more than usual even for those of my quality. The King of Navarre and his company had quitted their mourning habits for dresses most rich and beautiful, and all the Court were in full dress— in a manner you well know, and can easily represent to yourself." (She addresses Brantôme) He might more easily than a reader of this century can do, figure to himself the gorgeous scene. The cloth of gold, rich velvets and satins, mingled in the most splendid contrasts of colouring—the draperies of the cloaks and robes, the graceful caps adorned with abundant plumes of feathers, and the incredible profusion of sparkling jewels.

An order, still in the registers of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, summons MM. le Prevost des Marchands et Eschevins—who, in obedience to it—dressed in their robes, *mi parti* crimson and tan colour—that is to say, the said Provost in satin, and the rest in cloth, followed by the quartenniers and bourgeois—all on horseback—arrived at the said church of Nôtre Dame, at ten o'clock, and there entered. Before them marched the greffiers, and the ten

sergens de ville with their gowns *mi parti*, and the archers, arquebusiers, arbaletriers, &c., all on foot, and sat down upon chairs placed in the choir, and all heard high mass celebrated by the Cardinal de Bourbon . . . . . and afterwards they were present at a supper and banquet, where were the King, the Queen, the Queen his mother, *Messieurs ses frères* princes, princesses, prelates and seigneurs." The kings of France and Navarre, the Dukes d'Anjou and d'Alençon, and the Prince de Condé were dressed in the same manner, "which was of pale yellow satin all covered over and enriched with embroidery of silver and jewels." The other Catholic princes and great lords were clothed in different fashions, but with such profusion of gold, silver, and jewels as never before was seen . . . . . Madame Marguerite, led by the King her brother, was clothed in a robe of violet velvet sewed over with fleur-de-lys, a crown imperial upon her head made of large pearls enriched with diamonds and rubies; and was followed by the Queen-Mother, the Duchess of Lorraine, and all the princesses, dames *et demoiselles de la Cour*, clothed in robes of cloth of gold, and other precious vestures; one hundred gentlemen walked before them with battle-axes: then the heralds with their surcoats; the guards, officers of the king's household, &c.[1] "I wore," says Margaret, "a royal dress with the crown and *couët* of ermine, and the long blue mantle with a train of four ells borne by three princesses; the temporary gallery from the bishop's palace to the church being hung with cloth of gold—according to the custom for the daughters of France. The people stifling one another below to see the procession and the Court pass over this gallery. We were received

[1] Discours de noces de Roi de Navarre et de la sœur du Roi, from Capefigue.

at the door of Nôtre Dame by M. le Cardinal de Bourbon, where, having repeated the words ordinary upon such occasions"—that is to say, the marriage ceremony—"we passed upon the same raised gallery to the next, which separates the choir, where there were two flights of stairs, one leading to the choir the other out of the Church." By the first Margaret descended into the choir to hear mass —by the other the King of Navarre quitted the Church, and continued walking up and down with his friends till mass being over, he was summoned to return, he then entered the choir and received and kissed his bride. Such were the ceremonies which had, after much difficulty, been arranged upon occasion of this union of the differing religions.

De Thou, who was then very young, had pressed through the multitude, and getting over a barrier placed there in order to keep back the mass of people, had made his way into one of the galleries, and looked down upon the splendid crowd that filled the choir below, "I got near the Admiral," says he,[1] "and having my eyes fixed upon him, regarded him with the greatest curiosity and attention. I saw he was pointing out to M. Damville the banners taken at the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, which hung from the walls of the cathedral—sad monuments of the defeat of his party—and I heard him say these words: 'We will have them down ere long, and others in their place which shall be pleasanter to look upon (*dans peu nous les arracherons de là, et on en mettra d'autres en leur place qui seront plus agréables à voir*)' he spoke of those no doubt to be gained in the war against Philip, which he believed to be resolved upon."

[1] Vie De Thou.

A splendid dinner at the Bishop's Palace was followed in the evening by a magnificent entertainment, given in the great Hall of the Louvre, to the whole Court. The Parliaments and Courts of Justice were superbly feasted, and the day closed in dances, songs, and gorgeous spectacles, which lasted far into the night.

Coligny, little fitted to bear a part in such scenes, contented himself with appearing at intervals among the joyous crowds; and then retiring to his lodging, he thus wrote to his wife:—

"My very dear and beloved Wife,—

"To-day the marriage of the sister of the King with the King of Navarre was concluded, and the three or four following will be consumed in games, banquets, masques, and combats of pleasure—after which, the King has promised me to give some days to the complaints made in divers places concerning the Edict of Pacification.[1] It is right I should busy myself with these matters as much as possible; and though I have a very great desire to see you, you would, I believe, grieve as much as I should do, if, through my negligence, in such an affair, any evil should ensue. At all events this will not delay me long—I hope to leave this next week. Did I only regard myself, I would far more willingly be with you than stay longer here, for reasons that I will tell you; but we must prefer the public advantage to our own. I have much to tell you when I see you, a thing I desire night and day: as for news, this it is.—This day, four of the afternoon had sounded when the mass for the marriage was sung—the King of Navarre walking about in a place

[1] The disturbances to which the Admiral alludes happened at Troyes, where the Catholics attacked a party of Protestants returning from a baptism with a shower of stones. The infant was killed in its nurse's arms. Several other disorders had taken place in various parts of the kingdom.

near the temple, with some gentlemen of our religion who had accompanied him. Other particulars I leave till we meet, on which I pray God, my very dear and beloved wife, to have you in his holy keeping.

"From Paris, 18th August, 1572.

"During the last three days I have been ill with cholic pains, which lasted eight or ten hours, but thanks be to God, by whose goodness I have been delivered from these pains. Rest assured, that throughout these pastimes and festivities, I will give offence (*faschérie*) to no one. Adieu, *votre mari bien aimé, Châtillon.*"

The 19th.—The Admiral waited upon the King about three o'clock, but found him, after the dissipations of the night preceding, still in bed. That day, the King of Navarre gave a splendid banquet to the King, Queen, Princes, Nobles, &c. At night there was a grand ball at the Louvre.

The 20th, Wednesday, Coligny had an audience of the King, to make his complaints touching the affair of Troyes. As soon as Charles perceived him, he took him aside, and with his usual air of friendship and affection, said, "My father, you know you promised me not to offend any one of the Guises during your stay here—they, on their part, have made a similar promise with respect to you and yours—I have the most perfect confidence that your word is sacred—I am not so sure of *theirs*—I know their boastings, and the favour they are in with the people. I would have nothing arise that could injure you or impeach my honour; under colour of this marriage they have come well armed and well attended, and upon this account, if you think good, I would wish to bring in some of the arquebusiers of my guard, for the security of all, lest they should unexpectedly injure you in any manner." Naming

[1] This letter is from the Abbé Perau, vie Coligny.

the captains of the companies he wished to introduce—many being officers that the Admiral had no cause to distrust.

Coligny, with many acknowledgments of the King's care and kindness, approved of the proposal; orders were accordingly given, and the regiment of guards entered Paris without exciting the least suspicion.

Coligny, before quitting the King, renewed the subject of the Edict, but Charles interrupted him, saying, "My father, I pray you give me four or five days *pour m'esbatre*, and that done, I promise you, *foy de Roy*, that I will satisfy you and all of your religion."[1]

This day concluded with a splendid divertisement, combat, or *fête*. It is difficult to choose an appropriate term for anything so incongruous. It had been several days in preparation, and afforded, afterwards, much occasion for remark. It probably ought to be considered only as a very extraordinary instance of bad taste, bad judgment, and incaution, upon the part of the Queen, in the present delicate situation of the respective parties.

Wednesday, the 20th.—We are told the long prepared games took place in the Salle de Bourbon.[2] On the right hand of the hall, Paradise was represented, the entrance to which was defended by Knights, armed at all points, who were represented by the King and his brothers: on the left was hell, in which were a number of imps and devils, making all sorts of monkey-tricks and noises; and a great wheel incessantly turning, covered with bells.

Paradise and Hell were separated by a river, upon which was seen Charon and his boat. Behind Paradise lay the Elysian fields, being a garden covered with verdure, and adorned with abundance of flowers—and the empy-

[1] De Thou.

[2] Mém. de l'Etat de France sous Charles IX., t. i. p. 149.

rean Heaven, which was a revolving wheel, with the twelve signs of the Zodiac upon it; the planets and a multitude of little stars, being transparent, and lighted from behind by a number of lamps and flambeaux. In the Elysian gardens were twelve nymphs, splendidly dressed.

Several bands of Knights-errant, armed at all points, now presented themselves in the hall, led by the Princes and great lords—all endeavouring to gain the entrance of Paradise, and join the nymphs. They were opposed by the three Knights who guarded it, who having one after the other presented themselves at the lists, and having broken their lances against the assailants, and given each a blow with their cutlass, drove them into hell. Among these assailants, the most distinguished was the King of Navarre, at the head of his friends, who was driven into hell in common with the others, the entrance to which was then closed.

"Immediately descended from heaven, Mercury and Cupid, carried by a cock, singing and dancing—the Mercury being Estienne le Roy, that celebrated singer. He presented himself to the three Knights, and having warbled melodiously and addressed the King, he remounted his cock, and returned to heaven. Then the three knights led the twelve nymphs to dance in the hall, and the dance being ended, the knights in hell were set at liberty, and a general skirmish and breaking of lances ensued, till the hall was covered with broken pieces. The combat ended by the firing of trains of powder round a fountain in the centre of the hall."

This strange entertainment being concluded, whatever the intention with which it might have been given, its obvious application was seized upon by both parties. The Catholics boasted that the King had driven the Hugonots

into hell; and many of the Protestants were in very ill humour. The apprehensions of many revived, and some even quitted the court. An officer of reputation, named Blosset, went to the Admiral the next morning to take leave. Coligny, surprised, asked him "what took him away?" "Sir," said he, "because they intend us no good here." "How! what do you mean?" asked Coligny, "rest assured we have a good King." "Far too good," replied Blosset, "so I wish to go away, and if you did the same it would be better for you and for all of us."

A second officer, Languiron, calling upon the same errand, Coligny asked if he too had been seized with a similar panic. "Yes," replied Languiron, bluntly, "they caress us too much—for my part I would rather be saved with the fools, than perish with the wise men."

The Maréchal de Montmorenci, this day, under pretence of illness, took leave of the Court, and retired to Chantilly; his departure increased the suspicions of many.

It does not, however, appear that those persons who were of sufficiently elevated rank to hold personal communication with the King, shared in the slightest degree in these anxieties.

Thursday the 21st—another splendid show was exhibited. It was a species of tournament, attended by the three Queens, the Duchess of Lorraine, and all the ladies of the Court. Four quadrilles of warriors, clothed according to the fashion of different countries, were led in—the first as Amazons, by the King and his brothers—the second, as Turks, by the King of Navarre and his party, "all splendidly dressed in cloth of gold, with magnificent turbans"—the Prince de Condé and La Rochfoucault, as Estradiotes, led a third—and the Duke de Guise and Chevalier d'Angoulême a fourth. Every thing passed off with the most perfect harmony, and the evening draw-

ing on, it was agreed to suspend the courses, and re-enter the lists the following day.

That day was Friday the 22nd.—Coligny was sent for early to the Louvre, to attend the Duke d'Angoulême, and assist in arranging certain differences which had arisen between two gentlemen of Burgundy. Here he found Tavannes, and having completed the business in question, was returning home, when he met the King coming out of the chapel of the Louvre; he went and paid his respects, and then attended him on his way towards the tennis ground, where the Duke de Guise was engaged to play a match against Teligny. Having watched the game a short time, the Admiral took leave and returned homewards towards ten o'clock in the morning, followed by ten or a dozen gentlemen. A few steps from the Louvre, some one put a memoir into his hand, which he immediately opened and pursued his way, reading as he walked.

To pass to the Rue Béthisy where his hotel was situated, and which, by consulting the map of Paris, will be found at no great distance from the Louvre, it was necessary to go down the Rue Fosse St. Germain; and in a house belonging to one Pierre Pilles de Villemur, formerly tutor to the Duke de Guise, and now a canon of the neighbouring Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which stood near the gate of the cloister, Montrevel had posted himself. He stood behind the grated window of a low hall which looked out upon the street, waiting the appearance of his victim. The Admiral came slowly forward, reading as he walked, and as he passed, Montrevel levelled his arquebuss, loaded with two balls, and fired. Both balls took effect, one breaking the fore and middle fingers of the right hand—the other entering the left arm, and making a large wound.[1]

[1] Abbé Perau, vie de Coligny.

The suddenness of the blow overwhelmed the gentlemen who surrounded Coligny with consternation. Two of them, Guerchi and De Pruneaux, were the first to recover their presence of mind, and spring forward to his assistance—Pruneaux bound up his wounded fingers with his handkerchief, and, assisted by Guerchi, supported him to his hôtel. The Admiral preserved the most unruffled composure. He made no exclamation, and dropt no remark; he only pointed out the house from which the shot came; and desired Yolet, one of his squires, immediately to inform the King of what had occurred.

Several gentlemen now rushed to the house, and forcing the entrance, sought eagerly for the assassin; but Montrevel had already escaped by a door leading into the cloisters, and, mounting a horse, had gained the Porte St. Antoine. Here the fleet Spanish jennet was in waiting for him, upon which he rode off at full speed.

The King was playing at tennis when Yolet brought him the intelligence of the assassination—at hearing it he was seized with the most violent rage, and dashing his racket on the ground, and exclaiming, "*n'aurais je jamais de patience,*" he immediately returned to the Louvre. The other gentlemen dispersed—the Duke de Guise went to his hôtel—Teligny flew to the Admiral.

The King of Navarre, the Prince de Condé, De la Rochfoucault, and other gentlemen, upon the first intelligence of what had happened, had likewise hurried to the Rue Béthisy. They found Coligny surrounded by the principal medical practitioners of the Court, and already in the hands of the celebrated and excellent Ambrose Paré, first surgeon to the King. Upon examination, the laceration of the fingers was found to be so great, that mortification having already begun, immediate amputation was deemed necessary. The operation was rendered cruel by the defective

instruments employed, for we are told the "scissors with which Paré operated were so ill sharpened, that he was obliged to open and shut them three several times before the amputation was completed." It was still in progress when the King of Navarre entered the room. The Admiral looked up—"*Est ce là cette belle reconciliation dont le Roi s'est rendu le garant?*"[1] said he. Cornaton, the first gentleman of his chamber, and another gentleman, were at that time holding his arms, both unable, as were all present, to refrain from tears, at beholding that brave right hand dismembered and rendered useless. Coligny perceiving their emotion, said, "My friends, why do you weep? I esteem myself but too happy (*bien heureux*) to have been wounded for the name of God."

An operation of equal severity followed upon the left arm, during which the Admiral turned his eyes to Merlin, one of their most celebrated ministers, who was attending upon him, and said, "These are among the good gifts of God —My friends, I am indeed sorely wounded, but I know it to be the will of the Lord our God, and I thank him that he so favours me as to permit me to suffer for his most holy name.—Pray for me, that he may bestow upon me the grace of perseverance." These words spoken with the most fervent piety, amid the anguish he suffered, affected all present so much, that there was not a dry eye except his own in the room. Even Merlin was for some time unable to speak. "Nay, sir," said Coligny, "will you not console me?" Upon this the minister begun one of their usual exhortations, intermingled with texts of scripture, during which, when his sufferings were very acute, Coligny, from time to time, might be heard to whisper, "My God, abandon me not in this distress. Continue to let me feel the power of thy mercy." He then, in a

[1] Is this the fine reconciliation that the King has guaranteed?

whisper, desired Cornaton to give Merlin 100 crowns to be distributed among the poor of Paris. "I have heard these particulars myself," says De Thou, "from Paré, who happened to overhear what was said, and I have often listened to his relation, made in nearly the exact words that I have used."[1]

The minister having finished his exhortation, wherein he had said, "that misfortunes were advertisements which ought to engage all to pray to God, and humble themselves to his holy will." Coligny, in a firm and collected voice, pronounced, audibly, the following prayer,—"I confide in Thy mercy alone, O God! Thou in whom is my only trust. Whether it be Thy pleasure now to call me away, or to continue me yet longer in this present world, ready am I to follow that which is best pleasing to Thee —assured, if these wounds be to death, that Thou wilt receive me into the rest of the blessed in Thy kingdom. But if here I am to remain—oh heavenly Father! grant me grace—that I may employ my life to advance the glory of Thy name—the exercise of true religion, and Thy holy service." This prayer was followed by one from the minister, in which all present joined.

Shortly after the Admiral had been laid in his bed, he was visited by the Maréchals Cossé and Damville. To Cossé the Admiral said, "Do you remember what I told you not long ago? Be sure there is as much *in petto* for you (*pour le certain il vous pend autant à l'œil*);" Cossé was silent. Damville, with his accustomed grace and frankness, said, "Monsieur, I am not come here to console you, or to exhort *him* to constancy and patience, who has ever been our best example in such things I

[1] The following relation, and the particulars of what passed in the Admiral's chamber, are stated upon the authority of Cornaton, the Admiral's first gentleman, who furnished several historians of his day with the particulars here related.—Perau, Vie Coligny.—De Thou.

only pray you to consider in what I can serve you" . . . He added, "*je m'esmerveille d'où peut être venu ceci.*"[1] "I suspect no one," said the Admiral, "but M. de Guise—and I do not feel sure even there. But, by the grace of God, I have learned not to fear my enemies, being assured they cannot injure me—their worst can but bring me to my eternal rest; for I know the God in whom I have trusted; *He* will neither deceive nor lie. True, one thing does afflict me—to be thus deprived of the means of shewing my King how greatly I desired to serve him. I wish," he added, "his Majesty would be pleased to listen to me for a few moments. There are things which it imports him much to know, and which no one but myself will dare to make him acquainted with." Damville promised to carry this request to the King, and immediately quitted the room for the purpose.

Charles, from the moment he had been made acquainted with the assassination, had remained in a state difficult to be described—a mixture of grief and fury were gloomily painted in his eyes; he from time to time muttered imprecations between his teeth—but continued to pace his apartment noticing and speaking to no one. The Queen-Mother, the Duke d'Anjou, and one or two of the members of the secret cabinet ventured into the presence of the unhappy man—thus distracted by contradictory feelings. They addressed him; but he looked at them with a cold and abstracted air, and to all their questions remained obstinately silent. The Queen-Mother endeavoured to engage his attention by attempting to justify the Duke de Guise, but this only increased his rage. She then spoke of the necessity of visiting the crime with the severest punishment, and of immediately shutting the gates of Paris in order to

[1] I marvel whence this can be.

prevent the escape of the criminal, until they should have arrived at some determination. She was thus engaged endeavouring vainly to soothe the irritated feelings of her son, when Henry of Navarre and the Prince de Condé were introduced to make their complaints. They entered, their countenances still agitated, and the tears scarcely dry upon their cheeks—they spoke in all the hurry and vehemence of their excited feelings, and having passionately given vent to their grief and resentment, concluded by saying, that as neither they nor their friends could any longer consider themselves safe in that neighbourhood, they were resolved to leave it, and were come to solicit permission for their immediate departure.

Upon this, the passion of the King seemed at once to burst all bounds. "He gave way," says D'Aubigné, "to a most frightful rage, breaking out into the most violent and exaggerated expressions—uttering the most passionate and unheard of invectives, and exclaiming, that it was *he* that was wounded." He loudly abused the Duke de Guise, swearing in the most dreadful manner that if he lived he would have justice on both principals and accessories; and such justice that the very child unborn should rue the day of his vengeance. So excessive was this burst of fury that the Queen and the gentlemen around her actually trembled, and far from venturing to contradict him, endeavoured to pacify him by echoing his exclamations—crying out that France was ruined!—that men were no longer safe in their beds! and so on. Strange as this scene appears, by a sad fatality the very reality of the King's passion served only to aid in forwarding the dreadful design of the others. It blinded the eyes of the Princes who witnessed it and convinced them of his sincerity.

"The Princes were so well satisfied," adds D'Aubigné, "that nothing more was at that time said about leaving Paris."[1] Margaret de Valois adds her testimony to the sincerity of the King's distress. "He was in excessive rage against M. de Guise, swearing he would have justice, so that if M. de Guise had not taken care to keep himself out of the way that day, he would certainly have been arrested.[2] For great was the affection his majesty bore to the Admiral, as well as to La Noue and Teligny—whose spirit and bravery he esteemed—he being a generous Prince, and never affecting any but those in whom he discovered such qualities: for though they had been so injurious to the State, these foxes (*les renards*) knew so well how to dissemble, that they had entirely gained the heart of this brave King by the pretence of making themselves useful in the aggrandisement of the kingdom; proposing those fine and glorious enterprises in Flanders, a vast attraction for his high and royal soul. So that though the Queen urged that the assassination of his father rendered M. de Guise excusable, and so forth; he in a passion of grief for the loss of those from whom, as I say, he hoped to obtain great services—could not moderate his desire of justice; but commanded M. de Guise to be arrested, swearing he would never permit such an action to remain unpunished." "The King," says Tavannes, briefly "informed of the offence, menaced the Duke de Guise, ignorant whence the blow in reality came."

Orders were accordingly issued to the Provost of Paris to search every corner of the town for the murderer. The gates were closed; the Parliament commanded immediately to commence an investigation of the subject, and a commission consisting of Christophle de Thou, Bernard Prevôt, and Viole, named for this purpose. Before these

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle. [2] Mém de Marguerite de Valois.

magistrates, two servants, taken in the house of Villemur, were separately examined that very evening. But the evidence thus obtained amounted only to this: that the Seigneur de Chailli, intendent of the Hôtel de Guise, had the evening before introduced Montrevel, under a feigned name, into the house of Villemur, whose own chamber he had occupied; and that in the morning his (Montrevel's) servant had been dispatched early by his master with a message to M. de Chailly to beg that he would take care that M. de Guise's squire should have the horses ready. Nothing more could be extracted from the witnesses.

These depositions being laid before the King, he commanded Nançay, captain of his guards, immediately to arrest Chailli, and bring him into his presence; but Chailli was not to be found. It was known that he had been about the Louvre till after the assassination, and that he had then retired to the apartments of the Duke de Guise, whence, upon receiving intelligence of the nature of the depositions made against him, he had immediately made his escape. One other suspicious circumstance transpired in the course of the examination; it was found that the arquebuss fired by Montrevel belonged to one of M. d'Anjou's body-guard.

It was after dinner, and might be about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, that the King, in compliance with the Admiral's request, set out to visit him. Damville had been followed by Teligny, who urged the expediency of an immediate interview, the Admiral being, he said, considered in danger, and wishing before he died to reveal many things to his majesty, important to the well-being of the State.[1]

[1] The relation of the Duke d'Anjou to Miron, entitled "Discours de Henri III., à une personne d'honneur . . . . á Cracovie, des causes et motifs de la Sainte Bartholemi," has with that of Cornaton, been con-

Charles was attended by the Queen-Mother, the Dukes d'Anjou, and d'Alençon his brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Maréchals Tavannes, Damville and Cossé, the Count de Retz, the Sieurs de Thoré et Meru, and was shortly afterwards followed by the Duke de Nevers,

Upon entering the chamber the King desired all the Admiral's attendants to quit the room—as we are informed by Cornaton, who is seconded in this by the author of "The Histoire des Cinq Rois," — they obeyed, with the exception of Teligny, and Cornaton himself. The *Discours* of Henri III., on the contrary, asserts, that the room was filled with Hugonot gentlemen, whose menacing gestures as they paced around the Catholic nobility and the Queen, expressed alike their suspicions and defiance; and filled the Queen and her sons with apprehension. There is every reason to suppose that though incorrect in the detail, an impression of the species he describes was, and might very well be, conveyed by the countenances and behaviour of the Hugonot gentlemen before they quitted the apartment.

After the King, as was his custom, had saluted the Admiral *bénignement* (affectionately), he asked him how he found himself. The Admiral replied with singular modesty—"Sire, I thank you with all possible humility

sulted. Where Cornaton and Henry III. disagree, the preference as authority has been given to Cornaton. The *Discours* is evidently an apology, and circumstances have been bent and exaggerated to favour the purpose; yet, upon the whole, it tallies with what may be gathered from the imperfect relations of others. The origin of this paper is striking. Henry, two days after his arrival at Cracow, after having met, during his passage through Germany, with every species of affront, upon account of his share in the Saint Bartholomew, retiring one night to rest, agitated by the dreadful recollection thus painfully recalled to him, and finding it impossible to sleep—*se sentant agité de nuit de plus cruelles solicitudes et réveries qui ne lui permettant de se reposer une seule minute de temps*—sent for this personage, supposed to be Miron, his head physician, and gave him the account which he afterwards published.

for the honour which it pleases your Majesty to do me, and for the trouble you have been pleased to take upon my account." The King looked attentively at him for some time with a thoughtful and sorrowful air, and then again kindling with indignation, exclaimed, "My father, the wound may be yours, but the anguish is mine; and I swear *par le M— D—*," using his usual execrations, "that I will take such vengeance for it as shall never be effaced from the memory of man."

Coligny then said, "I am not ignorant, Sire, that if it should please God to take me away many will calumniate my actions—but that God before whose throne I am about to appear, is my witness that I have ever been a faithful and devoted servant to your Majesty, and to your kingdom—Nothing lying so near my heart as the welfare and greatness of both. And though by others I have been charged with the crime and felony of rebellion, this which has just occurred may suffice to point out who it is—who they are—that are the true origin of so many evils. Once more I call upon God to witness my innocence; and implore Him again and again to judge between me and my adversaries—and I am assured He will do so according to His justice. I am ready to die, and render my last account before His Holy Majesty if it be His will to withdraw me through this wound." He then went on to say that his duty to the King laid him under an obligation humbly to represent to him how inconsiderately he was neglecting his best interests and affairs; and that an occasion now presented itself, such as his predecessors had vainly sought—and which, if passed by, the kingdom would receive a signal wound (*voire une ruine bien dangereuse.*) "Is it not a shame, Sire, that they cannot, as they say, turn an egg in your Privy-Council, but the Duke of Alva shall be immediately

informed of it?—Is it not too great an indignity that this Duke should hang so many brave French gentlemen, taken in the defeat of Genlis,[1] of which proceeding I received the intelligence yesterday? . . . . But in your Court such things are only food for laughter;—such is their patriotism and affection for their countrymen.

"Another point of which I think it good to remind you, *bon de vous ramentevoir*, is the manifest contempt in which your Edicts—especially of pacification—are held. You have sworn this peace so frequently, so solemnly, that foreign princes and whole nations are as witnesses of your oath. You have sworn solemnly to keep faith with the Religious, and yet I know that in many places of your dominions that faith is villainously broken—and that, not by private individuals alone, but by your Majesty's own officers and Governors. I have often spoken to you, Sire, of these things, pointing out that the sacred observance of promises is the only secure bond of peace; and, among many, the only means that can by possibility restore your kingdom to its ancient splendour and dignity." "Madam," turning to the Queen, "I have sometimes represented the same to you, and yet, every day fresh complaints are made of murders, outrages, and seditions. Not long since at Troyes, the Catholics murdered a newly-baptised infant in its nurse's arms! . . ." Then raising his voice, "Sire, I intreat you not to overlook these murders, but to have a true regard to the repose and well-being of your kingdom, and to the faith you have so solemnly pledged."

How the Queen received the appeal we are not told; or with what eye the guilty and treacherous gentlemen

[1] After the defeat of Genlis, the Duke of Alva had thought proper to hang the French taken prisoners, instead of treating them as prisoners of war, and releasing them upon ransom.

present regarded the Admiral; but the King listened with profound attention, and when Coligny ceased, answered with every appearance of cordiality in these words. "*M. l'Amiral je vous connois pour homme de bien, bon Francais—aimant l'accroissement de mon état.*[1] I hold you for a valiant personage, and excellent captain; and had I not, *jamais je n'eusse fait ce que j'ai fait.*[2] I have always diligently endeavoured to observe my Edict of Pacification, and such is still my desire: and for this purpose I have sent Commissioners into the provinces.... Here is my mother can assure you of this." Upon which the Queen said, "*Cela est vrai, M. l'Amiral, et vous le sçavez bien.*"[3] "Yes, madam," replied Coligny, "Commissioners have been sent, and among them I find those who lately condemned me to the gibbet, and set 50,000 crowns upon my head." "Well, well," interrupted the King, "we will send others, that shall not be open to suspicion. But I see," looking at the Admiral, "you are too much excited by speaking. It will hurt you. You are grievously wounded; but it is I who feel the pain ... *mais par le mort D.* I will revenge it." "Sire," said Coligny, "we need not look far to learn who it is that has given me this; but may God never be my help if I desire vengeance—justice, I feel certain, knowing your equity and rectitude, I shall obtain." The King repeated his threats and his execrations—telling him what had already been done, and asking whether he approved of those nominated on the committee of enquiry. The Admiral expressed his satisfaction, only requesting that Cavagnes, and two others he named, might be added to the commission.

[1] I know you are a man of worth, a good Frenchman, and zealous for the advancement of my kingdom.

[2] Never would I have done what I have done.

[3] That is true, M. l'Amiral, and you know it as well as I do.

After that, the conversation between the King, Queen-Mother, and Coligny was continued some time in so low a voice, that it was lost to Cornaton—though standing near the bed. The concluding sentence from the Queen was alone audible. "*Combien que je ne suis que femme, je suis d'opinion qu'on y pourvoye de bonne heure.*"

It was known afterwards that Coligny had taken this occasion to warn the King against the designs of several of the Catholic nobility to render themselves independent of the crown; telling him, that he ought to be upon his guard. He also attempted to renew the subject of the war, but Charles replied vaguely. During this conversation the Count de Retz was occupied in the endeavour to persuade Teligny, that it would add greatly to the security of the Admiral in case of any popular commotion arising, to have him carried into the Louvre. He added, as an inducement, that the Queen of Navarre had offered her apartments for his accommodation, and would retire to those of her sister, the Duchess of Lorraine. Teligny replied, "That they were under very little apprehension of any popular commotion — more especially after the visit with which the King had honoured them: and Mazille, the King's physician being consulted, and declaring that after so recent a wound it would be unsafe to move him, the proposal was dropped. The King and Queen, having passed nearly an hour in the most intimate and apparently confidential discourse with the sick man, now rose to take leave. As he was going away, the King addressed Cornaton, and asked a great many questions about the operation, the medical treatment, &c. —he examined the ball, which was of copper, and asked whether the Admiral had suffered much pain, and whether he had cried out during the amputation: and when

Cornaton replied, that though the pain had been excessive, his master had uttered no complaint; Charles exclaimed in a sort of extasy, "*Non, je ne sçay point d'homme plus magnanime et plus courageux que l'Amiral.*"[1] Seeing Cornaton's sleeve still stained with blood, he expressed his surprise at the quantity which had been lost, and at the strength the Admiral yet had left after such an effusion. The Queen too, looked at the ball attentively, and then said, "I am glad the ball has been extracted; I remember when *M. de Guise was killed before Orleans*, the physicians told me, that if the ball were once out, there would be no danger though it were poisoned." "We are prepared against poison, Madame," replied Cornaton; "we have given M. l'Amiral a drink which will prevent any ill effects from poison—if poison there were."

The account given of this interview in the "*Discours à un personnage, etc . . .*" differs in some material particulars from the above. Henry, as I have said, represents the King as conferring privately with the Admiral, while he and the Queen-Mother retired to the farther end of the room, where they were surrounded by more than 200 of the Admiral's followers and friends, whose menacing looks and air of defiance terrified them both. He adds, that the Queen, in order to escape alive, interrupted the conversation under pretence that the Admiral would be fatigued; and that after they had retired they endeavoured long in vain to get from Charles an account of what had passed, but that at last, with a number of tremendous oaths, he told them, that Coligny's advice was, that he should emancipate himself from his mother's and brother's tyranny. This relation cannot be considered as of sufficient authority to contradict that of Cornaton, and

[1] No, I know no man of more magnanimity and resolution than the Admiral.

those who have followed him; but it is possible that in the course of their visit much might have transpired upon the part of the Hugonots to awaken their apprehensions. It is certain they were many of them extremely imprudent, under such circumstances, in their expression of a too just and natural resentment. Margaret tells us that Pardaillon, at the Queen's supper that night, spoke in so menacing a manner to Catherine herself, that it filled her with apprehension lest her own share in the business had been discovered; and that the same evening the King of Navarre, having summoned a council of the principal Calvinist gentlemen in the Rue Béthisy, the measures to be adopted were discussed with extreme and imprudent heat and violence—Some recommended an immediate retreat; others called out loudly for vengeance: others, enumerating the various reasons they had for the darkest suspicions, reiterated their persuasions to engage the Admiral to depart instantaneously from a Court where the ruin of all seemed inevitable—while Henry, Condé, and Teligny, convinced of the King's good faith, strove in vain to compose the spirits of their friends. The meeting separated without their coming to any decision.

The uneasiness of the Queen and her son—their alarm, suspicion, and anxiety almost equalled those with which the other party were filled. They were so confounded, "*demeurerent si dépourvus de conseil,*" that they found it impossible to come to any conclusion, and at last ended by putting off the consideration of what was to be done till the next day.[1] The night was spent, upon the part of Charles and his mother, in writing letters to the Ambassadors at the foreign Courts, and to the governors of the Provinces, acquainting them with the attempted

[1] Discours à un Personne, &c.

assassination, and of the light in which it was regarded by the King—namely, as an outrage committed against his person and authority—and assuring them that the greatest exertions were being made to discover the real authors of the crime.

The next morning, Saturday, the agitation and perplexity of all parties was only increased. The Hugonots, filled with vague suspicions, which were beginning, however, to point in the right direction, were occupied at home in anxious debate, or appeared in public restless and menacing; and several of the more imprudent approaching the King, loudly demanded justice and revenge. This conduct irritated the proud and irascible temper of Charles beyond measure. At last, in spite of the earnest representations of Henry and Teligny to the contrary, Pilles, at the head of 500 gentlemen openly entered the Court of the Louvre, defying the government, and saying, that, if justice were not speedily done them, they would find means to do it for themselves.[1] La Noue calls them "*des vrais fous mal habils;*" and the Princess Marguerite says, "The eldest Pardaillon, and some other of the Hugonot chiefs, spoke in such terms (*si haut*) to the Queen, my mother, that by the advice of M. de Guise, and my brother the King of Poland, the resolution was taken to be beforehand with them—*Conseil de quoy le Roi Charles ne fut nullement,* who loved M. de la Rochefoucault and La Noue, and other chiefs of the Religion, of whom he hoped to make use in Flanders: and I have myself heard him say, that it gave him much pain to consent to it, and that if they had not made him understand that his life and crown were in jeopardy, he would never have done so."

There can be little doubt that these brave but impru-

[1] Mezeray, La Noue, Mém. de Marguerite.

dent Hugonot gentlemen, who till then had shown such a sincere desire and intention to keep the peace, began, and with but too sufficient reason, to distrust the Privy Council; and it is evident that they felt themselves in the situation of those surrounded by ill-defined visions of approaching danger, and looking round for the means to escape. The natural indignation at the treachery with which they thought themselves surrounded, accounts for those angry clamours which their enemies have made use of, as an apology for the slaughter which ensued; but it is certain, had the Court maintained its good faith in the most ordinary degree, there would not have been the slightest reason in the world to apprehend violence from the Hugonots.

As it was, the Queen-Mother and the Duke de Guise were excessively disconcerted. They appear to have been quite unprepared for this burst of feeling and this genuine resentment upon the part of the King, who seemed now all interest for the Admiral; and still less had they entertained the slightest expectation that the matter would ever be made the subject of a serious judicial inquiry, which might end in tracing the assassination to its true source.

The Duke de Guise, a man of no generous impulses either in a wrong or right direction, was not the least in the world inclined to offer himself up as a scape-goat, and stand alone as the sacrifice for his party. He went to the King during the morning of Saturday with every appearance of the highest discontent in his manner, with design, as it should seem, to make trial of his real sentiments. Haughtily expressing his dissatisfaction at the suspicions which his Majesty was pleased to entertain against him, he desired permission to retire immediately from his Court. This proposal was received by Charles with the greatest

coldness and indifference; he merely said that the Duke might retire if he pleased, for that if he were proved guilty, he should know very well where to find him. Upon which Guise mounted his horse, and, surrounded by his friends, made as if he would leave Paris by the Porte St. Antoine; but, either this whole proceeding was a mere pretence upon all sides, or the Duke had found some good reason or other for altering his determination; it is certain he went no further than the gate, and then, turning his horse's head, returned with his friends to his hôtel. But the mere rumour of his disgrace was sufficient to rouse all the turbulent passions of the people of Paris, and already in the dark alleys and remote quarters of the city the distant gathering of a storm might be perceived, like the low roar of the coming thunder.[1] Obscure noise and agitation pervaded that extraordinary population—which in those regions seems permanently to abide—and which, after years and years of repose, is found in every period of French history ready upon the occasion to rise, and with irresistible force, violence, and cruelty, to produce effects the most sudden and appalling.

The Queen was in an agony of doubt and perplexity; what between her dread of the redoubtable house of Guise on the one hand; the menaces of the Hugonots on the other; and her secret apprehension that the whole truth might at any minute come to light, and involve her beloved and idolised son the Duke d'Anjou, in the extremest danger. Tavannes describes her to the life as torn by all those contradictory and agitating feelings, which terror and rage, animosity and fear, combined to produce in a character at once so rash, so hasty, so improvident, and yet so full of duplicity and treachery. "The present peril—the various nature of her fears—the verification of

[1] Abbé Perau, vie de Coligny.

which would sooner or later come to light, of the quarter whence proceeded the blow—war with Flanders imminent, unless immediate exertions were made to prevent it—distracted her mind. If she could but have felt it possible to ward off the consequences of that shot from the arquebuse, she would not have felt inclined to proceed with a business to which the progress of events constrained her."[1] Many a coward has been a murderer in thought, wishing the enemy dead whom he dreaded to encounter. This Queen may be held up as a signal and terrific example that the barbarity *d'un lasche*—to use the expressive French word—the cruelty of a weak and irresolute temper, exceeds in its enormity anything mankind can have to fear from the excesses of the dauntless and the brave. This unhappy woman did not, it is evident, know very well what to do in the dilemma she had brought upon herself; and the massacre of Paris seems actually to have been at last decided upon merely to extricate her from this difficulty.

The Princess Margaret says, "The Queen saw that this accident had brought matters to that point, that it was necessary to make the King understand the real truth of the case, and the peril in which he stood." The Maréchal de Retz was chosen to make the important revelation—he being supposed to possess more influence over Charles than any other of the faction. "He accordingly went to him in the evening, and told him, that, as his faithful servant, he could not make up his mind to conceal any longer the very great danger in which he would be placed, by persisting in doing justice upon M. de Guise—and that it was necessary he should know that this blow had been designed against the Admiral, not by M. de Guise alone, but that the Queen-Mother herself and the Duke d'An-

[1] Mém. de Tavannes.

jou had a hand in it. . . That the Queen had designed, by this execution, to relieve the kingdom at once from the greatest pest with which it had ever been afflicted—this pest being no less than the Admiral himself. That it was indeed most unfortunate the attempt had failed; for the Hugonots were now in such despair, that not only they accused M. de Guise, the Queen-Mother, and his brother, but suspected even the King himself, so that they had unanimously resolved to take up arms that very night." This account of the conversation with the Maréchal de Retz, and its effect upon the King's temper is corroborated by Tavannes. "Through the assistance of the Maréchal de Retz," says he, "the Queen contrived to soften the King's resentment against the Guises, and to excite in him a furious rage against the Hugonots. *Vice peculier par sa Majesté d'humeur cholerique.*"[1]

We are thus led to understand the effect produced by these revelations upon the King's fiery temper, and it was in this mood that he at last consented to attend the secret Cabinet, now assembled for the second time during that eventful day. It was held after dinner in a summer-house in the garden of the Tuilleries, and consisted of only six people—the Queen-Mother, the Duke d'Anjou, Tavannes, De Retz, Birague, and the Duke de Nevers.

The plans in succession proposed, and in succession abandoned, were various—but not one was there found to point out the safe and easy path of good faith and humanity. Some advised to finish the Admiral, others a general arrest of the Hugonot chiefs—violence, treachery, and blood-shed were the leading features in all their schemes.

By one counsellor, the Maréchal de Retz, it was proposed to shelter the King from the odium which must

[1] A vice peculiar to his Majesty's choleric temper.—Mém. Tavannes, Mém. Marguerite.

necessarily attach to any open breach of faith upon his part, by inflaming the animosities of the rival factions of Guise, Coligny, and Montmorency, till they broke out into open conflict, and then to leave them to fight it out and slaughter each other in the streets of Paris.

During this confused discussion, the King listened in obstinate and gloomy silence, while the Queen-Mother, at his ear, was busily employed urging upon him every consideration which could awaken his anger, his jealousy, or his apprehensions. She represented the ill-suppressed rage and violence of the Hugonots—recalled the terrible days of Amboise and Meaux—assured him that they were at that very moment actually conspiring against the state, and that the Admiral had, as she was well informed, dispatched emissaries into Germany and Switzerland, to levy 10,000 reisters and 10,000 of the Swiss infantry. On the other hand, she painted the Catholics alarmed and indignant—resolved to resist the Hugonot ascendancy, and prepared to enter into a league, offensive and defensive, and elect a captain and a leader of their own, to defend them, upon the slightest suspicion of collusion between the King and the Admiral—and she described him as standing alone, deserted and defenceless, to perish amid contending factions, leaving his family and his kingdon in ruins.[1] The only remedy she could suggest in this dilemma, was to cut the Gordian knot of circumstance by a crime; and she ended by declaring that the sole means of escape from the evils which surrounded them, would be to make away with the Admiral at once, saying that with him the designs and enterprises of the Hugonots, and the jealousies of the Catholics, would speedily come to an end.

The King, as Henry III. tells us,[2] at length seemed moved by all this reasoning, but requested, that, before

[1] Esprit de la Ligue. [2] Discours à une Personne, &c.

deciding upon an affair of this importance,[1] he might hear the opinion of all present.[2] "Now those who spoke first were all of opinion that it should be done as was proposed, but when it came to the turn of Maréchal de Retz *il trompa bien notre espérance*, and gave excellent reasons against it; shewing that the Admiral's death must infallibly be the occasion of new wars—and that treachery like this would cover the King with eternal and indelible infamy." But no one seconded him, so that having recovered their countenance and spirits a little from the confusion into which these remarks had thrown them; all talking together, they silenced De Retz.

We may picture to ourselves the gloomy countenance of the wretched Charles, listening with a sort of sarcastic impatience, while crimes in their different degrees and consequences were thus coolly discussed and canvassed before him—Suddenly the blood seemed to mount into his head, "*Nous recogneusmes à l'instant une soudaine mutation, et merveilleuse et estrange metamorphose au Roi:*—It was now our turn to hold him in—springing suddenly up, shouting, with rage and fury, he swore with a terrible oath, 'That since they thought it right to kill the Admiral, they might do as they would—but of this he was resolved—that every Hugonot in France should perish with him—for not one should be left to reproach him with the murder'—and rushing furiously out, he left us in the Cabinet, where we employed ourselves the remainder of that day and a good part of the night, in arranging the measures we thought advisable for carrying the enterprise into execution."[3]

[1] Discours à une Personne, &c.

[2] The irresolution and reluctance of the King are also mentioned by Margaret. "Ma mère," says she, with some naiveté, "ne se vit jamais plus *empeschée* qu' à faire entendre au dit Roi Charles que cela avoit été fait pour le bien de l'état."

[3] Miron, Discours de Henri III.

There is a very considerable mixture of falsehood thrown into this account, which it may be said, is a circumstance which will surprise no one, when it is ascribed to Henry of Anjou. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the project of the massacre did *not* take its origin from the King. Tavannes gives a more credible relation, and employs the very abuse of words by which it is probable these murderers glossed over the atrocious action to their consciences. The King was made acquainted, he says, by the Council, *que tout alloit decouvrant—et que ceux de Guise mesmes, pour se lever, accuseroient la Reyne et M. d'Anjou—et que la guerre étoist infaillible; qu'il valoit mieux gagner une bataille dans Paris, où tous les chefs étoient, que la mettre en doute en la campagne et tomber en une dangereuse et incertaine guerre.*[1]

The matter at length resolved upon, the next question which arose, was, whom to spare, and whom to include in this proscription.

All who survived of this dreadful Council, or any of their descendants who might happen to be in being, in the reign of Henry the Great, were, we may be sure, most anxious to claim for themselves the merit of having advised to save him and the young Prince of Condé; and the son of Tavannes when editing his father's Memoirs, appears to consider it an act of ingratitude on the part of the King, that such good service from his father, was not thought sufficient to cover all his other demerits. The death of the King of Navarre, he tells us, of the Prince de Condé, of the Maréchals Montmorency, and

[1] That all would be discovered, and that even those of the party of the Guises, in order to exculpate themselves, would accuse the Queen-Mother and the Duke d'Anjou, so that war was inevitable; and that it would be better to gain a battle in Paris, where all the chiefs were now assembled, than to put the matter to the hazard of a campaign, and fall again into a dangerous and uncertain war.—Mém. de Tavannes.

Damville, was debated. The Maréchal de Retz was undecided, but the Sieur de Tavannes shewed, that their innocence ought to exempt the two last, and their youth the two first, and more especially as the King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé were of the blood-royal of France, which ought to be respected; besides which, they were young; and proper people being put about them, would soon change their religion—*de ce seul opinion et de ceste seule voix ce grand Roi Henri Quatriesme regnant aujourd'hui et le feu Prince de Condé tiennent la vie, et le malheur est pour la postérité de M. de Tavannes que sa Majesté n'en sçait la verité.*[1] The credit of saving the Princes is given by some authors[2] to the Duke de Nevers, by others to De Retz. In such an assemblage it matters little to measure or apportion the several degrees of crime.

It appears probable that the absence of the Maréchal de Montmorenci was the cause which prevented the destruction of his house. It should be added, that Biron and Cossé, with other Catholics, rendered obnoxious by their friendship for the Hugonots, were sentenced to be massacred with their new friends; but they lived to assist in avenging their fate. The Duke de Guise being at last sent for, and measures were taken for carrying the design into immediate execution. The city had exhibited signs of encreasing agitation during the whole of the morning, and Monsieur, and the Chev. d'Angoulême, we are told by D'Aubigné, had been industriously spreading reports of the good understanding between the King and the Hugonots, and that the Maréchal de Montmorenci, with

[1] Owing to this one man's vote, it is that this great King Henry IV. is living and reigning at this day, and as well as the late Prince de Condé; and it is a misfortune for the posterity of M. de Tavannes, that his Majesty is not made acquainted with the truth.

[2] De Thou, Mém. de l'Etat de France sous Charles IX.

four hundred gentlemen, had already been sent for to support the Admiral and his party, and keep the Catholics and good people of Paris in order. The people were already beginning to gather together, in a tumultuous and threatening manner, and their idol, the Duke de Guise, was now busy making the necessary arrangements for giving a proper direction to the popular fury. He sent for Charron, the present, and for Marcel, the late Prévôt des Marchands, with whom he had already been in communication, and by them the dreadful plan was finally arranged. The city had been divided by Brissac, when appointed its governor at the beginning of the troubles, into several divisions. I believe, at this time they consisted of what afterwards became the celebrated number of the sixteen. These divisions had been regularly organised under proper officers, with a view to the better defence of the capital, and the system adopted at that time admirably facilitated the operations of the Duke de Guise; so that a simultaneous rising of the populace was arranged in a few hours, with little or no difficulty.

The Captains of the divisions, Eschevins, and other officers of the town being assembled, the Prévôt des Marchands informed them, that the King had at length resolved to permit his people to take arms and exterminate the rebels, who, during so many years had kept the kingdom in confusion. That it was his Majesty's desire that not one should escape—that the massacre was to begin that night in Paris, and to be followed by a similar execution in every province and city in the kingdom. The signal he informed them would be given upon the bell of the Palace of Justice, a little before day-break of the ensuing morning, when every one would be expected to be ready in arms; and each Catholic, in order to distinguish his faction from that of their enemies, was to wear a white cross

in his cap, and a white scarf around his arm. Flambeaux were also directed to be placed in all the windows of their houses. The fire which had long lain smouldering amid the populace of Paris, had wanted but a breath to burst forth into a flame. The communication rapidly spread from the officers to the population of their respective districts, and with a ferocious alacrity which excites at once our astonishment and horror, every one seems to have armed himself with secrecy and dispatch, and all to have awaited without a shadow of hesitation, but rather with silent impatience, the signal which was to summon them to bathe their hands in the blood of their innocent and unsuspicious guests and countrymen.[1]

In spite of the secrecy imposed, it was impossible but that some rumour of what was intended must reach the Hugonots. The mysterious agitation at the Louvre, the many messengers and others passing to and fro, the movements among the troops, all announced an approaching tumult;

[1] The order, as inscribed upon the Registres de la ville de Paris, has been extracted by M. Capefigue. "Le vingt-trois d'Aout, 1572, le Roi, ayant été adverti, que ceux de la nouvelle religion conspiraient contre sa personne et son état, jusques à avoir mandé à sa Majesté propos hautains et sonnans en menaces, manda le prevôt des marchands au Louvre le soir bien tard, auquel il commanda de se saisir des clefs de la ville, et d'en faire soigneusement fermer les portes, faire tirer tous les bateaux du coté de la ville, et la fermer de longues chaines; de faire mettre en armes tous les capitains, lieutenans, enseignes, et bourgeois de quartiers et dizains, et les faire tenir prêts par les cantines et carrefours pour recevoir et exécuter les commandemens de sa Majesté; de faire tenir l'artillerie prête tant dedans l'Hôtel de Ville que devant et sur la Place de Grève, et autres commandemens tant à lui qu'au corps de la ville: pour l'exécution desquels on fit expédier mandemens portant des ordonnances aux quarteniers, archers, arquebusiers, arbalestriers, et autres officiers de la ville, qui furent envoyés le lendemain jour de la Saint Barthélemi, de fort grand matin, et aussi pour faire mettre les bourgeois, manans, et habitans sous les armes. Lesquels commandemens et injonctions de sa dite Majesté aux prévost, eschevins, &c., auroient été obéis, et ces commandemens exécutés le mieux qu'il leur auroient été possible dès le dict Samedi au soir; et la nuict suivant le commandement de sa Majesté auroist ésté rendu compte et temoignage d'icelle d'heure en heure et pour l'exécution les dicts prévôts et eschevins auroient faict expedier par le greffier de la dicte ville plusieurs mandemens, &c."—Reg. de la ville de Paris.

but the suspicions of Coligny, Navarre, and Teligny, were still wide of the mark. All they apprehended was a popular insurrection, and to be exposed to the fanatical violence of the lower orders. Anything more alarming, or more atrocious than that, never seems to have crossed their thoughts; for it was to the government itself, they applied for protection. Cornaton was dispatched with a message to the King, stating their apprehensions, and requesting that a few archers of the guard might be sent to watch at the Admiral's hotel during the night, and further, that several gentlemen, his friends, might be allowed to change their quarters and occupy lodgings in the Rue Béthisy, in order to provide for his safety.

The King shewed some surprise and embarrassment upon receiving this message, and enquired how the Admiral had learned all this. Then the next moment, as if recollecting himself, he begged the Count de Retz to fetch the Queen-Mother. As she entered—"How is this, Madam," said he, "the people are in arms *et se mutine?*" "Neither the one nor the other," said she, coolly. "You may remember your commands were issued early this morning that to prevent disorder every one should remain in his quarters." "True," replied the King, "and I have certainly forbidden any one to take up arms."[1] The Duke d'Anjou, who had followed the Queen-Mother, having heard Cornaton ask for a guard, said carelessly, "Take Cosseins,[2] with fifty arquebusiers." Cornaton was struck by this. He replied, half a dozen men were sufficient to keep the people off, which was all that would be necessary. "No, no," said the King, "take Cosseins—You cannot have a better—*vous ne sauriez choisir un plus propre.*"

Cosseins was well known to be the declared enemy of the

[1] Abbé Perau, vie Coligny.
[2] Cosseins was colonel of the Gardes Françoises.

Admiral, but Cornaton found it impossible to refuse the offer. As he was in much uneasiness quitting the cabinet, Thoré Montmorenci met him, and whispered, "*On ne vous pouvait bailler à garder à un plus grand ennemi que cestuy là.*"[1]

"Have you forgotten the decided manner in which the King spoke," replied the gentleman.—"We confide in his good will. But you are my witness of the answer I made at the time."[2]

Yet such was the confidence of Coligny, so assured was he of the good faith of the King, that he manifested not the slightest symptom of uneasiness at hearing in whose hands he was to be placed. Cosseins arrived shortly afterwards in the Rue Béthisy, with fifty men, whom he placed in two shops which stood one upon each side of the Admiral's hôtel. Rambouillet followed soon after. He came with an order from the King to turn all the Catholic gentlemen in the neighbourhood out of their lodgings, and replace them by the Calvinist friends of Coligny. "Coligny was ignorant," says the Abbé Perau, in his life, "that the Duke d'Anjou, had issued these orders the preceding day." This proceeding, which it seems probable was intended only to gather the victims together into one place, so as to make them fall a more certain and easy prey, served still more to confirm the Admiral's confidence. In the evening the King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé visited him again, a second council of the principal gentlemen met, and fresh and anxious deliberations were held as to what was to be done. There was that foreboding of coming disaster, that sort of instinctive uneasiness, which is as the shadow of terrible events cast before—and which may be

[1] They could not put you in the hands of a worse enemy.
[2] Abbé Perau, vie Coligny.

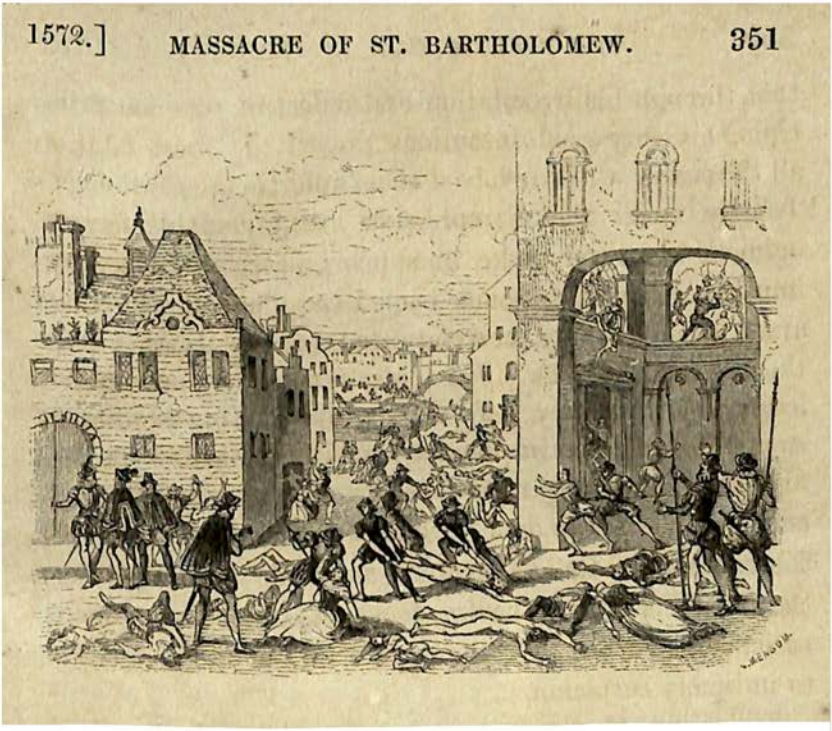
attributed to the impossibility of any design being kept so completely secret that vague suspicions will not get wind. The confidence of the Admiral may in part be ascribed to his being upon his sick bed, and therefore incapable of himself observing those symptoms which occasioned so much alarm among those who were going about. The Vidâme de Chartres in particular, who appears to have been down in La Cité, that worst and most turbulent quarter of Paris, was filled with the greatest alarm. He spoke of the stir and movement he had observed among the people, the strange excited expression of their countenances, the evident expectation of some great event with which they seemed big, and the ominous expressions they let fall—and exclaiming, "that the voice of the people was the voice of God," he entreated his companions not to lose a moment of time, but to take up the Admiral sick as he was, place him in a litter, and depart immediately for some place of security. His anxiety was greatly increased by finding Cosseins mounting guard in the Rue Béthisy, before the Admiral's hotel.[1]

On the contrary the confidence placed by the King of Navarre, in the good faith of his brother-in-law, seemed to have increased. Charles had sent to him that very morning, and having confided to him what reason there was to suspect the Guises of ill designs, had declared —swearing in his usual manner—that they ought to be punished. He had therefore desired Navarre for their mutual security to assemble his principal and truest friends in his own apartments in the Louvre; and that Prince had accordingly engaged Pilles, Pardaillon, and several other gentlemen, to return with him in the evening. If Charles were at this time sincere, all that can again be said is,

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

that through his irresolution and defect of common principle, his very good intentions proved the most fatal of all the snares which involved these unfortunate gentlemen. Teligny, under a like impression, maintained his former opinions also, and spoke in support of them with very unusual warmth. Some one having mentioned that arms had been most certainly that evening carried into the Louvre; he took upon himself, upon his own knowledge, to affirm, they were merely intended for a military entertainment then in preparation. This amiable gentleman survived not to regret his generous and unfortunate confidence — a confidence, which decided the opinion of the majority of those assembled, and after warm disputes the council separated, having decided to await the event in patience; and not risk the King's favour by giving way to untimely suspicion.

The King of Navarre soon after this, left the Rue Béthisy, and returned as usual to his apartments in the Louvre. And the Admiral having dismissed all those around him, with the exception of Teligny, and one or two others, composed himself tranquilly to rest.



CHAPTER IV.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

In the meantime the Duke de Guise having called together the captains of the French and Swiss guards, addressed them briefly as follows:—"Gentlemen, the hour is come, when, under the sanction of the King, we may at length avenge ourselves upon the accursed race, the enemies of God. *Voici l'heure que par la volonté du Roi, il se faut venger de la race, ennemie de Dieu—la bête est dans les toiles il ne faut pas qu'elle se sauve.*[1] Honour and profit may now cheaply be won, and that effected without peril which so many brave captains, at the expense of so much blood, have in vain as yet attempted." He then posted the troops on each side of

[1] The game is in the snare, and must not be suffered to escape.

the Louvre, with command to suffer no servant of the House of Bourbon to pass.[1]

The orders with which the Prévôt des Marchands was charged were all delivered, and every preparation completed. At midnight the bourgeoisie, échevins, and quarteniers were assembled upon the Place de Grève, and along the quays by the river side; and the Duke de Guise entered the Hôtel de Ville, accompanied by two gentlemen, D'Entragues and De Puisgailliard. He was received with loud acclamations, and addressed the assembled authorities thus — "*Messieurs, la volonté de notre Sire est que chacun prenne les armes pour occire Coligny, et extirper tous les autres Huguenots et rebelles, qui sont comme en prison en notre bonne ville—pareille chose se fera en province, suivant les ordres du Roi.*[2] Observe, the signal —When the clock of the *Palais* (*de Justice?*) shall sound upon the great bell at day-break, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen round his arm, and place a fair white cross in his cap."[3] The Duke's address was received with every testimony of satisfaction, and it was also agreed that all good Catholics should place flambeaux in their windows, that there might be light enough for their intended proceedngs. The *bourgeoisie* then divided themselves into small bodies that not a Hugonot might escape, and each one remained awaiting in silent expectation the sounding of that bell which was to be the signal for the *matins of Paris.*

During the beginning of the evening, Charles seems to have in some degree kept up his spirits. He passed it

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

[2] Gentlemen, it is the King's good pleasure that we should all take up arms to kill Coligny, and extirpate all the other Hugonots and rebels . . . . and the same will be done in the provinces.

[3] Mém. de l'Etat de France sous Charles IX., as quoted in Capefigue.

with his favourite De la Rochfoucault, whom he made a feeble effort to save. "M. de la Rochfoucault," says his gentleman De Mergey, "was the last as usual to leave the King's apartment, and, as he was about to retire, Chammont and I, who waited in the hall, hearing the scraping of the feet as they made their *congés*, I went to the door, and heard the King say, 'Foucault,' for so he was used to call him, 'don't go away, it is late—*nous balis-vernerons toute la nuit.*' 'That can't be done,' said the Sieur Count, 'for it is time to go to bed and sleep.' 'Ah! you must stay; you shall sleep with my valets.' '*Non, non!* that won't suit me; *adieu, mon petit maître:*' and going out, he went to the apartment of the Princess Dowager of Condé, whom he courted, and staid there till nearly one o'clock. He then went to the apartments of the King of Navarre, bade him good night, and was going out to his lodgings, when, at the foot of the stairs, a man dressed in black met him, drew him aside, and they spake long together. Then the Count called to me, and bade me return to the King of Navarre, and tell him that Mess. de Guise and Nevers were about in the town, and not in the Louvre. I did so in a whisper, and he commanded me to tell M. le Comte, that he should come to him early in the morning as he had promised. . . . . The Count went up again to the King of Navarre with Nançay, captain of the guard, but did not stay long. Now the King having advertised the King of Navarre to keep as many gentlemen with him as he could, lest the Guises should attempt anything—several gentlemen were assembled in the *garde-robe* (antichamber, dressing-room) of the King of Navarre, which was only closed by a piece of tapestry. De Nançay raised the tapestry, and, putting in his head, seeing the room filled with gentlemen, some playing at dice, others talking, he regarded them

some time, counting them as it were with his head, and said, 'Gentlemen, if any of you wish to retire, they are going to shut the gates.' They answered it was their intention to remain there all night." This benevolent attempt of Nançay, to save some of them, failing, he went down with the Count de la Rochfoucault, still attended by De Mergey, into the court, where they found the Swiss, Scotch, and French guards drawn up. At the gate sat M. de Rambouillet. "The postern only was open; he was sitting upon a little bench close by it—he loved me—and, holding out his hand, pressed mine, saying in a piteous voice, 'Adieu, M. De Mergey; adieu, my friend.' Not daring to say more, as he has since told me."[1]

Queen Margaret will supply a picture of what was passing in the Queen's private circle, during this terrible evening. "I knew nothing of all this," says she, "I saw every one in agitation. The Hugonots in despair at the wound; the Guises, having been threatened that justice would be had for it, whispering in each other's ears. I was suspected by the Hugonots as being a Catholic—by the Catholics as being married to the King of Navarre, so that no one told me anything till the evening, when, being at the *coucher* of the Queen my mother, sitting on a *coffre* near my sister of Lorraine, who I saw was very sorrowful; the Queen my mother saw me, and told me to go to bed. As I made my courtesy, my sister took me by the arm, and, stopping me, began to weep, saying, 'My God! sister, don't go.' This frightened me excessively, which the Queen perceived, and, calling very angrily to my sister, forbad her to tell me anything. My sister said it was too shocking to send me to be sacrificed

[1] Mém. de Mergey.

in that manner; for, doubtless, if anything were discovered, immediate revenge would be had upon me. The Queen answered, 'Unless it were the will of God, no harm could happen to me—but be that as it might, I must go, lest they should suspect something.' . . . . . They continued to dispute, but I could not hear their words. At length she told me very roughly to go to bed; and my sister, bursting into tears, bade me good night, not daring to say more. As for me I went away shivering and trembling, unable to imagine what was to be feared. As soon as I was in my closet, I began to pray God that he would please to protect and guard me, not knowing from whom, or against what. The King, my husband, who was already in bed, called to me; I came, and found the bed surrounded by about thirty or forty Hugonot gentlemen, whom I scarcely knew, being so lately married. All night they did nothing but talk of the Admiral's accident; and resolve that in the morning they would demand justice of the King on M. de Guise, and, failing him, do it for themselves. I, who had my sister's tears still upon my heart, could not sleep; and so the night passed. At the point of day the King rose, saying, he would go and play tennis till Charles awoke, resolving then to demand justice. He quitted the room, his gentlemen with him. I begged my nurse to shut the door, and fell asleep."[1]

It was at midnight that Catherine, fearing the resolution of her son might still fail, came down to the King's apartment, to watch over him till the moment for execution should arrive. She found there the Duke d'Anjou, the Duke de Nevers, De Retz, and Birague, who were all uniting their efforts to encourage Charles and maintain him in his resolution, but their words were vain. As the

[1] Mém. de Marguerite de Valois.

moment approached, horror took possession of the King —cold damps stood upon his brow, and a troubled fever agitated his frame. The Queen endeavoured to arouse him by every means in her power, endeavouring by arts she too well understood, to irritate once more his fiercer passions, and silence the remorseful and relenting feelings of nature—striving with her usual wicked sophistry to colour crime by a pretence of justice and necessity. "She asked him," says D'Aubigné, "whether it were not best, at once, to tear corrupted members from the bosom of the Church—the blessed spouse of our Lord—and repeated, after a celebrated Italian divine, that abominable sentiment, so often and so easily perverted—*Che pietà lor ser crudeltà, crudeltà lor ser pietà.*" She again represented the critical situation of his affairs, and how bitterly he would repent if he suffered the present opportunity to escape him: thus striving to stifle that cry of outraged conscience which, in spite of all her efforts, would make itself heard in the bosom of her wretched son. At last she succeeded in dragging the last fatal order from his lips.

The moment it was obtained she was impatient to begin.

It yet wanted an hour and a half of day-break, when the appointed signal was to be given upon the tocsin of the Hall of Justice. But the interval appeared too long for her fears; and, as the distance to the Palais de Justice was considerable, she commanded the tocsin of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, which is close upon the Louvre, to be sounded in its place, and the dreadful alarum to be given without loss of time.

This order being issued, a pause of perfect silence ensued—And then those three guilty creatures—the Queen and her two miserable sons—crept to a small closet over

the gate of the Louvre, and opening a window, looked uneasily out into the night.

But all was silent as the grave.—

Suddenly a pistol shot was heard.

"I know not from whence,"[1] says the Duke d'Anjou (for it is his account which I am following), "nor if it wounded any one; but this I know, the report struck us all three *tellement dans l'esprit qu'il offensa notre sens et notre jugement.*[2] Seized at once with terror and apprehension at the idea of those great disorders about to be committed, we sent down a gentleman in much haste, to tell the Duke de Guise to proceed no further against the Admiral—which would have prevented all that followed."[3]

But the order came too late, Guise was already gone.

—It was still dark, for the morning had not yet dawned when, through the awful stillness of that fearful night, the tocsin of St. Germains was heard sounding.

Through streets lighted by the flambeaux which now appeared in every window and through crowds of people gathering on every side, the Dukes de Guise and Nevers, with the Chevalier d'Angoulême and their suite, made their way to the hôtel of the Admiral, with whose murder the general slaughter was to begin.

Coligny, reposing in peace upon the good faith of his master, was quietly resting in his bed; and having dismissed Guerchi and Teligny, who lingered long after the rest of the Hugonot gentlemen had retired, was attended only by Cornaton and Labonne, two of his gentlemen; Yolet, his squire; Merlin, his religious minister; his German interpreter, and Ambrose Paré, who was still in the house. His ordinary domestic servants were, however, in

[1] Discours à une, &c.

[2] In such a manner that it seemed to take away both sense and judgment.

[3] Discours à une Personne d'honneur, p. Henri III.—Mém. de Villeroy.

waiting in the antichamber. Outside the street-door of his hotel, Cosseins, with fifty arquebusiers, was posted, and within were five Swiss guards belonging to the King of Navarre.

As soon as the Duke de Guise, followed by his company, appeared, Cosseins knocked at the outer door which opened into the hall where the Swiss were placed, and saying, one was come from the King who wanted to speak to the Admiral, demanded admittance. Some persons who were in waiting, upon this went up to Labonne who kept the keys, and who came down into the court, and hearing the voice of Cosseins, undid the lock immediately. But at the moment that the door opened the unfortunate gentleman fell, covered with blood, poignarded by Cosseins, as he rushed in followed by his arquebusiers. The Swiss guards prepared to defend themselves, but when they saw the tumult, headed by the very men who had stood guard before the door, they lost courage, and retreating behind another which led to the stairs, shut and bolted it—but the arquebusiers fired through it, and one of the Swiss guards fell.

The noise below awakened Cornaton, who, springing up, ran down to enquire the cause of this disturbance. He found the hall filled with soldiers, with Cosseins crying out to open the inner door *de par le Roi.* Seeing no means to escape, he resolved at least to defend the house as long as he could, and began barricading the door with boxes, benches, and anything that came to hand.

This done, he ran up to the Admiral. He found him already risen, and in his dressing gown, standing leaning against the wall of his room, and engaged in prayer. Still unsuspicious of the real truth, and imagining the populace, headed by the Guises, were endeavouring to force

the house—he relied upon Cosseins for protection. Merlin, who lay in the same chamber, had risen with him on the first alarm.

Cornaton entering in the greatest terror, Coligny asked what all this noise was about? "My Lord," said Cornaton, "it is God who calls you—The hall is carried—we have no means of resistance." The eyes of Coligny were suddenly opened, and he began to understand the treachery of the King, but the terrible conviction could not shake his composure—he preserved his usual firmness, and said calmly, "I have long been prepared to die. But for you—all of you—save yourselves, if it be possible—You can be of no assistance to me—I recommend my soul to the mercy of God." Upon this, those who were in the room, all except one faithful servant, Nicholas Muss, his *trucheman*, or German interpreter, ran up to the garrets, and finding a window in the roof, endeavoured to escape over the tops of the neighbouring houses; but they were fired at from below, and the most part killed, Merlin and Cornaton, with two others only, surviving.

In the mean time Cosseins having broken the inner door, sent in some Swiss of the Duke d'Anjou's guard, (known by their uniform, black, white, and green)—these passed the Swiss upon the stairs without molesting them, but Cosseins rushing in after, armed in his cuirass, and with his naked sword in his hand, followed by his arquebusiers, massacred them all, and then hurrying up stairs, forced open the door of the Admiral's room. Besme a page of the Duke de Guise—a man of Picardy named Attin Sarlaboux—and a few others rushed in. They found Coligny seated in an arm-chair, regarding them with the composed and resolute air of one who had nothing to fear. Besme rushed forward with his sword raised in his hand, crying out, "Are you the Admiral?" "I am," replied

Coligny, looking calmly at the sword. "Young man, you ought to respect my grey hairs and my infirmities—Yet you cannot shorten my life." For answer, Besme drove his sword to the hilt in the Admiral's bosom, then he struck him over the head and across the face—the other assassins fell upon him, and, covered with wounds, he soon lay mangled and dead at their feet. D'Aubigné adds, that at the first blow, Coligny cried out, "If it had but been at the hands of a man of honour, and not from this varlet—*au moins si je mourrois de la main d'un cavalier et non point de ce goujat.*"

The above circumstances were related afterwards by Attin Sarlaboux, who has been mentioned as one of the murderers; but who was so struck with the intrepidity displayed by this great captain, that he could never afterwards speak of the scene but in terms of admiration, saying, "he had never seen man meet death with such constancy and firmness."

The Duke de Guise, and the rest who had penetrated into the Court, stood under the window of the Admiral's chamber, Guise impatiently crying out, "Besme, have you done?" "It is over," answered he from above; the Chev. d'Angoulême called out, "Here is Guise will not believe it unless he sees it with his own eyes. Throw him out of the window." Then Besme and Sarlaboux, with some difficulty, lifted up the gashed and bleeding body, and flung it down. The face being so covered with blood that it could not be recognised. The Duke de Guise stooped down, and wiping it with his handkerchief, this man, whom Hume has not hesitated to call as magnanimous as his father, cried out, "'I know him;' and giving a *kick to the poor dead body of him whom living every man in France had feared,* 'Lie there,'

said he; '*bête vénémeuse, tu ne repandras donc plus ton venin.*' "[1]

The head was afterwards severed from the body, and carried to the Queen, with a large sack full of papers found in pillaging the house. The poor miserable trunk was exposed to all the insults which the terrific violence of an infuriated and fanatical mob can lavish upon the objects of its detestation. Mutilated, half-burned, dragged through the dirt and mire, kicked, beaten and trampled on by the very children in the street; it was lastly hung by the heels upon a common gibbet at Montfaucon. Such was the fate of that honest patriot and true Christian—Gaspard Coligny.

The murder completed, the Duke de Guise sallied from the gate, followed by all the rest, crying out, "Courage, soldiers! We have begun well! Now for the others! *Courage, soldats, nous avons heureusement commencés—allons aux autres! Car le Roy le commande!*" in a loud voice, "*De par le roi! Le roi le commande!—C'est la volonté du Roi! C'est son exprès commandement.*"

At that moment the tocsin of the Palace of Justice began to sound, and then a loud and terrible cry arose, "Down with the Hugonots! Down with the Hugonots!" and the massacre in all its horrors began.

Dreadful was the scene which ensued. The air resounded with the most hideous noises: the loud huzzas of the assailants as they rushed to the slaughter—the cries and screams of the murdered; the crashing of breaking doors and windows; the streets streaming with blood—men, women, and children flying in all directions, pursued by the soldiers and by the populace, who were

[1] Lie there, poisonous serpent, thou shalt shed your venom no more.—Mém. de l'Etat de France sous Charles IX., Ob. Tavannes 27.

encouraged to every species of cruelty by their dreadful chiefs Guise, Nevers, Montpensier and Tavannes—who hurrying up and down the streets cried out "Kill! kill! Blood-letting is good in August! By command of the King! *De par le Roi! De par le Roi!* Kill! kill! Oh, Hugonot! Oh, Hugonot!"

The massacre within the Louvre had already commenced. Some scuffling had early taken place between the guards posted in the Courts and neighbouring streets, and the Protestant gentlemen returning to their quarters, and the general slaughter of all within the palace speedily followed.

"I had slept but an hour," continues Margaret, "when I was startled awake by the cries of one striking with hands and knees against the door, and calling loudly 'Navarre! Navarre!' my nurse ran to it, and opened, when a gentleman called M. Tejan rushed in—having a sword wound in his elbow, and one from a halberd in his arm, and pursued by four archers; he threw himself upon the bed—from which I sprang, and he after me, catching me in his bloody arms, both of us screaming with terror. At last, by God's help, M. de Nançay came in, who finding me in that situation *could not help laughing.* He scolded the archers for their indiscretion, and having ordered them out of the room, he granted me the life of the poor man, whom I hid in my cabinet till he was cured. While I was changing my night-dress, which was covered with blood, M. de Nançay told me what was going on, assuring me that the King, my husband, was in the King's own apartments, and that he was safe; and, throwing a cloak over me, he led me to the chamber of my sister, De Lorraine, where I arrived more dead than alive. As I entered the anti-chamber, the doors of which were all open, a gentleman named Bourse—flying from

the archers who were pursuing him—received a blow from a halberd, and fell dead at my feet. I swooned in the arms of M. de Nançay, who thought the same blow had struck both at once, and was carried into my sister's room; soon afterwards two gentlemen, M. de Miossons, and d'Armagnac valet to my husband the King, came to entreat me to save their lives; I went and threw myself at the feet of the King and Queen, and at last my petition was granted."[1]

The above gentlemen were almost the only ones who escaped of the numbers that night within the palace. Flying from room to room, the murderers butchered the Calvinist nobility, gentry, and servants, without mercy or distinction; dragging them from their beds, and flinging their bodies out of the windows. Others, attempting to escape, were pushed into the courts between files of the guards, who struck them down with their halberds as they passed. The staircases and galleries were slippery with blood, and defiled with the mangled bodies: and vast heaps of the dead were accumulated under the King's windows, who from time to time came to look out upon this horrid spectacle. As a proof of the barbarous insensibility of those dissolute yet beautiful and accomplished women who formed the chief attraction of Catherine's court, it must be related that numbers of them might be seen examining the dead bodies of their acquaintances, and amusing themselves with ridiculous remarks upon the miserable remains.

The King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé had been seized at the first beginning of the massacre by some archers of the guard, and having surrendered their

[1] Mém. de Marguerite de Valois.

swords, were commanded to come before the King. As they passed along they saw on every side the direful spectacle of their friends and servants falling helpless from surprise and terror under the swords and halberds of the guards. Charles received them with eyes sparkling, and a countenance inflamed with fury, swearing and blaspheming, and commanding them to abandon their fine religion—that everything they saw was done by his command, there being no other means to put an end to their interminable wars and seditions, — that they more especially had given him reason enough to detest them eternally by putting themselves at the head of his enemies—but that, upon account of the nearness of blood and alliance he was willing to spare them, on condition of their instantly changing their religion—being resolved to suffer none but Catholics within his dominions. Therefore it was for them to consider whether they would please him in this, or be content to be treated like their friends and companions.[1]

Henry, either astounded, or deeming it vain to argue with a madman, replied, "Provided their consciences were left in peace, he was ready to obey the King in the rest." Condé, with less discretion and greater determination, took up the King's words, and remonstrated upon the treachery committed—refusing to render an account of his religion to any one save to God; and declaring himself ready to die rather than abandon the cause of truth. At this answer the King's fury passed all bounds; he shouted that he was a madman, a traitor, a rebel, and the son of a rebel—and that if he did not change his note, in three days he would strangle him.

The rage of slaughter—the noise, the tumult, the confusion continued increasing in the streets. The armed

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

bourgeois might be seen issuing from every quarter, and throwing themselves upon the Protestants of every age, sex, and condition: old men, children, pregnant women, all were indiscriminately butchered. "Imagine," says the author of the *Hist. Cinq Rois*, "a vast city in which 60,000 men armed with pistols, stakes, cutlasses, poignards, knives, and other bloody weapons, are running about on all sides, blaspheming and abusing the sacred majesty of God, rushing along the streets, breaking into the houses, and cruelly murdering all they meet. The pavements were covered with bodies—the doors, gates, and entrances of palaces and private houses steeped in blood: a horrible tempest of yells and murderous cries filled the air, mingled with the reports of pistols and arquebuss, and the piteous shrieks of the slaughtered, the dead were falling from the windows upon the causeways, or dragged through the mire with strange whistlings and howlings; doors and windows were crashing with hatchets or stones, houses were sacked and pillaged, carts passing filled sometimes with the spoil, sometimes with heaps of mutilated corpses, which were afterwards thrown into the Seine, the river being crimson with the blood which was running in torrents through the town—more especially through the court of the Louvre, the King's own palace, and its neighbourhood." "*La Seine toute rouge de sang qui ruisseloit par la ville, nommément en la cour du Louvre, màison du Roi, et auprès.*"

"All those who have written of this day," says D'Aubigné, "more especially *le grand senateur de Thou* are not ashamed to say of their own city, that the captains and *dixainiers* excited the *bourgeois* to slay their fellow-citizens—affording everywhere the most dismal and horrible spectacle; so that such was the noise, the blasphemous shouts of those running forward to pillage and slaughter,

that one could not hear the other speak in the streets. The air rung with the screams of the dying, the cries of those stripped in the very article of death; dead bodies rained from the windows, till the gateways and *portes cochères* were choked with corpses; as were the streets with those who had been dragged along the bloody pavement where the gore was running in streams to the river —The number of the dead it was impossible to ascertain —of men, women, children, and infants at the mother's breast."[1]

But the Duke de Guise was neither to be wearied of slaughter, nor satiated with blood—still, followed by his companions, he pursued his way through the streets—the fierce demon of the storm. "I heard him," says De Mergey, "calling, as he passed by, 'Who lodges there?' 'The train of the Princess de Condé,' answers one; 'We have no business there,' and passed forwards." He was making his way impatiently to the fauxbourg St. Germain, where Montgommeri, the Vidâme de Chartres, Pardaillan, and many of the Calvinist gentlemen lodged. It lies, as is well known to all acquainted with Paris, upon the opposite bank of the river from the Louvre. All was quiet in that quarter till five o'clock in the morning, when the ringing of the tocsin, and the screams which might be heard across the river roused the Calvinist gentlemen, and suspecting mischief they resolved to cross the river and join their friends. As they were calling for boats, and preparing to embark, they saw several boats filled with the French and Swiss guards approaching, who

[1] As if to exasperate the universal madness, about noon on Sunday there was a general cry of a "miracle." A thorn tree in the Cimetière des Innocens suddenly burst into flower. This prodigy was looked upon as a sign from heaven; there was a cry that the Church was reviving her flowers; every one crowded to the place; and the murderers derived fresh encouragement from the spectacle.

began to fire upon them; while the King himself, from a window of the Louvre, might be seen apparently directing their movements. "*Cela,*" says D'Aubigné, "*leur apprit leur chemin,*" and mounting their horses, they rode off at full speed. The escape of these gentlemen was like that of Fleance after the murder of Banquo—the snake was scotched not killed; and Charles, like Macbeth, had steeped his conscience in a useless crime. It is said by Brantôme, that the King himself fired repeatedly at this party from the place where he stood; but the fact is not mentioned by D'Aubigné in his minute detail of these events, and seems to want confirmation.[1]

The Duke de Guise pursued the fugitives as far as Monfort, but in vain. They were followed still further by some of his people, but escaped to a man, and found refuge in La Rochelle, or in foreign countries.

My limits will not allow the detail but of a very few individual murders or hairbreadth escapes, the notes upon Sully's Memoirs, which are in every one's hands, are full of them. Mad. Duplessis Mornay has, in her Memoirs, furnished us with a very curious account of her own. Those of De Mergey contain a pathetic relation of the death of La Rochfoucault, and of the distress and desolation of his sons. This amiable and agreeable ancestor of a house, in which such qualities seem to have been hereditary, was killed opening his chamber door, imagining it to be the King coming to attack him in a frolic. A child, the younger La Force, hidden under the slaughtered bodies of his father and brother, escaped. Sully himself, even then introduced and attached to the master he afterwards served so faithfully, being seven years younger than the King of Navarre, was finishing his edu-

[1] Capefigue asserts, that the window or balcony which is shown as that from which Charles fired, did not exist at the time.

cation in Paris; he contrived to pass safely through the streets to a place of refuge, by means of a mass-book which he accidentally found, and which gave credit to his scholar's gown.

Biron, who was upon the list of the proscribed, saved himself by shutting the gates of the arsenal, and pointing its cannon against the populace. The arsenal served as a refuge for many fugitives.

Perhaps the most extraordinary story of all is that of Merlin, the minister before-mentioned as being in constant attendance upon Coligny. He, flying with the rest over the roofs of the adjoining houses, fell into a loft which was filled with hay; here he lay concealed many days, but must have perished for want of food, had it not been for the singular circumstance of a hen which laid every day her egg "*dans sa main*," as D'Aubigné assures us.

Among the individuals slain few were more regretted than Teligny, who was shot from below as he traversed the roofs with Merlin. Yet such was the love universally borne to this amiable gentleman, that it was some moments before any one could find heart to fire at him. His death may be considered fortunate, in that he did not witness the horrors into which his fatal confidence had precipitated his friends.

Brion, governor of the infant Prince de Conti, was slain in the street; his white hair, and the efforts of the child, who in vain spread out his little hands to stop the murderers, being alike ineffectual to save him.

Of the Calvinist gentlemen who fell upon this dreadful occasion, we may enumerate Guerchi, Rouvray, Du Resnel, La Chataygneraye, Clermont de Pilles, Pluviaunt, Lavardin, La Force, Francourt. 500 gentlemen, and, according to Davila, 10,000 of the inferior orders, fell victims within

the walls of Paris, which, it must be recollected, was then a city of not one third its present extent. It is remarkable, that among the numbers who perished, one only stood upon his defence, this was Guerchi—one house only was defended in the whole city, it was that of Taverni, who, with his clerk, barricaded his door, and made a resolute though ineffectual resistance.

One instance of generosity is recorded in singular conformity to those ways of thinking which chivalry had introduced, but which now were rapidly upon the decline.

Resnier had a quarrel with Vesins, one of the rudest and fiercest of men—Resnier hearing the door of his chamber breaking open, and being on his knees with his valet de chambre commending himself to God, sees Vesins enter *rouge comme du feu*, with an immense sword in his hand. He received him with the words, "*tu en auras trop bon marché*," and turned his back upon him. Vesins calls to the servant to bring the boots, cloak, and sword of his master; leads Resnier into the street, mounts him upon an excellent horse, follows him through the Porte St. Michel, and for the distance of a hundred leagues, attends him without uttering a word. Arrived at Resnier's own door, he invites him to dismount in these terms,—"Think not that this courtesy of mine arises from a desire of your friendship; *non, mais pour avoir votre vie plus dignement.* The answer was, "*Elle est à vous et ne se peut plus enployer qu' à vous servir de second contre le plus mechant garçon du monde.* Give me the opportunity, and I will return the obligation I have received." The enemies exchanged tokens of friendship and regard, Resnier entering his house, *où il trouva femme et filles si abattus de pleurs qu' elles le prirent pour une fantôme.*[1]

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

During the first horrors, we hear of no one among the circle assembled at the Louvre, who shewed the slightest symptom of pity or regret, with the exception of the Duke d'Alençon, younger brother of the King, a man little remarkable for generous qualities, but who, on this occasion, was an exception amid the general hard-heartedness. "He shed many tears over the fate of these brave captains and soldiers; but the King and Queen reproached him cruelly, and he was obliged to stifle his grief, and take refuge in his apartment." Coligny had been the object of his warmest admiration, and was now the subject of his bitterest regret. Among the papers brought from the Rue Béthisy, was one drawn up by the Admiral, representing to the King the disadvantage of granting those large *appanages* to the younger members of the royal family, which it had been customary to bestow to the dismemberment of the crown. "See," said Catherine, triumphantly, to her younger son, "what a fine and zealous friend you had in the Admiral." "I know not, madam," replied the Duke, "how far he might be *my* friend; but I well understand what excellent advice he was giving my brother."

The Queen-Consort, the gentle Elizabeth of Austria, reared in a house where the atrocious principles of intolerance were openly disavowed, must also be excepted from the general wickedness. She is represented as in the most excessive grief and anguish, coming to Charles, "*avec un visage tout difforme de pleurs qu'elle avoit jété jour et nuit*," to entreat his mercy for the Prince de Condé.[1]

When the first excitement was over, and the broad light of an August day displayed in their full extent, the terrors of the carnage which had been committed—it would appear that the principal leaders in this massacre

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

began to feel something like remorse and horror. "The first blow struck," says Tavannes, "rage began to cool—the present peril passed—the act looked greater—more formidable to the mind—when satiated, the blood that had been shed wounded the conscience." [1]

Even the Duke de Guise himself, it would seem, was now anxious to stop the slaughter, but in vain—he, however, succeeded in saving a few individuals.

The conduct of the King is filled with contradictions and uncertainty.

As the morning advanced the popular fury only increased, and the tumult, disorder, pillaging, and bloodshed, which was going on upon all sides, seem to have alarmed the government itself. About noon of the 24th we find an order issued, which is extracted by M. Capefigue, from the registers of the Hôtel de Ville. "The day of the St. Bartholomew, about noon, upon the remonstrances made to the King by the Prévôst des Marchands and échevins, that many, as well of the suite of his Majesty as of the Princesses and noblemen of the Court, archers of the garde du corps and soldiers of the guards, &c., with all sorts of people (*toute sorte de gens et peuple*) mingled with them, and, under shadow of their authority, pillaged and sacked numerous houses, and murdered many people in the street: the King commanded them to mount on horseback, with all the forces of the town, to put a stop to these things, and keep an eye upon them day and night." But the order was ineffectual.

It was towards the evening of the second day, according to Mezeray, that the King was first touched with remorse and dismay, "hearing every one relating the murders committed by themselves or others, on men, women, and children—his imagination was seized with loathing and

[1] Mém. de Tavannes.

disgust." The relation of the cruelties that had been perpetrated, sickened him with horror, but he was condemned to listen to the frightful detail. Among others a butcher presented himself before him, boasting that he had killed one hundred and fifty people in one night; and a gold-beater, baring his crimsoned arm, swore it had been bathed in the blood of four hundred men whom he had massacred for his own share.

The mind and spirits of the King were at last, it was evident, giving way,—taking Ambrose Paré aside, whom he loved infinitely, "Ambrose," said he, "I don't know what ails me, but for these last two or three days, I find both mind and body in great disorder—my whole frame seems in a fever—I see nothing around me but hideous faces covered with blood—I wish the weak and innocent had been spared." [1]

Paré seized the moment of relenting to urge an immediate cessation of the massacre, and the King, in consequence, issued orders by sound of trumpet, forbidding any further violence to be committed, upon pain of death.

This order we find upon the Registers, as copied by M. Capefigue, le 25, 26—"*Que les quarteniers seuls, pour éviter esmotion et meurtres, aillent en toutes les maisons faire au vraye et sans aucun omission sur peine de la vie, le notes des noms et surnoms des hommes, femmes, et enfans, enjoignant aux maîtres et maîtresses et ceux qui sont logés es maisons, de bien garder tous les religionaires; qu'il ne leur soit faict aucun tort ni déplaisir, aussi sous peine de la vie.*"[2]

But it was all useless. The demon of popular insurrection is easily summoned in aid of political measures; but the power which has conjured is inef-

[1] Mém. de Mezeray.

[2] That the quarteniers alone, to obviate all tumult and murder, should go to all the houses to make

fectual to lay it. That hideous population which exists in the narrow streets and obscure quarters of Paris, and with the characteristic and still existing features of which some late French writers have made us but too well acquainted—that population grovelling in obscure vice and misery, till some fearful revolution summons it into action; and which has taken such a tremendous part in every one of those convulsions with which that city has been visited—was now thoroughly aroused, and had taken the matter into their own hands. In spite of every effort which was, at last, in sincerity made by the *bourgeoisie*, soldiers, and superior classes, to restrain them, they raged through the streets, and continued their barbarous slaughters.

Seven long days was Paris one scene of pillage, outrage, and cruelty, which would have disgraced a horde of the wildest savages. Brutality was bred of brutality, cruelty grew from cruelty. Four monsters—Tanchou, Pezon, Croiset, and Perier—stood for three days in turns at a gate near the river, and taking all that could be found, poignarded them, and flung them into the water with every sort of outrage. Men might be seen stabbing little infants, while the innocents smiled in their faces, and played with their beards. Even children might be seen slaughtering children younger than themselves. Piere Ramus, "*excellent docteur*," is torn out of his study, thrown out of the window, and his body all broken and mangled, is dragged along in the mire by the younger scholars incited to it *par son envieux*, named Charpentier. Lambin, *lecteur-royal*, and a bigoted Catholic, dies of horror at the sight.

without omission, on pain of death, a note of the names and surnames of men, women, and children, enjoining masters and mistresses to take good care of all their religionaries, so that no injury be done them on pain of death.

The Counsellor Rouillard, betrayed by his servant, was poignarded by Croiset, as one among the 400 men whom he murdered with his own hand. This Croiset afterwards, D'Aubigné tells us, took the dress of a hermit, and robbed and murdered, dragging passengers to his hermitage. *Ne pouvant se saouller de sang, depuis le course de ce jour, jusqu' à celui de son gibet.*

An uncle killed with his own hands his two little nieces, who had hidden themselves under the bed.

Two other young girls showed extraordinary constancy and courage—they were the daughters of the Calvinist minister, Serpon. Their aunt and uncle "tormented them cruelly with whips and red hot irons for three weeks, but not being able by torments to make them renounce their religion, they turned them, at midnight, out of doors. Of the eldest nothing more was heard. The youngest, aged *nine years*, was found in a swoon lying in the street, and was carried to the hospital, where she was seized with illness, but her nurses having discovered by her prayers that she was one of the Religious, they endeavoured by hunger and other torments, as they said, to overcome her obstinacy, of which treatment she died."[1]

In such a scene of disorder, it will be supposed that the Catholics themselves did not escape; the victims to personal revenge and private avarice were numerous. Many of the party, some of considerable consequence, were thus made away with.

"The sack augments," says Tavannes; "M. d'Anjou's people plunder the pearls of some foreigners. Paris has the air of a town taken by storm, to the regret of those who had thus counselled, and who had intended only the death of the chiefs and the factious; but all the Hugonots were killed indifferently by the people; *ne pouvant*

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

le Roi ni les dits conseillers retenir les armes qu'ils avoient debridées."[1]

The Duke de Guise, it is said, saved nearly one hundred people. The lives of Grammont and Duras were granted to the entreaties of Henry of Navarre, and Tavannes boasts of rescuing some.

During the scenes of mutual recrimination and reproach which followed the massacre, Catherine alone seems to have preserved her spirits and gaiety. "Well, as for me," she said, "I have only *six* upon my conscience."[2]

[1] Neither the King nor the counsellors being able to restrain the torrent they had let loose.—Mém. de Tavannes.

[2] In the account from the *Reveille Matin des François*, printed at Edinburgh 1574, I find two things mentioned which I am unwilling to omit. The first merely gives completeness to the picture by noticing the state of the weather. "During these two days Sunday and Monday it was beautifully clear and calm at Paris." —the other has reference to the prodigy of the flowering thorn. It is there said, "On *Monday* (I have said Sunday) a hawthorn bush, quite out of season, was seen in blossom in the churchyard of St. Innocent. No sooner was this reported than the people ran to see it from all parts, and the church-bells rang a merry peal. To prevent too much crowding, and the discovery of the pretended miracle which—as has since been known—was the trick of a good old friar, a guard had to be placed round the bush.

CHAPTER V.

THE MASSACRE IN THE PROVINCES. — CONDUCT OF CHARLES. — COLIGNY'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.—SENTIMENTS OF FOREIGN COURTS.—EXECUTION OF BRIQUEMAUD AND CAVAGNES.

THE storm which desolated Paris swept the provinces with equal violence. Davila says, that, on the 23rd, messengers were sent to the governors of all the principal towns, bearing orders to carry on a similar execution in their respective governments.[1] Meaux was the first to begin. There twenty-five women, the men having escaped, were murdered and thrown upon a heap; and 200 people, having been first thrown into prison, were taken out one by one and massacred in cold blood.[2]

Orleans had been at first re-assured by those letters of the King, which promised to avenge the attempt made upon the Admiral; but the massacre soon began there.

[1] M. Capefigue denies that the massacres in the Provinces were by order of the King, and attributes them merely to the popular effervescence. He says, "*Les Hugeunots, opinion craintive et vaincue—ont supposé que des circulaires, des avis du conseil secret mirent les armes aux mains des multitudes pour les massacrer aux provinces.*" He seems to forget the positive assertions of Davila upon this subject, who was not likely to have been misinformed. Of the noble reply of the Vicomte d'Orthés, he says—"*Je le dis ici haut, la pièce cité par Voltaire a été supposée—on peut s'en appercevoir au style de cette pièces assez semblable aux protocoles philosophiques du siècle de Louis XV.*" If it be the letter of the Viscount d'Orthés which he means, it is given in D'Aubigné, tom. ii. liv. i. chap. 5. There is something I cannot avoid saying, indeed, very shocking in the manner M. Capefigue writes of the Saint Bartholomew. The excellent Sismondi well says—"*L'auteur fait trop abstraction de tout sentiment moral dans l'histoire.*"

[2] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

It commenced in the house of a counsellor named La Bouilli, who, asking his friend, La Cour, to supper, to tell him the news from Paris, poignarded him as he sat at table. Here they boasted that 1,800 men, and 150 women and children, were slain.

At Troyes, the gates being shut, Simphalle, the governor, threw those suspected into prison. Five days afterwards, receiving an order to suspend the massacre, he first murdered all his prisoners, and then published the order.

At Bourges, Rouen, Nevers, Toulouse, Bourdeaux, the slaughter was immense. "For two months," says Mezeray, "this horrible tempest devastated France, being more or less bloody according to the tempers of those in authority. It was less violent in Burgundy and Brittany, the number of Hugonots in those provinces being few." Melancholy is it to reflect, that, among the vast numbers to whom these sanguinary orders were addressed, four persons only can be recorded as having refused to carry them into execution. These were the Count de Tendes, Matignon, Gordes, and the Viscount d'Orthés; the answer of this last, though well known, can never be too often repeated.

"SIRE,

"I have communicated the commands of your Majesty to the faithful inhabitants and valiant men of war of this garrison. I have found abundance of good citizens and good soldiers, but not one executioner; therefore, both they and I most humbly entreat your Majesty to employ our arms and our lives in things possible, however difficult; being, while we live, Sire, &c. &c."[1]

What passed at Lyons is almost too horrible for relation,[2] were it not the severe duty of those who attempt to

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle, liv. i. chap. iv. [2] Ibid.

relate the story of the past, to record, with the same fidelity, these instances—these warnings—of the guilt into which it is possible for man to be betrayed, as that with which they hold up their virtues to admiration. Man must learn to fear himself and his fellows of the human race, when their passions are unrestrained, and their fanacticism, whether political or religious, thoroughly excited. They began by shutting up the Hugonots in the prisons; but when the moment for their slaughter arrived, the common executioner and his servants refused to perform their office, saying, they were only hired to execute judicial sentences, and the soldiers of the garrison being applied to, did the same. "Upon which," says D'Aubigné,[1] "the affair was put into the hands of 300 archers of the town, who massacred their own neighbours and relations, when soldiers and strangers had refused. They began by the prison of the Cordeliers; then went to that of the Célestins, where the slaughter was marvellous; from thence to the Archevêché, where Mandelot, the governor, had shut up about 300 of the principal persons of the town. There, having announced their purpose, and having robbed them first of their purses, they cut them all to pieces, the children as they hung round their fathers' necks, and brothers and sisters embracing, and exhorting one another to suffer death patiently—they, full of sin, for Christ's sake, who suffered without sin for them. In the evening, after having been drinking, the murderers came back to the Rouane, the public prison, and seizing the multitude that were therein, dragged them to the river and flung them in; the most part being first half strangled."[1]

[2] Mém. de l'Etat de France sous Charles IX.; and La Poplinière, Hist. de France. I have found the horrible story from La Poplinière after all too sickening for insertion—it affords a dreadful proof of the barbarous insensibility at which the popular feelings had arrived.

The night concluded with a universal massacre—including women and children, "as in the other towns, says D'Aubigné; in the place St. Jean a heap of bodies was collected, so vast and horrible as to exceed description. The Rhone was covered with dead bodies; but the Catholic inhabitants of Vienne, Valence, and le Pont St. Esprit, it is said, execrated these barbarous murders, while those of Arles found it impossible to drink the waters of the Rhone literally purpled with blood." But enough of these horrors.[1]

When the Court began to reflect coolly upon what had been done, which does not appear to have been until the evening of the second day, it seemed necessary to every one that some excuses and reasons should be offered to Europe at large, for this enormous and unparalleled execution. It is a singular fact, that no preparation whatsoever of this nature had till then been thought of. The execution of the deed, Tavannes tells us, had at first completely occupied their attention; and when they came to reflect upon this necessity they found themselves totally unprepared. They vacillated in their plans, and changed their pretexts many times according to circumstances.

[1] Almost every historian has a different calculation of the numbers who perished in this carnage. Péréfixe makes it amount to 100,000, on what authority he does not state; yet as a courtly historian it will be imagined he was not inclined to exaggerate a fact of which he speaks with the detestation it merits. Sulli says 70,000. These are the highest calculations. Among the victims of this fatal day, must be included the venerable De l'Hôpital. Retired to his country-seat, he had watched the progress of events with the deepest anxiety, and when the hopes excited by the change in the King's conduct were succeeded by this dreadful catastrophe, he abandoned himself to despair. Hearing that the Queen-Mother had sent orders to arrest him, his attendants wished to be allowed to close the gates, and refuse entrance to the soldiers, who would in all probability prove assassins. "No," said De l'Hôpital, with despondency, "let them enter; if the postern be not wide enough, *ouvrez les grands battans.*" He was suffered however, to remain where he was; but from the moment of the massacre his health declined, and he died of grief early in the ensuing spring.

The first letters of the King to the Ambassadors asserted that the Admiral had been wounded by the Guises, his enemies. Afterwards, the style is changed, and the Ambassadors are advertised by the King, that it is the Guises who have occasioned the massacre "a report which would have been maintained if the said Guises more astute—knowing that their refusal would not now impede the execution which had begun—had not openly declared and published that they were not the authors, but his Majesty—entreating him not to make them a mark for the vengeance of all the heretics in Christendom—for if his Majesty himself had reason to fear the Calvinists as enemies, how much more had they."[1] Thus Charles, forsaken by his companions in guilt, received upon his own head the full weight of obloquy and reproach that belonged to his fearful crime.

In vain he endeavoured to cast at least a share upon the Guises, and to exile from Court that sanguinary band. D'Aubigné tells us, that the Queen-Mother and the Duke d'Anjou *s'ameutèrent pour empecher cela.*[2] They represented it as vain to deny what in his name, and under his authority, had been done, and particularly as he had expressly avowed it as his own act before the Princes of Bourbon: that it was now more than ever dangerous to alienate his best servants by his coldness, and lose their services in the hour of *his greatest need.*—Such was the security so dearly purchased!

Catherine remarked, that if the affair *did* carry a certain hatred with it, kings perished not by hatred, but by contempt.

It was, therefore, at last determined that Charles should boldly avow his share in the execution, and justify it by attributing rebellion and conspiracy to the Admiral.

[1] La Poplinière, Hist. de France. [2] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

"Thus they so worked upon and persuaded the King that upon Tuesday the 26th he, attended by his whole family, the King of Navarre, and his principal nobility—after having first heard mass, and thanked God publicly for the success which had attended his measures—assembled both chambers of Parliament, and before them solemnly accused the Admiral of the most violent and treasonable designs; accusations, the very enormity of which was sufficient to prove the falsehood. He had entertained, as it was asserted, the detestable idea of completing the measure of his former crimes by the murder of the King, his brothers, the Queen, and in short by the extermination of the house of Valois—not sparing the King of Navarre, whose cousin, the Prince de Condé, it was his intention to elevate to the throne, until a fitting opportunity should arise for seizing upon it himself. "For these reasons," the King added, "he had been constrained to proceed to extreme remedies, and he now commanded that immediate information should be taken of the conspiracy, both as regarded the Admiral and his accomplices, according to the accustomed forms."

Perhaps throughout the whole of this afflicting relation no circumstance is so humiliating, or makes us so out of love with human nature as the conduct of the great law-officers upon this occasion. Christophle De Thou, a man eminent for learning, and respected for virtue, who in secret groaned and wept over this deed, "lamenting his fate that had called him to exist in such a reign,[1]" was not ashamed, in his place in the Parliament, publicly to praise the King, and commend his prudence for what had been done, quoting, to his everlasting disgrace, in support of his opinion, the words of Louis XI., *qui ne sçait pas dissimuler, ne sçais pas regner.*

[1] D'Aubigne, Histoire Universelle.

Pibrac, a distinguished advocate, was more humane. Having demanded whether it were his Majesty's pleasure that this act should be registered, in order to hand down the remembrance of it to all posterity, he asked, whether he would not now be pleased to cause the massacre to terminate. He was answered, that it was the King's command that the edict should be registered: and that from that moment no one should presume to kill, torment or pillage a fellow-citizen, under pain of death. The servility of Morvilliers was the most detestable, as leading to fresh criminality. He, who among his private friends had showed his detestation of what had been done, now suggested that some form of process should be immediately commenced against these innocent victims of treachery, in order the more effectually to shelter the reputation of the King—which advice not only brought down the penalty of the Admiral's pretended crime upon the heads of his helpless and innocent children: but was the means of adding the names of two guiltless men, murdered by a judicial sentence, to the long catalogue of crime.

If the speeches of the lawyers disgust us by their meanness, what shall be said to the sentence against the Admiral de Coligny, which was the result of the ensuing process—a sentence pronounced by De Thou upon a man whom he knew to be perfectly innocent—a sentence by which his name was blasted, his estates confiscated, his children beggared, and exposed in exile to all that complication of misery which the cruel injustice of posthumous punishment heaps upon unoffending families! How few of the French lawyers of that period, great and able legists as they undoubtedly were, escaped the wide-spread contagion of the times, or can be held guiltless of that immeasurable sin—the wresting the sacred provisions of the law to serve the evil purposes of power!

The sentence was pronounced upon the 27th or 29th of October; the Parliament ordained, "That the body of the Sieur de Coligny shall be, if possible, discovered; but if not found its effigy shall be dragged upon a hurdle through the streets of Paris to the Place de Grêve; there to hang upon a gallows for the space of twenty-four hours. This done, to be gibbeted upon Montfaucon—his ensigns, arms, and armories dragged through the streets, broken and destroyed, in sign of perpetual infamy. Pictures and portraits of him shall be defaced—all his feudal possessions held and moving from the crown restored to the domain, and his other property confiscated to the King. His children declared *ignobles, vilains, roturiers, intestables*—incapable of holding estates. His castle of Châtillon-sur-Loing demolished, the trees cut down, and in the area of the said castle a pillar of stone shall be erected, on which shall be attached a plate of copper bearing engraved this present sentence: and that in years to come on the 24th of August public prayers and general processions shall be made in this town of Paris, to *thank God for the punishment of this conspiracy.*"

The mutilated remains of what had once been the great and good Coligny were no longer to be found, to be exposed to the execution of this infamous sentence. The care of the Maréchal de Montmorenci had secretly removed it in the night from the gibbet on Montfaucon, and it was laid in his own burying-place at Chantilly. The flesh having been carefully consumed with lime, the bones were reverently preserved; and in the year 1582 were given to his daughter Louisa, then Princess of Orange. In 1608, when the tide of opinion had turned, and qualities such as his were no longer deemed criminal in France, they were carried to Châ-

tillon, and there, under a marble tomb reposed amid the ashes of his family. In D'Aubigné's time there was an epitaph, from the pen of Scaliger, engraved upon a plate of brass and attached to the marble, which commemorates his greatness, his virtues, his misfortunes, and the pious affection of his daughter.

The reader may not be unwilling to quit the thread of the relation for a moment, and follow the fortunes of the widow and the family of Coligny. An affecting picture of the desolation of the little groupe at Châtillon, and of the piety and tenderness of Madame de Coligny, has been left by the eldest son, who, under the name of Châtillon, we shall find serving the cause of Henry IV. with all the zeal of his father, and with all the energy and animation of D'Andelôt. It is to be found, I believe, in "*Preuves de l'Histoire de la Maison de Coligny.*"

The intelligence of the St. Bartholomew having reached Châtillon, "Madame l'Amiral being advertised of this unparalleled perfidy, was in extreme terror; yet she, being virtuous, and fearing God, after having strengthened herself in her excessive affliction, and resolved to submit to his will, called to her all of us little children. We, then having but little judgment to comprehend the loss we had sustained, nor see the hand of God heavy upon us—yet moved by the natural affection for such a father—one who feared God and loved us as the apple of his eye—came to her, drowned in tears, and uttering sighs and groans, which redoubled when we saw her weeping and lamenting. We were thus, for some moments, weeping over each other before we had the heart to utter a word; and as the remembrance of our father rose fresh before us, we burst into loud cries and floods of tears—a little restrained by the fear of increasing the grief of so good a mother. Then she, her heart filled as

it was with sorrow for the loss of one so dear to her, began to address us thus—her speech often interrupted by her tears and sighs :. 'Alas, my children, our loss is so great that it is impossible to conceive how hereafter we may feel it ; since it has pleased God to deprive us of him that I have during life—do still—and ever shall while I have memory, so greatly honour. But you little know all the misery that surrounds you. Alas! if I have lost my husband, must I lose my children also!"

She then informed them of the necessity there was for the immediate departure of the elder ones, if they would escape the fate of their father ; and consulting with Gresle, theirt utor, intreated that he would devise means to save them ; " and thus concluded, as she had begun, by embracing us with abundance of sighs and tears. You may imagine what agonies of grief we were in, but as we had but one refuge we sought there for consolation ; and Madame l'Amiral, lifting up her eyes, filled with tears, and joining her hands, began to say, 'Almighty God, I intreat Thee, since it is Thy pleasure that I survive one I so perfectly loved, that Thou wilt grant me this one grace—that I may see these poor little children placed in safety ; and that Thou wilt preserve them to punish the treachery of those who thus have slain their father. Thou art a just judge—Thou wilt not leave this action unrequited. As for me, may it please Thee, oh God! to give me patience to bear the affliction Thou hast been pleased to send.'"

The escape of Francis the eldest son of Coligny, of Laval the eldest son of D'Andelot, and of Louisa Madame de Teligny, was effected ; and when the order arrived from the King to arrest the children, none but the very young ones were to be found. These being put into a

coach were carried to Paris; and those who attended them had the barbarity to bring them by the way of Montfaucon, where the headless trunk of the Admiral still hung suspended from the gibbet. It was remarked, that while the other children abandoned themselves to tears, and refused to cast their eyes upon this cruel spectacle, the younger son of D'Andelot regarded it steadily, with a stern and fixed attention.

Madame l'Amiral, having succeeded in securing the escape of the elder children, retired herself to Savoy, where she gave birth to a daughter. Continuing through the remainder of her unfortunate life a mark for unjust persecution—she was deprived of her property, thrown into prison, accused of sorcery, magic pacts with the devil,—imaginary crimes, by the imputation of which mediocrity so long endeavoured to revenge itself upon mental superiority. Henry the IV., when at length in the possession of the crown, interested himself vainly in her behalf; the Duke of Savoy was inexorable.

The Cardinal d'Ossat, in one of his letters to the King, mentions her with compassionate interest. "I have intreated," says he, "for pity upon this hapless person, who only desires to obtain her fortune, that it may serve as a pasture for a heap of little young things, bred at the foot of the mountains (Coligny's children)." These efforts were ineffectual. Madame de Coligny died in 1599.

Louisa, the widow of Teligny, married, as I have mentioned before, the great Prince of Orange surnamed the Taciturn; it was her singularly unfortunate fate to mourn the assassination of both her husbands.

The papers found in the cabinets of Coligny were carefully examined, in order to detect something which might at least give colour to the calumnies of his enemies. Nothing, however, was found to criminate him in the

slightest degree—every line breathed the purest patriotism, and the most devoted loyalty. Among these remains was found, Brantôme tells us, "a fine book which he had composed of those things most memorable in the civil wars. It was carried to King Charles—many thought it very noble, very well done, and worthy to be printed; but the Maréchal de Retz dissuaded him from it, and flinging it into the fire, it was consumed. *Envieux de la profit et de la récreation que le livre eut pu apporter au monde, ou envieux de la mémoire et de la gloire de ce grand homme; ce qu'il ne devoit—puisque l'envie ne regne que parmi les pareils—et qu' autant de ressemblance y avoit il entre eux—comme d'un asne à un beau cheval d'Espagne.*[1]

This last attempt to fix criminality upon Coligny not succeeding, Briquemaud and Cavagnes, the first seventy years of age—were sacrificed to the King's reputation. They were accused and convicted as accomplices in the conspiracy, a conspiracy in which, it is certain, neither accusers, witnesses, nor judges, in the slightest degree believed. They were both executed.

The King, it is said, chose to be a witness of this execution, and even held a candle to the face of Briquemaud, that he might observe the distortions of his agony—a shocking circumstance, in unison with the barbarity which disgraced the times, but little in consonance with the bitter feelings of remorse which had already begun to agonise Charles. This execution took place in October. I have inserted it here to complete at once the lamentable story of Coligny's fate and its consequences.

[1] Envious of the profit and recreation that the world might thence have derived, or rather envious of the glory and reputation of this great personage; which was quite unnecessary, as envy should only take rise between equals, and these two were just as equal as a stupid ass and a fine jennet of Spain.

With contradiction of feelings which it seems almost impossible to account for, except upon the idea of incipient insanity—that insanity of the Neros and Caligulas of the ancient world—the result of unbridled passions, and the unnatural thirst for blood once excited, the King, in spite of his behaviour at these executions, had already, there is no doubt, become at intervals a prey to all the agonies of a remorse, as excessive as had been his crimes. Time and reflection only increased the horror of his feelings —"strange, melancholy, distressing nights, all the anxiety and restlessness of an imagination haunted by cruel recollections."[1] In vain every means was tried to divert his distress and reconcile him with himself; verses were composed, books written in praise, as well as justification of the action; medals struck in silver and gold to commemorate it. In some, the King was represented sitting on his throne, with this inscription—"*Vertu contre les Rebelles*"—Piety and Justice on the reverse. On another might be seen Hercules crushing the Hydra, with the legend, "*Charles Neuvième Dompteur des Rebelles*;" but all was in vain—it was found impossible to soothe the King's mind. Nor was he the only victim of such feelings—a superstitious dread, a secret terror, pervaded the court in general; a universal gloom, which not all the splendour of their profligate amusements—not all the vain flutter of their lives could dispel.

"Our King Henry IV.," says D'Aubigné,[1] "preserved in his memory three anecdotes, which he often related to his intimate friends: one of some horrors which he had witnessed in company with King Charles, this he never mentioned in public, but the two others I have often heard him relate; and many witnesses now living will

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

affirm, that he never did enter upon this discourse without feeling and shewing us the hair standing erect upon his head. One of these prodigies he related thus. Eight days after the massacre, a number of crows were seen, some resting, others dismally croaking, upon and around the great pavilion of the Louvre. The noise they made brought every one out to look at them; and the superstitious ladies infected the King with the terror they felt at the sight. That same night, the King, two hours after he had gone to rest, sprang up, called to those who were in his chamber, and sent for his brother-in-law (Navarre), with all the rest, to listen to a loud noise in the air, a concert of screams, groans, howlings, and furious voices menacing and blaspheming—just as they were heard on the night of the massacre. The sounds were so distinct and articulate, that the King fearing a new disorder, and that they were attacking the Montmorencies, commanded some of his guards to run into the town and prevent murder; but they brought word that the city was perfectly quiet, and the air only in disturbance. The King continued greatly agitated, most especially as the sound for seven successive days returned and was heard precisely at the same hour." Such were the distractions of guilt and remorse in the most hardened and profligate court that ever existed. It remains only to shew what effect this action produced in the rest of Europe.

By the Pope, the head of the Christian church, it was received with the most indecent expressions of joy. The Cardinal de Lorraine, who was then at Rome, rewarded the messenger who brought the intelligence with 100 crowns. The Pope ordered a general procession of thanksgiving to be made upon the occasion, in which the Holy Father himself walked, accompanied by his Cardinals, Bishops, and the whole of his clergy. Mass was per-

formed by the Cardinal de Lorraine, who took occasion to enlarge upon the obligations under which the Christian Church lay to Pope Gregory XIII., for those councils and prayers which had given birth to such a glorious and marvellous victory.[1]

The news was carried into Spain with incredible speed. One called John Bourachio, if we may credit Brantôme, made such diligence, that in three days he travelled from Paris to Madrid, not sleeping by the way, "which," says he, "the King, his master, admired much, giving him plenty of wine, not only upon account of his diligence, but for the good news which he brought him. You may be sure the King of Spain rejoiced, for in the world he had no worse enemies than the Admiral and his followers.

"After the King had well interrogated the courier, he sent him with the letter which King Charles had written him, to the Admiral of Castille, who was then at Madrid, in order to acquaint him with the good intelligence he had received. The courier being arrived, began, as he entered the Court, to cry aloud, '*nuevas! nuevas! buenas nuevas!*' and coming into the hall where the Admiral was sitting at supper, cried again, '*buenas nuevas! todos los Luteranos, y de los mas principales, son muertos y matados in Paris, ay tres dias,*[2] and approaching the Admiral, gave him the letter, who having read it, turned to the company and said, 'It is certain the principal are dead, excepting three, Vendomillo, (the Spaniard always gave

[1] There is still to be found in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, a picture of the massacre, painted this same year. There really, however, seems reason to doubt whether the Pope was in the secret before the massacre took place. See Capefigue. Brantôme alone represents the Pope as weeping at the intelligence, but his testimony is little to be regarded; he attributes this to Pius V., no longer in existence, and with whom it might have been in character, not so with his stern successor.

[2] All the Lutherans are killed and massacred in Paris three days agone.

this title to the King of Navarre, refusing him his own), whom the King has pardoned for the love of his wife, the Prince de Condé, and Montgommeri.' . . . . There was supping with the Admiral the Duc de l'Infantusque (Infantado), very young, and little practised in the world, who asked if M. l'Amiral de France and all his partisans were Christians. They told him undoubtedly so—he replied, '*Como diablo pueder se, que pues que son Franceses y asi Christianos se matan como bestias?*' '*Calla, Senor Duque, que la guerra di Francia es la paz d'Espana, la paz d'Espana es la guerra di Francia con nuestros doblones.*' The Duke of Alva let fall this remark—'*Muerto l'Almirante*—France has lost a great captain—Spain a great enemy.'"[1]

These characteristic anecdotes, preserved by the pen of Brantôme, are confirmed as to their spirit at least, by the records still existing in the Archives de Simancas—as quoted by M. Capefigue.

He gives us the letter dated the 17th of September, written by Philip to the Queen-Mother upon the occasion —and which is as follows :—

"MADAME,

"M. de Saint Goard has presented me with your Majesty's letter; I wish more particularly to reply to that portion of it which concerns the just chastisement inflicted by order of my brother, the most Christian King, and of your Majesty upon the Admiral and those of his sect. This action, full of valour and prudence—this great service done to the honour and glory of God, was to me the best and greatest news that ever during

[1] "How the Devil, if they are Frenchmen and Christians, can they have been slaughtered like beasts?" "Know, Signior Duke, that war in France is peace for Spain, and peace in Spain is war for France with our doubloons."

my life I have received — and I kiss your hands exceedingly for having dispatched it to me. I send the Marquis de Ayamonte to see your Majesties; visit them, and rejoice with them on my part upon this happy success. My Ambassador, Don Diego de Zuniga, will have spoken already upon the subject to your Majesties, I will only add that you have demonstrated to the world the love you bear in your bosom for God and Christendom."[1]

Fresh letters from Philip to the King, the Queen, and the Queen-Mother, dated the 2nd of October, reiterate these felicitations.

"I send you the Marquis de Ayamonte. He will rejoice with you upon the so Christian, so great, so valorous a determination and execution. Finish the work effectually, purge your kingdom from the infection of heresy; it is the happiest thing that can befal your Majesties—the preservation of your crown depends upon it."[2]

The private instructions to the Marquis de Ayamonte, written in Philip's own hand, are in the same spirit.

"The Marquis de Ayamonte is to say to the King, my very dear and beloved brother, that the King of Spain rejoices with him upon the determination he has taken so favourable to his reputation—he has rendered a service most notable and worthy of all memory in this exemplary chastisement of perverse and obstinate heretics, perturbators, and rebels to his crown. All Christians are under great obligations to him—all generally—but he (the King of Spain) in particular; and he desires the success of his (the King of France's) affairs as if they were his own —and therefore it is that I recommend it to him in all friendship, to persevere in these good principles, pursuing

[1] Archives de Simancas, Cot. B. 34, 385. [2] Ibid. 395.

the Hugonots his subjects in such ways, that into whatsoever part of his kingdom they may retire, there may be made an end of them and of their false doctrines—and if in the furtherance of this good work he has need of my succour or assistance I will give it him with all my heart —indeed, to do so is my hearty desire . . . . Antoine de Gusman, Marquis de Ayamonte, will see the Queen-Mother, and will make the same demonstrations as to the King, her son.[1] He will relate the joy, pleasure, and delight that this news has given to all Christendom; the earth has been purged of a race of men very perverse, very traitorous; he will say that they were scheming to deprive her of her life and crown if she had not forestalled them by her great zeal and singular prudence.

"You will visit the Duke d'Anjou, who has taken so large a part in the service of God at the council and deliberation; you will present him with my letter of joy and felicitation, and will tell him that he has displayed to the world the love he bore his brother.

"We do not understand here that the Duke d'Alençon has taken any great part in all this; but as brother to the King you will visit him, and rejoice with him upon this success. According to what I hear, the Dukes de Guise and d'Aumale, and the bastard D'Angoulême have had the principal hand in this execution, you will visit them on my part, and will arrange with Don Diego what is best to be said.

"You will see Madame Marguerite, and it will be as well to see the Duc de Vendôme her husband, who has been converted to our holy Catholic faith; you will

[1] It may be observed that in these secret instructions no allusion whatsoever is made to a preconcerted plan. The King of Spain seems filled with the exultation arising from very acceptable but very unexpected intelligence.

rejoice with him on my part, as well as with the Prince de Condé, who is likewise converted—as Don Diego writes me. You will also visit the Duchess of Lorraine, the Cardinals de Bourbon and Guise, the Dukes de Montpensier, de Nemours, and de Nevers, and will make my compliments proportioned to the share they have had in the enterprise, *and the affection they manifest for my service.*"[1]

The effect produced upon the general affairs and political relations of the kingdom by this desperate crime—the submissions to Spain—the results, as far as regarded the Low Countries, cannot more forcibly be pointed out to the observing reader, than in the answer returned by Catherine to these congratulations.

"MONSIEUR MON FILS,

"I have seen by the letters I have received from your Majesty, the pleasure you have received, in that it has pleased God to give us the means of delivering ourselves from the hands of our enemies and His; a thing which I never doubted would give you all the satisfaction which the friendship we bear you would demand—which friendship I doubt not to make evident to your Majesty by all the good offices we can render. As I am sure (even now) is made appear by the success of the Duke d'Alva in Flanders, from which we receive as much contentment as if it were our own, and would have been glad that his means were yet larger, so that the other places might the more readily have been reduced to conform to your will—and that the good treatment Monsieur and those who are with him have received, may not raise the courage of

[1] Instruction particolar de sa Mad. al Marques de Ayamonte que fue a visitar los Reyes chr.mos. October, 1572. Archives de Simancas. Cot. B. 34, 402, 406, 419.

those in the other places—for your Majesty will never have so great prosperity as I desire for him.

"CATHERINE.

"P. S. I must not forget, for the pleasure which I am sure your Majesty will receive from it—to tell him how God has given grace to my son, the King of Navarre, to be restored to our religion."[1]

Upon the subject of Flanders, Brantôme, in spite of his Catholic and courtly prejudices, speaks out—in his *éloge* of Charles IX. he does not hesitate to say :—

"Since I am upon the subject of this villainous massacre—(*vilain massacre*)—I will make this little digression. Many people, as well foreigners as Frenchmen, thought this massacre of St. Bartholomew a very wicked and detestable thing, not only for the broken faith so solemnly sworn towards M. l'Amiral, but that the King had not made use of him in the fine opportunities which presented themselves. And by your leave, not for little matters, but for nothing less than the conquest of Flanders and all the Low Countries—I understand it all as well as other people—for he had great intelligences; though the Duke d'Alva would have done his best to have prevented him .... and thus he might have repaired all the injuries of the late wars, and all the past would have been forgotten."[2]

The indignation of Protestant exceeded the exultation of Catholic Europe. A universal cry of reprobation burst forth upon all sides; the fugitives, who escaped in numbers from France, were received with every mark of affectionate kindness, and nothing was spared which could evince sympathy for the afflicted, or abhorrence of the deed. The Great Palatine of the Rhine, as he was called,

[1] Archives de Simancas, Cot. B. 34, 400.
[2] Brantôme, Charles IX.

had even after the lapse of a year little abated in his feelings of indignation; and when Henry d'Anjou visited his Court, on his way to ascend the throne of Poland, he found reason to observe the reverence with which the memory of the Admiral, and the contempt with which his own conduct was regarded. "When," Brantôme tells us, "the King of Poland quitted this kingdom, and was traversing Germany, he began with the estates of this great Count Palatine, *grand l'appelle je, car il estoit très grand en tout*, who received him very honourably.

"One day he took him with one or two of his friends (I think big Villeclerc was one, and M. Du Guà the other;) into his cabinet, and there the first thing you saw was the portrait of the Admiral as large as life, and as like as possible.

"The Count then addressing him said, 'You are acquainted with that man, Sir. In him you have slain the greatest captain in Christendom—a thing you ought never to have done, for he did both the King and you good service.'

"Then the King began to hesitate, and attempt to palliate, as well as he could, in a low voice, saying, 'that it was *he* who had intended to massacre them all, and that he had only been beforehand with him.' M. le Comte only answered, 'We understand the whole story, Sir,—*Nous en sçavons toute l'histoire, Monsieur*,'—and then left the cabinet. But I have it from very good authority, that the King was very much shocked when he saw the portrait, and heard these words, and began to think the whole scene had been planned to give him a lesson."[1]

The entire journey through Protestant Germany was but one series of mortifications of the same nature: and to the vexation, and perhaps regrets, which were awakened

[1] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres.

in his mind, and his consequent restless and sleepless nights, we are indebted for his account of the share he took in the whole transaction.

Elizabeth of England took equal pains to manifest the depth of her grief and resentment. The French Ambassador resident in London, on his first audience after the event, was received in a manner to impress him with the sense entertained both by the Sovereign and the Court of this unparalleled cruelty. He found the whole suite of apartments hung with black cloth, and the Court dressed in the deepest mourning; all present preserved a profound silence—the darkest gloom sat upon every countenance—no one saluted, no one accosted him—and thus he made his way to the Queen.

The subsequent conduct of Queen Elizabeth, as will be seen, was not exactly what seems consistent with this first burst of indignation; but in this as in other of those questionable modes of proceeding which have, in the eyes of many, darkened the memory of this great Queen and her ministers, it is especially necessary, before we can form an equitable judgment, to consider the situation of the times, and the very great dangers and difficulties to which those were exposed who espoused the cause of the Reform, against the tyranny and wide extended power of Spain. The danger of driving the French King into closer alliances with his terrible neighbour, no doubt prevented any open rupture upon the part of the English government.

To complete this narration shall be added an account of what M. Capefigue gives, as a proof of the excitement and sentiments of the *Halles* upon this occasion. "But the most curious expression of popular opinion," he says, "that which shews to what a pitch of exultation the *Halles* had arrived, is shewn by the cotemporary tragedy

of 'The Death of Coligny.'" During many succeeding years this "Tragedy of the late Gaspard de Coligny, formerly Admiral of France," was played in all the principal towns in the kingdom. It was written by François de Chantelloup, a gentleman from the Bordellais, and Knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Admiral; Montgommeri; the People; the King; the Council of the King; Briquemaud; Cavagnes; Mercury; Pilles; D'Andelot; the Furies; the Spy; and the Messenger, are the characters.

D'Andelot rises from hell, surrounded by the Furies. The Admiral exclaims—

> Oh, Satan! oh, Calvin! ouvrez moi les enfers—
> Où mes frères et toi grillent de feux divers—
> Despitez, blasphemez, en hurlemens horribles,
> Désormais je renonce à toute religion;
> Je quitterai mêsme celle que Bèze annonce,
> Je demande le renversement de la foi,
> Exempt de toute loi, être Roi je désire.

"Admiral, my friend," says Montgommeri, "you know that I overthrew Henry II. at Paris, and I hope soon to kill the King and Monsieur, his brother." Then the French people indignantly demand the death of this murderer, and call down the royal thunder upon his *Gaspardine* head.

> D'un rouge bras darde et les jette
> Dessus la Gaspardine tête.

"Wretched Châtillon!" they exclaim, "no woman ever reared thee, or thee, Montgommeri; a savage wolf has suckled you both. Oh, Lord! behold your poor Church cut into a thousand pieces, and listen to her piteous cries demanding vengeance."

The King assembles his Council. "Gentlemen, the Hugonots conspire my ruin, they destroy France, they devour my kingdom."

Oh moi, prince chétif; oh, miserable moi!

"Tell me, peace or war?"

La paix, Sire, la paix!
Les Huguenots viendront à prompte repentance;
Ils despouilleront leur première arrogance.

"Marry Madame with the Navarrois, and the rebels will submit." The King grants the peace; the people shout joyfully—

Nous allons avoir nos terres, nos champs, long repos;
Nous allons estre hors des mains des Huguenots.

When the Admiral is wounded Montgommeri exclaims—

C'est le Roi, c'est le Roi, que le coup que tu as,
Invincible Amiral, t'a fait donner au bras.

"He is going to pay you a hypocritical visit; but we must get rid of them all in one day, and have a new Court." "No, no!" cry the people, "the Admiral is an incendiary; he shan't stay in our town." D'Andelot reappears from the infernal regions.

Je rôtis d'un feu qui ne connaist la mort.

"I languish in intolerable torments; the Cardinal, my brother, and the apostate Calvin keep me company."

Ne faisons que hurler et brairé;

"But what grieves us the most is, that

Ces prêtres, Cardinaux, et toute la prestraille,
Que tant je méprisait, que je tuois jadis,
Sont morts et sans douleur vivent en Paradis."

He advises the Admiral to open his eyes, and with a vengeful hand, kill the King and all his company;

Courage! tue, brise, renverse;

and then returns whence he came. "Be sure, my bro-

ther," says the Admiral, "that I will have vengeance. *Avec mes chers Huguenots, je vais tuer Guise et mettre le Roi où il doit être.*" A Spy discovers this project to Charles IX. The King is inclined to mercy.

Mais quoi! miséricorde est agréable à Dieu!

But the Council replies—

Châtier les méchans est toujours grand vertu,
Sire, punissez une telle entreprise,
Deslivrez le peuple, secourez l'église.

. . . . . A messenger announces to the people the execution of the Admiral and his friends. "Oh! generous exploit," cries the people. "Oh! vengeful hand, which has done good execution upon this barbarian."

Bref et celuy qui désirait la France
Seigneurier, en son désir feslon;
Est possesseur, O divine vengeance!
Du plus haut lieu qui soit en Montfaucon.

Among the verses written by the Hugonots the following have been preserved:—

Ah! France, tu étais debout par son appui,
Dict 'elle, et maintenant tu tombes avec lui,
Et comblant le malheur de ta fureur extrême,
Jetant un autre en bas, tu t'y jette toi mesme.
Du haut en bas, Gaspard, on t'a jeté,
Et puis du bas en haut; on t'a monté,
L'un par fureur, l'autre par autre vice,
Ils sont confus par leur propre malice,
Et toi heureux; quand le bras furieux,
Qui t'a mis bas, t'élève jusqu' aux cieux;
Pendez le plus haut, levez le, et haussez ores,
Il est plus haut sur vos testes encore.[1]

The King of Navarre remained at Court in the most irksome and painful situation — in a sort of imprisonment, under which, though no absolute coercion was used,

[1] Capefigue, Hist. de la Reforme.

he found it impossible to recover his liberty. Surrounded by enemies and spies, his utmost prudence was necessary to preserve himself from irretrievable ruin. To deny his religion in appearance, not only to forsake, but even to fight against his ancient allies, these were the hard conditions upon which alone life was granted. When the Queen-Mother, after one or two ineffectual efforts, found it impossible to dissolve his marriage with her daughter,[1] and yet that the murder of Navarre was by the whole Council rejected as impolitic, she spared no pains for his conversion—hoping that this separation of the head from the body must occasion a final dissolution of the Union. Henry thought it necessary to submit to an outward conformity at least—but this disingenuous measure besides its present inconveniences, occasioned very great difficulties in the perplexed course of his future life.

Great pains were taken to facilitate this conversion. The Cardinal de Bourbon was indefatigable in his endeavours to persuade the two princes, and the Jesuit Maldonato exhausted the eloquence and learning of his order, in recommendation of the Catholic tenets. A Calvinist minister, named Des Rosiers, who, either through conviction or terror, had lately changed his religion, was likewise presented by the King to Navarre, to his sister Catherine, and to the Prince de Condé. Whether his arguments prevailed or his example persuaded, shortly afterwards the Princes attended mass. Des Rosiers soon afterwards quitted Paris, and going to Sedan, where numerous Hugonots had found refuge, he there seems to have been seized with remorse for what he had done; and he published an apology, in which he asked pardon of the Prince de Condé in particular, for having misused the influence

[1] Mém. de Marguerite de Valois.

he had possessed over his mind, in order to bring him over to the Catholic church.

On the feast of St. Michael, the knights of the order went in procession to Notre Dame, where high mass was performed, with the greatest possible pomp and solemnity; at which the King of France, the King of Navarre, and the Prince de Condé attended. After mass, a petition was presented to Charles. In the preamble it was designated as that of an *innumerable multitude* of gentlemen —which expression was made use of in order to insinuate that the recent destruction of so many of the Protestant nobility was a loss that would scarcely be felt. In this paper the King was petitioned to establish the religion of his ancestors throughout his kingdom, and to exile every one, without exception, who professed the Reform —the undersigned offering their best services to second his Majesty in so just and praiseworthy an enterprise.[1] Charles answered, he would advise upon and decide that which he should find would be the most for the advantage of the state.

[1] De Thou.

CHAPTER VI.

FOURTH TROUBLES.

SIEGES OF LA ROCHELLE AND OF SANCERRE.—PACIFICATION.

THE attempt to destroy a numerous popular party by one general measure of extermination, is but to realise the fable of the Hydra; long and persevering oppression may perhaps effect this object—sudden violence never can. The iniquitous government of France had reason to acknowledge that the crime they had committed was, to borrow the expression of an unprincipled modern statesman, *plus qu'un crime—c'etoit une faute!*

Of the Hugonots, though numbers undoubtedly perished—numbers, great beyond all proportion, escaped. Pity and the detestation excited by this cruel massacre opened for them the houses of many, even among their greatest enemies. In cellars, in chimneys, between roofs, in garrets, behind piles of wood, under old furniture, the unfortunate victims were sheltered. Thousands escaped by taking refuge in foreign countries—thousands evaded their fate by, for the moment, apparently changing their religion—while the horror of the deed served to exasperate, what once was a temperate and well-ordered resistance, into desperate rebellion. An immense portion of his subjects were alienated for ever from their sovereign—those distinctions of factions and parties, which time had

already begun to heal and obliterate, were rendered an irreparable breach—and a contest was once more renewed which seemed now as if it could indeed be terminated only by the destruction of one or other party.—The contest in fact *was* terminated, after innumerable vicissitudes, by the final ruin of the Hugonots, and by it France was deprived of the best and most industrious portion of her population, leaving darkened and desert districts to lament to this day the blind infatuation to which they were sacrificed.

As for the Court and privy Council, they were not allowed for a single day to indulge the hope, that by thus cutting the knot they had released themselves from the difficulties which had perplexed them. So far from that, they were immediately involved in a succession of consequences most intricate and alarming.

The King found his foreign relations grievously entangled by the step he had been persuaded to take. His crime as effectually weakened his influence abroad as it had diminished his power at home. Regarded with detestation by all Protestant Europe, he found himself more than ever dependent upon those Catholic powers from whose yoke he had been upon the point of extrication. As a first step he was under the necessity of making the most humble apologies to the King of Spain, for those attempts on Flanders, which, under the auspices of Coligny, might have made him master of that important territory. His excuses were, as might be expected, founded upon the dissimulation it had been thought necessary to practise with regard to his Calvinist subjects—a plea as disgraceful as it was false; but in the present situation of French affairs it was become indispensable to be reconciled to Philip at any cost. The Pope took advantage of the present weakness, to send

a Legate into France, whom the government found it necessary at once to acknowledge without any of those limitations and reserves which had marked their days of strength, when under an administration founded upon a union of both religious parties France had dared to resist and defy the authority of Rome. The Cardinal des Ursins arrived at Paris, invested with full powers as Legate, and was received as such by the ministers, who contented themselves with desiring him to use the greatest circumspection in speaking of the St. Bartholomew, upon which the Cardinal expressed his great surprise, at finding that an affair so much lauded in Italy was met by almost universal reprobation in France. He appeared, however, little inclined to pay attention to the wishes thus intimated; he spoke openly of the late events, and affected upon every occasion to magnify and extol the whole business as a proof of the zeal of the King. At his first audience, he urged Charles to publish the Council of Trent without delay, and said that he would thus consecrate the memory of a great action, and prove to all succeeding ages, that arising from no motives of personal animosity, the deed had been the result solely of a determination upon his part to re-establish the faith of his ancestors in its pristine authority and security.

But Charles, who had refused at first to give his sanction openly to the massacre, and still cherished a hope to shelter his perfidy under cover of the pretended Hugonot conspiracy, was not to be so persuaded to this measure.

As for the affairs of the Protestants themselves, those on the frontiers had, as I have said, in their first distraction of terror, taken refuge for the most part in foreign countries, carrying with them to every place, the

story of their miseries and their wrongs. Those of Normandy, Brittany, and Picardy, fled to England, where they speedily assembled in a formidable body under the Count de Montgommeri. Those of Dauphiné, Provence, and the Lyonnais, to Switzerland, where they, by their writings and relations, maintained the exasperation of the public mind, and assisted to alienate the Cantons from their ancient alliance with France. Those of Burgundy and Champagne, into Germany and to Sedan, where they were protected by the Duke de Bouillon, a warm supporter of their cause; while those in the central provinces, finding it impossible to escape, shut themselves up in the cities of Sancerre, Nismes, Montauban, and various towns in Languedoc—about fifty ministers and between 800 and 900 men at arms seeking and finding refuge within the walls of La Rochelle.

The occupation of the first mentioned towns and districts occasioned but small anxiety to the government—isolated as they were, any long resistance appeared impossible, and even if possible, carried with it no important consequences. But the revolt of La Rochelle—the gate of the ocean—the key to those fertile western provinces, so long the centre of the Union, gave birth to the most just apprehensions—and no means were spared to effect her reduction.

The King, after the murder of Coligny, had early addressed letters to his subjects of La Rochelle, informing them of those conspiracies against his own life, and that of his brothers, and the King of Navarre, which had obliged him to make away with the Admiral. He promised the citizens liberty of worship within their walls, and commanded them to receive Biron—evidently selected as the least obnoxious person that could be found—as their governor. Deputies upon this were dispatched by the

citizens to Biron. He spoke to them as their friend and counsellor, pointed out the destruction which must inevitably ensue if they refused submission to the King's commands; and thanking God, with tears in his eyes, that he was guiltless of any share in the massacre, entreated that they would dismiss the refugees, and receive him and his suite for a few hours into the town—which, he added, would be sufficient concession to satisfy the King, and to arrest the preparations now making, leaving them leisure to provide for their future security. Upon the return of their deputies, considerable difference of opinion arose within the city—the municipal officers and more wealthy citizens inclining to take the advice of Biron; but the people insisting that it should be rejected. But while the matter was in debate, intelligence was received of the horrible cruelties committed in the towns of Castres and Bourdeaux, and this at once decided the question. The first-named city, after having surrendered on conditions, had, in defiance of all good faith, been abandoned to the soldiers, and given up to indiscriminate pillage and slaughter; while in Bourdeaux the soldiers, instigated by the preaching of a certain Jesuit, had perpetrated the most cruel and unprovoked massacre upon the unoffending inhabitants. Convinced by these abominable proceedings, that not the slightest reliance was to be placed upon the promises of the King, the citizens became unanimous, and resolved at once to reject his proposals, and stand vigorously upon their defence. "*A ces nouvelles ils celébrèrent au lieu de Biron le jeusne,*" says D'Aubigné, "*font huit compagnies de leurs estrangers, chacun en prenant pour les nourrir.*"[1]

[1] On this intelligence they proclaimed a fast instead of Biron—made eight companies of their strangers, every one taking some to feed.—D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

They next despatched messengers in secret to England to request the assistance of Montgommeri and the refugees there assembled; upon which Biron received orders to make one final effort to obtain a peaceable admission into the town, and upon a refusal to declare war. It was about this time that Mons, in Hainault, having surrendered, La Noue, released from that unfortunate expedition, planned with so much anxiety by Coligny, returned to France—"*ne sçachant à qui se vouer.*"[1] He was conducted by his friend, the Duke de Longueville, to a secret audience with the King in the apartments of Maréchal de Retz, and here, Charles having loaded him with expressions of confidence and affection, entreated him to exert his influence with the people of La Rochelle, and save them from the consequences of their own perverseness, as it was called. After all that had passed it is impossible without surprise to find La Noue engaged in such a conference, and at such a place, and still more to learn that he promised his services to the King at the expense, as it would seem, of the miserable remnant of his unfortunate party. But the character of La Noue has been hitherto so unimpeachable, that justice requires the best possible interpretation to be put upon his actions, and it is probable that he thought his acceptance of the office of mediator would be the only possible means for rescuing the Rochellois from what appeared to him inevitable destruction. With the common error of an accomplished military man, he calculated little upon the effects of that popular enthusiasm, which, when sufficiently determined, is after all the most powerful of all engines of defence, and the resistance of one single city to the accumulated force of a mighty empire, appeared the wildest madness in his eyes. At all events he accepted the commission; and, condition-

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

ing that nothing should be required from him which could impeach his honour, proceeded upon the King's mission to La Rochelle.

The surprise of his ancient comrades—those whose cause he had defended during the last troubles with such obstinate pertinacity—may be imagined, when they saw him return in the strange capacity of Ambassador from one whom they regarded as the most perfidious monster upon earth. At first they refused to acknowledge him. They knew him not; "*celui à qui ils parloient avoit beau lui ressembler de visage ils ne le connoissoient point pour LaNoue.*"[1] La Noue in vain extended that iron arm which now supplied the place of the one which had been lost in their own service—"*Il nous souvient bien d'un La Noue, duquel le personnage étoit bien different de celle que vous jouez. He* was our friend—*he*, by his virtue, experience, and constancy defended our lives, and would never have betrayed us by fine words, like the one to whom we speak—*semblable de visage, non de volonté.*" This singular scene ended, however, with a proposal still more singular, namely, that changed as he was, and apparently distrusted by them all, he would, nevertheless, come over to them, and undertake their defence. A proposal which La Noue, after a short consultation with his colleagues in the King's business, accepted—upon condition, however, that he should be only expected to assume the place of second in command under the Mayor of the town. This strange scheme seems to have been adopted with the idea that it might, perhaps, afford an opportunity to conciliate both parties; "for, considering that he could not act in any way without appearing either to betray the King or this people—either of which reproaches he dreaded more than death,[1] he came to a determination to en-

[1] D'Aubigne, Histoire Universelle.

deavour at reconciling these opposing duties, and he so conducted himself that, by the Rochellois, he was only blamed for his too great ardour in the fight; while the King was satisfied of the sincerity of his continual efforts to persuade them into submission. *Ce que je cotte,*" adds D'Aubigné,[1] "*pour chose rare et hors du commun.*" It is indeed a part more consonant with our ideas of the heroes of chivalry, than of the men of more degenerate days, and such as nothing but the most perfect rectitude of purpose could possibly have enabled any man to undertake with credit.

La Noue at their head, and animated by the spirit and example of the Mayor, named Jacques Henri, a man of great ability and courage, the people of La Rochelle prepared with unexampled cheerfulness and resolution to stand a siege, and resist the formidable army which was now marching against them.

La Rochelle, afterwards one of the most strongly fortified towns in Europe, possessed at this date but very imperfect defences. Situated upon a gentle declivity, which descended to its admirable harbour, it was enclosed by very ancient walls, which were, however, sufficiently lofty, and were strengthened by towers according to the old system in these things. A pretty deep ditch and some detached forts on the counterscarp; "*forts,*" D'Aubigné calls them, "*detachés et de peu de valeur,*" completed the fortification, if fortification it can be properly called, of the town which now prepared itself for such a courageous resistance.

The circumference of the curtain was 3,600 paces, to defend which there was within the walls a force of about 800 or 900 regular soldiers, who had taken refuge in La

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

Rochelle, and from about 1600 to 1900 of the inhabitants, capable of handling the arquebuss. The artillery consisted of nine cannons, including culverins, and sixty or eighty falcons (*fauconneaux*, as D'Aubigné calls them), their ammunition of 20,000 pounds weight of powder; but there were powder-mills within the walls. "Add to this," continued D'Aubigné, "a people resolved to stand a siege—strengthened in this resolution by the great reputation of their town; by the gentlemen and soldiers who came there to share the peril; by the eloquent preachings of fifty ministers; and, most of all, by necessity. This siege happened in the mayoralty of Jacques Henri, a man of sense and courage, assisted by Salbert, by whose aid the disputes between the nobility and the people, upon the subject of commands and authorities, were speedily laid to rest." "One great disadvantage," he adds, "belonged to the town, that of being commanded by the adjoining country, the ground rising rapidly upon every side of the city." But this disadvantage was in some measure counteracted by the excellence of the ramparts, which La Noue called mountains. Such were the resources of that city which made so gallant and memorable a defence against the accumulated power of all France—signal example of what determination may effect, and of the truth of that enthusiastic maxim, which has encouraged so many to a gallant resistance—that a people resolved to defend themselves cannot be conquered.

This siege, destined in some measure to be the avenger of the Saint Bartholomew, by the numbers which there found a grave, began at the commencement of the year 1573.

But before proceeding in the narration I will here give a brief account of the state of the Union—as it at pre-

sent existed, and of the modifications it had received in consequence of the late events—which, as might be expected, had only tended to render the anti-monarchical spirit and the inclination to republican forms more observable. In these dispositions lay the real political difficulty to be surmounted, and these the desperate cruelty of the methods employed had of course greatly strengthened. I am obliged for the following passage to the valuable history of M. de Sismondi.

"There were at La Rochelle," says he, "more than fifty ministers of the gospel who had sought refuge there from the different provinces of France; men who had braved death for their religion, and were incapable of betraying her cause. Each one of these represented one of the churches, and the spirit of their several congregations; but they were animated by enthusiasm rather than policy, and while they sustained the courage of the citizens by their ardent predications, often embarrassed the councils of war by their suspicions, their obstinacy, and sometimes by their *pretension* (M. de Sismondi calls it, but it was not properly that, it is evident they themselves sincerely believed in it) to the gift of prophecy.

"It was they who had settled for the government and management of the war in Languedoc, and Dauphiné, and the neighbouring provinces, a democratic and federative constitution in thirty-five articles, wherein may be observed a spirit of liberty and equality—and a faith, almost approaching to fanaticism."[1]

Each town after having humbled itself before God—having fasted, prayed, and celebrated the Lord's Supper, was, by the universal suffrage of the citizens, to elect a mayor, who was to exercise the principal authority—both civil and military. The mayor had twenty-four

[1] Sismondi, Hist. Français, par La Poplinière.

councillors, elected like himself by the people—without exception of persons from among the nobility or the *bourgeoisie*, indifferently, residing either within the town or in the country round; these, with the mayor, composed the petty council of twenty-five, charged with the administration of affairs and of justice. These, united with sixty-two other councillors elected in like manner, formed the great council of One Hundred, to which was attributed the cognizance of all important affairs and of appeals. Both councils were elected for one year only; but upon the expiration of their office, they nominated their successors. The mayors of the several towns corresponding among themselves were to elect a chief, and five lieutenants, to take his place in case he were slain, and likewise a Council of Union. Each town was to levy the taxes necessary for carrying on the war, under the direction of a comptroller-general of the Union. The rest of the articles had regard to the maintenance of good morals and discipline, and the observation of the laws of God, and of the Churches, among the soldiers and citizens. The Union, while the Court was occupied in its negotiations with La Rochelle, had already taken formidable root again in the provinces south of the Loire, where the Calvinists recovered from their first terror, and encouraged by a few successes, had seized upon and occupied several of the large towns; still the main hopes of the party lay in the resistance offered by La Rochelle, and to it all eyes were now anxiously directed.[1]

No sooner was the government informed of the ill-success of the negotiations commenced by La Noue, than Biron had received immediate orders to blockade the city, both by land and sea. He commenced his approaches, by occupying the little town of St. André, three miles from

[1] Sismondi, Hist. Franç. par La Poplinière.

the place; two forts were also erected at opposite points of the fortifications, Le Gast commanding in one, and Cosseins in the other; Strozzi established his quarters at Pilebereau: while the squadron under his command blockaded the harbour: and one large *caraque* poured the fire of its artillery into the town, but unwilling to force the place to extremities, and apprehensive that the people might be driven to take refuge in the arms of England—a parley was again demanded by Biron. It was found, however, impossible to agree—even upon preliminaries, and the siege at last commenced in good earnest. The Rochellois began their defence by making several brilliant *sorties*—in which they succeeded in cutting off numbers of the enemy, and from which they returned almost invariably victorious; but, in spite of all their efforts, the besiegers obstructed the canals, which in great measure supplied the town with water; however, as there were abundance of wells within the walls, it was found that from this step no serious inconvenience would arise.

Upon the 15th of February the royal army, commanded by the Duke d'Anjou in person—consisting of nearly all the disposable troops of the kingdom, both French and Swiss, and of almost the entire body of Catholic nobility with their men-at-arms, well supplied with everything necessary for carrying on the siege—appeared in tremendous force before the walls.

In this army marched the Dukes d'Aumale, Guise, Mayenne, Nevers, Bouillon, d'Usez, Longueville, the Prince Dauphin, the Maréchals de Cossé and Montluc, and the bastard D'Angoulême, with almost every Catholic gentleman who had any reputation for arms throughout France; this enterprise being considered of such vast importance, that it would have been thought a most dishonourable want of courage to be absent upon the occasion.

The King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé also appeared with their standards, serving most unwillingly, as may easily be imagined, and as their subsequent conduct evinced. The Duke d'Alençon, almost equally indisposed to this enterprise, was likewise there. It was a short-sighted policy which demanded a service—on their parts so reluctantly rendered—we shall find their presence materially co-operating with other causes to produce the unexpected termination.

While the Duke d'Anjou thus advanced to besiege La Rochelle, Damville and the Duc de Joyeuse were despatched to reduce the revolt in Languedoc; while the Marquis de Villars, nominated in the place of Coligny Admiral of France, marched into Guyenne, and Cipière sat down before Sancerre.

Though every possible resistance was made in all these quarters to the progress of the Catholic arms, yet they could be said to afford no diversion in favour of La Rochelle, which stood alone and unaided to secure the future, and revenge the past.

At the first rumour of the march of the royal army, ambassadors had been despatched to Elizabeth, earnestly praying for aid; but, unwilling on any occasion to abet the cause of revolt, the ear of Elizabeth was already occupied by De Retz, who, upon the first intelligence of this embassy, had been despatched Ambassador-extraordinary to Court. She suffered herself to be persuaded that Charles now intended nothing by his subjects but to reduce them to a proper obedience, without interfering in the slightest degree with their municipal or religious privileges. She listened coldly to the envoys from La Rochelle, and not only refused her assistance, but even under pretence, or really irritated by a piracy lately committed on the Duke of Somerset, laid every obstruction in the way of Montgommeri, when

he endeavoured to equip an armament for their assistance. Shortly after we find her maintaining the most amicable relations with Charles, standing sponsor for his daughter, and sending a magnificent golden vase as her present upon the occasion. Nothing but the most urgent of circumstances can afford a justification of these proceedings which, though in the eyes of statesmen they might be esteemed politically necessary, and consequently in one view right, will ever, by the honest feeling of mankind in general, be stigmatized as cowardly, temporising, and ungenerous.

Thus abandoned by their great ally, and left to their own resources, these brave citizens abated neither in their energy nor resolution; and the siege, which had been arrested for a moment by the anxious endeavours of the Duke d'Anjou to bring them to terms, was continued with unabated spirit and activity on both sides. From the trenches of the Catholics an incessant roar of artillery was heard; before the end of March, 14,745 cannon balls had been shot.[1] The most brilliant assaults succeeded each other, where the young nobility of France were emulous in acts of daring and adventurous valour; but they were repelled with equal spirit and obstinacy by the citizens, who fought with the determination of men whose very existence was at stake. The women of all ranks—their wives and daughters—might be seen, regardless of the thunder of the artillery, carrying off the dead and wounded from the field—supplying refreshment to the weary, arms to the combatants, and at times forgetting their sex, either fighting with enthusiasm in the midst of the battle, or showering down their *feu d'artifice* from the walls, exposed to all the fire of the enemy.

One great machine, which they named their *encensoir*,

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

was managed by the ministers of religion and the women alone. It was a vast cauldron attached to the mast of a ship, which, turning upon a pivot, poured floods of boiling water upon the assailants.

Five months did this extraordinary contest last, of which I shall not attempt to give more than these slight details. In the midst of it, La Noue, finding it impossible to persuade the Rochellois to submission, and pressed, as some say, on the point of honour by De Retz—as others assert, impelled by a secret jealousy of Montgommeri now approaching the place,—quitted his embarrassing situation—to escape the wretched perplexities of which he had vainly endeavoured to meet death in the field—and returned to the Catholic army. His departure, great as was the confidence reposed in his talents, did not dishearten the brave citizens; they continued their defence with the same skill and resolution as ever, greatly encouraged by the expected arrival of Montgommeri.

His armament consisted of fifty-three vessels, for the most part, however, of not more than sixty tons burden, ill equipped and ill armed; the major portion were French vessels which had taken refuge in the ports of England—the rest were English privateers. The money which could be contributed among the refugees amounted, it will be supposed, to but a very small sum; and the English Admiral, D'Aubigné assures us, had taken care to clear the privateers of all their gold before they set sail, "*L'Amiral Clinton avoit envoyé Olestast desgraisser les vaisseaux qui faisoient la guerre pour la cause; les despouillans de deux millions d'or qu'on dit qu'ils avoient gagnées.*"[1]

The whole force on board the fleet of Montgommeri,

[1] The Admiral Clinton had sent Olestast to clear all the vessels

amounted to 1,800 men, of whom one half were mariners. It proved, however, of little moment to the Rochellois in what manner the armament was equipped, for, except one little ship, not a single vessel ever entered their port.

At the first appearance of the fleet in the offing, the Rochellois dispatched a galliot, commanded by Mirande, to meet it, who passed courageously and successfully through the cannon of the blockading squadron. This example might no doubt have been followed by Montgommeri, for it was, according to Davila, impossible, at that time, completely to blockade the port of La Rochelle,[1] "the harbour having so many mouths commanded by such a diversity of winds, that ships may almost at any time enter, in defiance of the largest and most powerful blockading squadron."

The wind, however, upon this occasion does not appear to have favoured the attempt, for Montgommeri, after making a demonstration, retired to Belleisle, and in spite of the remonstrances of Mirande, who in vain shewed him how to attack the enemy's fleet to advantage, he contented himself with the endeavour to throw some succours into the place. But of five vessels dispatched for this purpose, one only succeeded in entering the port, and that was the small vessel of thirty-five tons, loaded with gun-powder, of which mention has been made.

This was the only succour received from the hand of man during the whole course of the siege. And now the most alarming of all those disasters which beset a city in such a situation made itself felt—provisions began to fail, and the inhabitants were threat-

which made war for the cause, despoiling them of two millions of gold, which it is said they had acquired. —D'Aubigné.

[1] Davila, liv. 5, 325.

ened with all the horrors of famine. But an event, upon which it was impossible to have calculated, saved them. The most extraordinary quantity of *sourdons* and *petroncles*,—as D'Aubigné names them (a species of fish, but of what description I am at a loss to discover), —which had ever been known within the memory of man, filled the harbour.

At low water, the people, with their arms still in their hands, and baskets at their sides, went down to collect them, which they were able to do in such abundance, that they furnished a sufficient supply of food for the lower orders during the whole time that the siege lasted.

It will not be wondered at, that the ministers encouraged the general belief, that a special miracle had been worked by God in favour of their cause, "and to this day," says D'Aubigné, "the people of La Rochelle keep pictures in their houses in memory of this event."

The siege continued, but—reversing the usual progress of such events—with its continuance, the relative proportion of the forces within and without the town diminished to the progressive advantage of those within. Death had been busy in the royal army. The Duke d'Aumale and Cosseins, with many others, atoned for their crimes before the walls of La Rochelle. Numbers fell in the assaults, which were conducted with so little system, and with such an utter disregard for human life, that we are told the officers would, for mere amusement after dinner, call the men to the breach. The sallies of the besieged were numerous—the slaughter upon such occasions great—and to these must be added sickness, brought on by the excessive disorder which pervaded every rank and degree, — a pestilence soon began to appear in the camp—there was lack of provisions, lack of supplies, lack of pay,

the sick were neglected, the healthy discouraged, the leaders disabled, indiscipline, insubordination, and misery—evils the natural consequence of that total neglect of all discipline, either military or moral, which now prevailed to an unexampled degree in the royal army. Within the city the reverse of this picture was most strikingly exhibited; there, good order, morality, pious hopes, virtuous resolutions, and the blessings of health, union and abundance, were found.

"*La police,*" says a contemporary,[1] "*étoit grande et exacte dans la ville—les actions sont conformes à la manière d'être.* The ministers were animated by so much zeal, that there was no public labour to which they did not contribute their personal efforts; ceasing not in prayer and exhortation; present at all deliberations; aiding in all enterprises; no patrole or rounds of the guards made at night but the minister accompanied the captain." The women attended the sick, carrying wine and confections to the wounded—while in the Catholic army, "*les soldats,*" says D'Aubigné, "*sans paye n'estoient plus pansées; et guettoient les seigneurs en passant pour monstrer les vers dans leurs playes.*" But the greatest contrast between the antagonist forces was to be found in that master spring of all undertakings, *union.* While the city of La Rochelle seemed but as one vast body animated by the same spirit—the Catholic army was torn by a thousand factions and cabals. Even the high Catholics were divided among themselves by their different sentiments upon the subject of the massacre, and the innumerable causes for distrust and dissatisfaction to which it had given rise: while those who adhered to the moderate party, afterwards, as has been said, called *politiques,* of which the members of the house of Montmorenci and Bi-

[1] Mém. de l'Estat sous Charles IX.

ron might be considered the chief, deprecated the final destruction of the Reformed party, of which the surrender of La Rochelle would prove the signal, as but the harbinger of their own fate. In the meantime, Henry of Navarre and the Prince de Condé, in concert with La Noue and Turenne—afterwards Duke de Bouillon, one of the most active and intriguing spirits of his time—began to enter into cabals with the Duke d'Alençon. This Prince, stimulated by a restless personal ambition (for he can scarcely be suspected of a more generous motive), had now begun secretly to attach himself to the Reformed party, and seemed inclined to build up its power and influence once more, as a counterpoise against the overweening authority of his mother and brother.[1]

The King of Navarre acted, however, in this affair with reserve and prudence. His opinion of the Duke d'Alençon had been early formed, with that just penetration into character for which he was distinguished.

"I am mistaken," said he to Sulli, "if he is capable of a great or generous action." Turenne, who loved not Navarre, calls him for this conduct, *ambitieux et soupçonneux;* but gives good reason for the caution he blames, when he acknowledges the more than probability that all their schemes would be betrayed by the Duke to his favourite La Molle, a young man whose cowardice and vicious habits rendered him a very unfit depository for such secrets. What the exact schemes of the conspirators were, is not very well made out. With the assistance of the 400 Hugonot gentlemen then serving in the royal army, to seize upon St. Jean d'Angeli or d'Angoulême, to get possession of the fleet, and retire to England, were among those proposed by

[1] Mém. de Bouillon.

Turenne, and rejected by the reason and prudence of La Noue. Nothing at all in fact was effected, except that the secret intelligences maintained within the town were, if we may believe Brantôme, of most important service to the besieged; while the suspicions and jealousies thus engendered in the army increased the despondency of the soldiers. It was now evident that the enterprise must be abandoned, and those in authority were only seeking for some specious pretence to cover their retreat—when the intelligence that the election in Poland had terminated in favour of the Duke d'Anjou afforded the pretext they wanted. A letter arrived from the King, commanding his brother immediately to repair to Paris to meet the ambassador of the Poles: and the brave defence of La Rochelle was crowned by a pacification wonderfully favourable, when we consider the circumstances under which that defence began.[1]

[1] The crown of Poland—then vacant, the object of the most ardent wishes on the part of the King, Queen-Mother, and the Duke d'Anjou—had been upon the point of falling another sacrifice to the memory of the St. Bartholomew. It has been mentioned that the election was now going on, and that proposals had been made to the Duke d'Anjou to appear as one of the candidates. This proposal had been embraced with eagerness by the Queen and by her sons,—by Catherine, it is said, on account of a prediction she had received from one of those astrologers whom she was never weary of consulting—that all her sons should be kings—a prediction frightful in its most obvious interpretation—by Charles, with a hope to rid himself of that presence which lay like an incubus upon his happiness and prosperity—and by the Duke, from the natural wish to reign. Montluc, Eveque de Valencé, had been dispatched accordingly into Poland, and his negotiations were proceeding in the most prosperous manner, when the St. Bartholomew furnished such arms and arguments to his opponents as wellnigh secured the victory to the rival candidates. All Protestant Germany was aroused to resist the election of a man who it was generally reported was in league with the Pope and with Spain to exterminate the Protestant religion. Schomberg was despatched into Germany, to endeavour to dissipate these preventions; he found the task one of extreme difficulty; the alliance which Elizabeth of England still maintained with his master, furnishing him with one of his best arguments. His efforts were in some measure successful. The Protestant princes and those of the House of Nassau, saw clearly that, in spite of

By the first and second articles of this treaty, all memory of the 24th of August was to be buried by both parties in everlasting oblivion. No judicial inquiries, indictments, or pursuits whatsoever being in future to arise on account of that day. "And all our subjects, of every rank and quality, are forbidden ever to renew the memory of it." *Defendant à tous nos sujets, de quelque état et qualité qu'ils soyent, de s'en renouveller la mémorie, ni provoquer l'un l'autre, pour reproche, de ce qui c'est passé.* The free exercise of the Catholic religion was to be restored in all places where it had been interrupted.

The exercise of the Reformed religion was to be allowed in Nismes, Montauban, and La Rochelle—and liberty of conscience secured in all places. All the Hugonot gentlemen, *haut justiciers*, allowed to celebrate baptism and marriage privately in their castles and houses according to their own rites and ceremonies, not more than ten persons being present at once. The Reformed discharged of all pledges and obligations that they may have entered into, upon any occasion, to change the said religion.

All persons imprisoned on account of religion to be released. The usual clauses of indemnity, of restoration to forfeited offices, of admission to the privileges of hospitals, universities, &c., follow.

Above all, the three towns of La Rochelle, Nismes, and Montauban were to be secured in their ancient privileges, and neither garrison, castle, nor citadel, unless with the

the recent perfidy, it still continued their interest to unite themselves with France, and to favour a good understanding between that power and England, in order to detach her as much as possible from Spain — ideas that influenced, as I have said, the great statesmen who advised Elizabeth. Affairs in Germany, therefore, after some interruption, resumed much their usual course, and the negotiations in Poland were successful.

consent of the inhabitants thereof, imposed. These cities were, however, to give hostages for their good behaviour. These places, it is especially stated, are preserved in this condition as an asylum for those who, full of distrust and apprehension, dare not return to their houses at present. Every one throughout the kingdom of either religion was to be immediately put in possession of their property of every sort, forfeited or otherwise seized, since the 24th of April.

The treaty concludes with an article obliging the Reformed to observe as holidays, all the holidays of the Roman Church.

This Pacification—far as it fell short of those glorious edicts in favour of religious liberty obtained in the days of Coligny and Condé—must be considered as a splendid triumph, when regarded as the conquest of one single, and not very considerable, city. The restoration of liberty, property, and civil security to the party; of liberty of conscience to all; of liberty of worship to many; and the important privilege of retaining three cautionary towns in their hands, were the recompense of the courage and fortitude of less than two thousand men opposed to a kingdom.

This siege cost France 40,000 men, including the Duke d'Aumale, Cosseins, Cleraud, Tallard, the two Goas, and sixty *capitaines en chef;* the Dukes de Nevers, Guise, and Mayenne were wounded; and the Dukes de Longueville and d'Usez died shortly after of the effects of the contagion. Forty thousand cannon shots were expended; and a lodgment never effected even on the counterscarp. It abates the exultation which we experience at this signal triumph, to see the little town of Sancerre overlooked in this treaty, and abandoned to its fate.

This place which obtains, in the pages of cotemporary

historians, but the name of a *bicoque*, with walls scarcely deserving to be called fortifications, ill provisioned, and with little ammunition, resolved to stand upon its defence. The resolution of the citizens of La Rochelle sinks into insignificance by the side of that of those of Sancerre. Four hundred and fifty arquebusiers and five slender companies of refugees were opposed to an army of 5,000 men, and defended the place for two months against the most vigorous assaults. The town was summoned the 13th of January, the trenches opened the beginning of March. At length, after Easter, the siege was turned into a blockade, and the town became a prey to the most grievous famine. The obstinacy of the citizens, however, was not to be subdued, even by the horrible extremity of distress to which they were reduced. Before the end of March the scarcity of provisions had been great. "They had eaten, first, the asses, then the mules—horses, cats, rats, and moles, and the flesh of dogs were sold in the open market; half a pound of bread was at first allowed to each person per day, afterwards a quarter;"[1] . . . . . but when the blockade had continued some time their distress may be imagined—"nevertheless, they resolved in their councils to endure every possible privation; and that those who would not consent to hold out should be thrown over the walls. . . . . Why should I amuse myself with relating that horse-flesh was sold *deux testons la livre*—a head *eight livres*, a liver five crowns. When there was nothing more of that sort to be got, they boiled leather, the skins of dogs and horses, they emptied the tanners and curriers' yards, they used leather of saddles, of stirrups, of bellows, the hoofs of horses, and hoofs and horns of oxen, long before thrown away and putrefying on the dunghills. Not a family

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

preserved its parchments. There was not a herb, poisonous or not, that was not snatched at—it mattered little that it was deadly if it could but fill the stomach. At last bread was made of chopped straw, of pounded slate mixed with horse dung—with anything that had any moisture in it. To complete all, I will only relate, that a child of three years old died of famine, was disinterred by its mother, and devoured by its parents, for which they were both burned by order of justice.

"Many threw themselves into the vineyards, seeking roots and tendrils; baring their breasts to the arquebusades of the soldiers, fearing nothing but a long decline —wishing for death. In forty days more than 400 persons died of hunger; near 300 *demeurerent éthiques;* in the defence not one hundred had fallen. The ministers did their best, carrying broths made of leather and parchment boiled, with a little wine to the most necessitous; and all this was done trusting that La Rochelle, triumphant, would share her happy condition with them."

This piteous history concluded, however, better than there was the least reason to hope. Sancerre, in spite of the cruel disappointment she had received when the negotiation before La Rochelle was signed, held out till August; and then Charles, apprehending the interference of the ambassadors from Poland, ordered La Châtre, who commanded the besiegers, to come to terms.[1] The com-

[1] The disasters of the last war were aggravated by a cruel malady, which, under the name of the colic of Poitou, now, after a lapse of many centuries, re-appeared to devastate the provinces. The symptoms, as mentioned by De Thou and Mezeray were, a sudden change of countenance, a universal coldness of the extremities; restlessness and agitation began the attack, vomiting and insupportable hiccup, intolerable pains in the stomach, loins, and intestines followed. The members became rigid or distorted, often, according to Mezeray, even dislocated by the violence of the disease, which carried off multitudes. It was attributed to disordered bile. Upon this singular malady may be consulted:—"Observations que François Citois a recueilli, Les Mémoires de Jean Pidoux, François la Vaux, Pierre Milou, and Pascal

position was concluded the day the Polish ambassadors entered Paris. After asking pardon, and paying a ransom of 40,000 francs, the same terms were granted as to La Rochelle.

la Cagne, Medecin Poitevin. The same malady is described by Paul Egenète. It carried off numbers of people at Rome in the fourth century.

A strange phenomenon in the heavens completed the marvels of this year. On the 8th of November a new star was discovered in the constellation of Cassiopeia, appearing at first of the magnitude of Jupiter at his perihelion. It was visible till March, 1574, when it disappeared. The superstitious spirits of the age interpreted the omen according to their different opinions: to some it foretold the fate of Mary Stuart—to others the downfall of the Catholic Church; even De Thou could not so far resist the universal persuasion as entirely to reject such ideas.

CHAPTER VII.

DUKE D'ANJOU ELECTED KING OF POLAND.—INTRIGUES OF THE DUKE D'ALENCON, NOW DUKE D'ANJOU.—EXECUTION OF LA MOLLE AND COCONNAS.—DEATH OF CHARLES.

THUS ended the fourth war. The King of Poland, the King of Navarre, the Duke d'Alençon—now taking the title of d'Anjou—and the other Princes returned to Paris. They sailed from La Rochelle to Nantes, then ascended the Loire, and having performed a vow to the Dame de Cléri, the King of Poland made a magnificent entry into the *cap*.

It is not necessary to enter further into any of the curious details of the election to the vacant crown of Poland given in the histories of the day—the only circumstance that bears upon the present story is the efforts made by the very large body of Evangelicals, the name given to professors of the new opinions in Poland, to aid their suffering brethren in France, and the engagements they forced the Bishop de Valence to enter into in their favour, before the crown was conferred upon the Duke d'Anjou.

The ambassadors from Poland entered Paris the 17th of August with a splendour of barbaric pomp that astonished the eyes even of the people of that city. Thirteen nobles, followed by 140 gentlemen, composed the splendid train. They entered in fifty carriages, *avec des marques avantageuses*, says D'Aubigné, as the sword, the globe

the crowned ball, while over their heads waved innumerable banners of cloth of gold and silver.[1]

The 22nd they were introduced to the King; they traversed the streets on horseback, their long robes were of cloth of gold, their bridles and housings covered with jewels: each ambassador preceded by his train of gentlemen in robes of silk and velvet, and by certain officers bearing maces of iron of two cubits in height.[2]

Banquets, visits, ballets, entertainments of every imaginable kind, all more splendid than had yet been exhibited by the profuse extravagance of Catherine and her son, followed; everything bore the usual air of elaborate festivity: but in the midst of these splendid revels there was not in the whole royal company one heart where anxiety and discontent had not already found a place.

The Queen and her beloved son, earnestly as they had desired this triumph, now looked forward with a repugnance it was almost impossible to disguise, to the sacrifices by which it must be purchased. Catherine anticipated a separation from her favourite with an anguish which, practised as she was, she found it impossible to dissemble. While the Prince, voluptuous, effeminate, the slave of indolence and pleasure, looked upon that crown as dearly purchased, which was exchanged for the fascinations of Paris. These enchantments were now rendered doubly alluring by the passion he had conceived for the Princess de Condé—a passion which the Duke de Guise vainly endeavoured to persuade his wife's sister to return, and which had so completely mastered the whole soul of Henry, that holding a crown as of no account in comparison, he anxiously sought to retard the moment of

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle. [2] De Thou.

his departure. As for Charles, his whole character had undergone the most gloomy change—a fierce impatience, an habitual melancholy, had succeeded to his former rude and reckless but fresh and joyous temper. His jealousy of his brother, his secret impatience of the Queen's authority, had increased with that state of excessive irritation in which his mind was kept by his never-dying regret for the past. He suffered Catherine, however, to carry on the government while he endeavoured to assuage his mental distress by incessant hunting—a diversion of which he had ever been passionately fond. But at times he would rouse himself from his gloomy indifference, and assert his authority over her and all others with alarming violence. Upon the present occasion he awakened—to use the expression of D'Aubigné—as from a dream. The reluctance of his brother to accept the crown of Poland lighted the flame of suspicion afresh in his mind, "he ordered all the despatches to be placed unopened in his hands, and swearing and blaspheming, according to his usual custom, told the Duke that *one* of them must leave the kingdom."[1]

Catherine saw it was in vain to oppose him. She yielded to the storm, and separated from her beloved son with these ominous words, "*Partez, mon fils, vous n'y demeurerez guères.*"[2]

Henry of Navarre in the meantime, fretful and impatient, passed his days either in secret designs to recover his liberty, or in the wildest scenes of debauchery and pleasure. The chagrin he felt at his present mortifying position being in some measure alleviated by the confidence and attachment of the King. On him Charles seemed to lavish all the affection of a nature

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.
[2] Go, my son—you will not be long away.

strongly susceptible of such impressions, and, with the exception of Ambrose Paré, and his old Hugonot nurse, Henry seemed the only creature left upon earth that the miserable monarch either loved or trusted. The high-spirited and generous temper, the excellent understanding, and the gay and engaging manners of Navarre, were formed to delight and attach the King in the highest degree. They were companions in their pleasures and in their councils, and unfortunately, also, in excesses so wild and unjustifiable, that nothing but the unrestrained profligacy of the times can render them credible. One example is enough; Nantouillet, the Provost of Paris, a man of the very first respectability, had refused to accept as a legacy from the King of Poland a lady once too dear to that Prince, and to make her his wife. To revenge this affront, the Kings of France, Poland, and Navarre — accompanied by the Chev. d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Guise, under pretence *de porter un mommon*[1] entered the house of Nantouillet, where they committed the most extraordinary disorders—tearing down and destroying his splendid furniture, breaking open chests and trunks, and even pillaging his silver and gold plate and, money "*au profit de quelques altérés qui les suivoient.*"[2]

In the midst of all this vice and disorder one subject was a source of ever-increasing mortification to Henry; this was the conduct of that young, beautiful, scornful, and profligate Princess, whom he had the misfortune to call his Queen. Margaret was now in the flower of her beauty, the admired of all beholders. Brantôme, lavish in her praise, describes her as appearing before the Ambassadors from the Poles, *richement parée.* Sometimes in a robe of scarlet velvet of Spain, with a cross of velvet of the same colour, "*bien dressé de plumes et pierreries que*

[1] What is it? [2] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

rien plus," or walking in procession, "*si belle, que rién au monde de si beau n'eut sceu se faire voire. Car outre la beauté de son visage, et de sa belle grandeur de corps, elle étoit très superbement et richement parée et vestue.*"[1] "Her beautiful face resembling the heavens in their fairest and calmest serenity, adorned with such an immense quantity of large pearls, and rich jewels, and brilliant diamonds arranged in the form of stars, that the artifice of the stars and jewels contended with the bright starry heavens in beauty—her fine, rich, and noble figure, clothed in cloth of gold friese, the richest that had ever been seen in France; a present made by the Grand Signior to our ambassador." A piece of fifteen ells, of which every ell had cost 100 crowns . . . . . In some such splendid dress it may be supposed she appeared when with the King of Navarre, she received in state the visit of the Poles; "She appeared," to continue the rhapsody of Brantôme, "so superbly and richly dressed, and with so noble a grace and majesty, that all were lost in astonishment at so extreme a loveliness; among others, Lasqui, one of the principal ambassadors, said—for I heard him—as he retired, dazzled with this glorious beauty, '*Non; je ne veux rien voir après telle beauté,*' willingly would I do like those Turkish pilgrims to Mecca—who, having once beheld the Sepulchre of their prophet, remain so lost, so astonished—so entranced, that they refuse to behold anything afterwards, and destroy their eyes with basins of burning brass, saying, 'that as they can never behold again a thing so fair, they will behold nothing.'"

The raptures of Brantôme must be taken with some allowance, yet Margaret was undoubtedly one of the most attractive women of her time. Her wit, her grace, and

[1] For besides the beauty of her face, and the elegant height of her figure, she was most superbly and richly draped and arranged.

her understanding rivalled her beauty; but her vices distinguished her even in that vicious Court; and Henry, who we cannot suppose would, under other circumstances, have continued long insensible to such charms—charms which numbered among their adorers men of every character and degree, from the conqueror of Lepanto to the effeminate La Molle, felt, according to D'Aubigné, the mortification of his position, and the disgrace which, even in a time of such universal indifference on points of delicacy, attached to him as the husband to such a Circe. He consoled himself, unhappily, by following her example, and every lesson of his rigid and virtuous mother seemed for a time forgotten, amid the intoxications of love and pleasure.

The King went to Villars Coterets, and here he received a petition from the Hugonots, considering present circumstances, of so very extraordinary a nature, that we must suppose they had reason to believe that some very strong secret agency was at work in their behalf. The remonstrances of the Polish ambassadors alone in their favour can scarcely account for their apparent confidence.

The King having permitted the Protestant deputies to assemble, they did so first at Nismes, on the anniversary of the Saint Bartholomew, and afterwards at Montauban; where they are described as appearing clothed in the deepest mourning. After dedicating their tears and their prayers to the memory of their slaughtered friends, an address to the following purport was agreed upon. They began with thanking the King for the desire he had shewn for peace; but entreated his Majesty not to take it amiss, if, with the massacre of Paris still fresh in their memory, they demanded that a greater regard should be had to their security. That they had every confidence in the

good dispositions of their natural Prince, but not in those of his evil counsellors, whose injustice and whose power to do mischief was strongly displayed in this, that the King having, at first, declared against the massacre, and his detestation of so wicked an action, they had afterwards forced him publicly to avow it. They therefore demanded that good garrisons composed of Hugonot soldiers,[1] maintained at the expense of the King, should be placed in the towns they now held; and that in each province two more towns should be allowed them as places of refuge. That the exercise of their religion, without distinction of place, should be permitted throughout the kingdom; and that a parliament, composed of those of their own persuasion, should be appointed to try all causes in which they were concerned. That they should pay tithes to their own ministers of religion only; that the authors and executors of the horrible massacre of Paris should be punished as ruffians and disturbers of the public peace;[2] that all hostile inscriptions should be effaced, and all sentences given since the massacre by the Parliaments of Paris and Toulouse, *biffées* and annulled; and the memory of Coligny and others rehabilitated. Moreover, that such of the Catholic clergy as might have embraced the Reformed religion and married, should be allowed, with their children, all the rights of citizenship; finally, that guardians shall be obliged to educate any children left by Reformed parents in the religion of their parents; and that the *ordonnances* of the Queen of Navarre, on the subject of religion, shall remain undisturbed in Bearn.[3]

These articles, signed by the Viscounts Gourdin and Paulin (names almost unknown before, but now standing

[1] This circumstance is not introduced by D'Aubigné, but is mentioned by De Thou.

[2] De Thou, D'Aubigné.

[3] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

in the place of chiefs of the Confederacy), and by the principal Hugonots, were presented by Cavagnac and Yollet, "and some others called *fronts d'airain*," adds D'Aubigné; "by some they were received with astonishment, by others with rage. The Queen-Mother, at beholding this result of all her machinations, exclaimed strangely, '*declamoit d'un étrange façon.*' 'No,' she cried, 'if Condé were restored to life, in possession of Paris, and at the head of 70,000 men, he would never have demanded the half of these insolent articles.'"[1]

This address was followed up by one from the Catholics of Provence and Dauphiné, which demanded on their side a diminution of imposts.

Thus everything seemed to conspire to harass the mind of the King. Damville was commissioned to remonstrate with both parties. The Catholics he was in some measure able to pacify; but the Hugonots, whom he assembled at Rouergue, treated his remonstrances with contempt, and sent up a second petition, "couched in terms still more rude," says D'Aubigné, "and with demands more impossible to be granted than the first."

The King, in the midst of his vexations, impatient to relieve his mind of one source of jealousy and uneasiness at least, attended his brother to the frontiers; but, before the King of Poland tore himself away from a kingdom which he so unwillingly quitted, the blow was struck which was to ensure his return. The King was taken ill of a slow but life-consuming malady, and, returning to St. Germains, was obliged to leave the task of accompanying her son to his mother. At Blamont in Lorraine the final parting was made amid many tears.

[1] Had she reflected, she might by this have learned what was the consequence of cutting off the leading spirits—the first-rate men of a party—and of throwing the conduct of affairs into those inferior hands where, under such circumstances they must inevitably fall.

Charles returned alone to St. Germains, sinking under the most depressing sensations of languor. The cause of the frightful illness which followed remains a secret, though the suspicions of historians seem all to point one way. De Thou, after briefly touching on the grounds for suspecting Gondi, brother of De Retz, of administering a slow poison, drops the veil without further inquiry. Ambrose Paré endeavoured to allay suspicion, by asserting that the decline was brought on by the intemperate indulgence in violent exercises to which the King was now more than ever addicted, and by the injury his lungs had received from his practice of blowing long and repeated blasts upon his hunting-horn ; but the plausible explanations of the Court surgeon were as powerless to allay the whisperings and rumours that circulated on all sides. "*Cela donna à quoi deviner à toutes sortes de gens, accordans à cette maladie les menées de la Roine-Mère pour prolonger le partement du Roi de Pologne.*"[1]

The existence of a slow poison which acts, during a long period of time, by gradually consuming the springs of life, has been denied ; but no one can deny that any one in intimate or continual communication with the sufferer may, by the administration of repeated small doses, gradually undermine, and finally destroy, the human frame.

This sickness of Charles and the departure of the King of Poland seemed to excite fresh disorders and conspiracies. D'Aubigné again remarks upon this occasion, as he did when the first scene of this long tragedy was enacted at Amboise, upon the number of books and pamphlets swarming from the press, which marked the state of the public mind—"*Cependant croissoit la maladie du royaume eschauffée par les vents de plusieurs*

[1] D'Aubigné,—De Thou.

ésprits irrités, qui, avec merveilleuse hardiesse, faisoient imprimer livres portans ce que à d'autre saison on n'eut pas voulu dire à l'oreille."[1]

Of these *la Gaule Françoise* first broached the doctrine that the kingdom of France was not hereditary but elective, and that the States had power to depose and nominate kings; quoting, as examples, the cases of Philip of Valois, Charles V. and VI., and Louis XI.; it also dwelt upon the natural incapacity of women for government. The book was written by the jurisconsult Hothman.

Junius Brutus, written by an eminent man of letters,[2] treated of the limits of obedience, the right of resistance, the expediency of calling in the assistance of foreign arms, and most of those questions so dangerous and so interesting on the eve of great revolutions.

Besides these, numbers of pamphlets were engaged in advocating the doctrines afterwards so triumphantly maintained by the League.

There was a book, written by one Poncet, directed to recommend those measures by which Kings, as it said, might really merit the title of Kings, namely, by coercing every power of the state to submit to their own unlimited control. Poncet, it is said, had travelled much, and discoursing with the King and Catherine upon his return, said that, though he had seen many bearing the name, he knew but one who deserved the title of King, and that was the Grand Seignor. No hereditary dignities, said he—*point de princes, point de grands dans son empire; nuls gentils hommes que les Janissaires, par les mains desquels, sans esgards de race et de parentage, tous sont astreints et constraints à leur devoir; nulle autre religion*

[1] The malady of the kingdom was increased by the breath of many, who, with marvellous boldness, printed books containing what at other times would not have been whispered in the ear.—D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

[2] Hubert Languet.

que celle du Prince; nuls terres en fonds à aucuns possesseurs—tous appartenans au fisc.[1]

"The measures proposed by Poncet for elevating the crown of France to this enviable position may, perhaps, a little astonish some who, in their enthusiasm for liberty, would desire to level every distinction of rank that exists between the peasant and the throne. "*On demanda à Poncet par quel moyen la France se pourrait mettre en cet état. Il faut, dit il, ôter les Princes, et affoiblir tellement la noblesse qu'elle ne puisse contredire au Roi . . . . et les Princes que vous ne pourrez ôter, les mettre bas de moyens.*"[2] Another piece of advice given by this insidious counsellor was much in accordance with the usual courtly prejudice on its subject—"*Estinguez soigneusement ceux qui parleront des Etats-Généraux, et vous servez de petits Etats.*"[3]

While courtiers, statesmen, and philosophers thus speculated upon the first principles of government, the frame of society was rapidly dissolving.

The hatred with which the massacre of Paris had filled the minds of a large portion of the Catholic subjects of the King—the terror with which the anticipated return of a Prince to the country was regarded, one known to maintain the closest union with the party so much dreaded of the Guises, a dread to which the return of the Cardinal de Lorraine just at this time from Rome added additional strength—the impatient and factious restlessness of the Hugonots, accustomed to revolt, and

[1] No gentlemen but the Janissaries, by the hands of whom, without regard to race or parentage, all are forced and constrained to their duty; no other religion but that of the prince; no estates in fief—everything belonging to the *fisc*.

[2] Poncet was asked by what means France might be placed in the same state. You must, said he, extirpate the princes, and enfeeble the nobility so much that it cannot contradict the king—and then weaken the means of the princes you cannot destroy.

[3] Carefully extinguish the States-General, and make use of the little States.

now no longer restrained by those stern principles of duty which animated their virtuous predecessors, furnished abundant opportunities for a set of ambitious, head-strong, and discontented youths, now assembled at the court of Charles, to carry out their turbulent schemes. Of these young men the Duke d'Alençon stood at the head. His projects, probably ill-defined to himself—certainly imperfectly transmitted to us—appear to have been the result of a restless and jealous ambition soured by the vexation at that long insignificance to which his mother had condemned him—and by comparisons with the splendid advantages which through her favour had long attended his brother. Now that the treaty of marriage with England, with which Catherine had long endeavoured to satisfy his thirst for place and power, had finally terminated, he seems to have resolved upon making himself a name and establishing an influence by uniting with the Hugonots and the Malcontents, not without some vague hope, it is thought, of preventing the return of the King of Poland, after the death of Charles. At all events, he flattered himself that he should be able to wrest the Lieutenant-Generalcy from the unwilling hands of his mother. There existed at this moment, besides the old Hugonot faction, a very considerable party in the state, whose bond of union lay in a most determined hostility against the Guises and their allies. This party, long silently gaining strength, amid the divisions of the kingdom, had acquired consistency by the events of the 24th August. Those whose names were known to have been upon the lists of the proscribed, upon that occasion, were, it will be supposed, determined narrowly to watch and endeavour to confine within the narrowest limits the power of a faction whose hostility had been so unequivocally displayed. The members of the house

of Montmorenci, the Duke de Biron, and the Maréchal de Cossé, must be reckoned as the leaders of this party, they being seconded by numerous Catholic gentlemen, afterwards to be found among the best and closest friends of Henry of Navarre. As difference upon religious matters made no part of their grievances, and as they were solely united to resist those political evils which threatened to overwhelm the state, they were called—partly in sarcasm,—*les Politiques*, a designation applicable in its better sense; but *Tiers parti*, another term applied to them, better expresses their situation. They acted, indeed, as moderators in the contest; until at length throwing their whole weight into that scale whereto justice and true policy inclined, they secured the long disputed victory to Henry IV., and saved their country from destruction.

The Duke d'Alençon hoped to carry his designs into execution, by uniting the party of the Hugonots with that of the *Politiques*, and for this purpose he entered into the closest union with Henry of Navarre and the Prince de Condé.

As for Henry himself, the natural desire to escape from the most irksome captivity, and to enjoy the influence and importance which attached to him, as head of the Reformed religion and King of Navarre, is sufficient to account for his share in these intrigues.

The depression in which the family of Montmorenci were held, added to the open hostility which had been shewn against them during the fatal August, will account for their adherence to a confederacy which opposed the increasing influence of their rivals, the Princes of Guise.

It is more difficult to understand the conduct of La Noue, who may be considered as at present occupying the place once held by the Admiral among the Calvinists.

We hear of no fresh cruelties or aggressions to provoke a renewal of civil hostilities. There was indeed the pretence of some design upon the part of the government to seize upon La Rochelle; but the existence of such a design is, to say the least of it, very doubtful, and we feel surprised that the prospect of alliance with one of so little real weight, and so utterly devoid of personal merit as the Duke d'Alençon, should have been a temptation sufficient to lead La Noue to engage in such questionable proceedings—so however it was.[1]

It was agreed that the Hugonots should make a general rising upon the *Mardi-gras* (about the beginning of March) of this year, 1574, and that the King of Navarre, the Duke d'Alençon and Prince de Condé, escaping from Court, should immediately be placed at the head of the revolt. As a preliminary, the Duke had entered into negotiations with Count Ludovic and the Flemings, and had been promised the co-operation of that Prince, and of a large army then under his command. The Count de Montgommeri, who had established himself at Belleisle, and from thence had passed to Jersey, promised to aid the adventure by a descent upon Normandy.

The Maréchal de Montmorenci, however, when consulted by Turenne, who was, as usual, to be found among the most active and stirring of the confederates, expressed his marked disapprobation of these proceedings, and refused openly to resist the legitimate authority of his master; yet there is little doubt that he was privy to the designs of the Princes, whatever they really might be; and Thoré, one of his younger brothers, entered into the conspiracy with the greatest ardour.

[1] Such seems, however, to have been the principal temptation. "Les Reformés," says D'Aubigné, "qui *à la friandise d'avoir un fils de France pour chef* commencerent leurs remuemens en Poitou."

The impatience and independence of the Hugonots,—the irresolutions of the Duke, and the confidence he placed in La Molle and the Count de Coconnas, two profligate young men about the court, defeated a scheme, which, except, as far as it included the liberation of Henry of Navarre and the Prince de Condé, appears to have possessed not one single feature to merit success.

La Noue having prepared the Hugonots,—with great difficulty engaged the co-operation of La Rochelle,—and invented rather than found pretences for renewing the war—it was agreed, as has been stated, that a simultaneous rising should take place on the *Mardi-gras;* a day chosen on account of the universal feasting and drunkenness with which it was celebrated by all good Catholics. Guitri, with 400 horse, was to approach the Court, favour the escape of the Princes, and seize Mantes: but Guitri, either through jealousy of La Noue and Montgommeri and a wish to secure to himself an undue share of credit from the exploit,—or perhaps that he really, as he pretended, mistook the day,—appeared in arms with his 400 cavalry, ten days before the one appointed. The consequences may be supposed—no one was ready—the Duke refused to engage in an undertaking so desperate; and La Molle perceiving the turn affairs were taking, made a merit of being the first to come to confession—He went to the Queen-Mother, and revealed the whole scheme.

Catherine was not a little pleased. She had long been perplexed how to answer the Duke d'Alençon's apparently reasonable demand of the Lieutenant-Generalcy,—a demand seconded by Montmorenci, and agreed to by the King, but to which she was resolved never to give consent, dreading, lest by any possibility, a power of this magnitude placed in such hands, might prevent the re-

turn of the King of Poland, when the death of Charles should open to him the succession. In the present ill-conceived and absurd intrigue she saw a pretence for lowering the reputation of the Duke; depressing the party of the *Politiques;* loading with fresh indignities the Bourbon Princes,—more especially Henry, whom she now began to hate bitterly; and for obtaining from the unwilling King, that nomination to the regency, on which her mind was bent.

It became, therefore, her business to give every possible importance to this plot, and to her endeavours in that way, the obscurity which hangs over its real objects may in great measure be attributed. To carry off the half-dying King with every appearance of haste and alarm, to Paris, and thence convey him to the strong fortress of the Bois de Vincennes—to place guards over the Princes, arrest La Molle and Coconnas, and last of all, to imprison, on mere suspicion, the Maréchal de Montmorenci, one of the most considerable and respected men in the kingdom, sending him, accompanied by the Maréchal de Cossé, to the Bastille, amid the shrieks and hootings of a Parisian mob, were her first measures.[1] "Some sighed, some laughed, at these novelties—every one admired to see a woman—a foreigner in birth far below our Kings—instead of retiring to her own house, like other Queens-dowagers, making a jest (*se jouer*) of such a kingdom, and such a people, load such noble Princes with fetters—*mais c'étoit qu' elle sçavoit escrimer de leurs ambitions—bien mesnager les espérances et les craintes—hacher du cousteau des divisions: et ainsi docte en tous les partialités employer pour soi les forces qu'elle devoit craindre. On pourrait alors dire des François que chacun, pour sauver sa vie*

[1] D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

et respirer un aise precaire, se faisoit bourreau de son compagne.[1] D'Aubigné gives a curious picture of the flight from St. Germains—"*La Reine donne l'alarme, la plus chaude qu'elle peut*—searches every corner of the castle, pressing the King to depart immediately, reminding him that he had always been told by his diviners (*devins*), that he should beware of St. Germains—the whole Court takes flight, some by the highway, some by boats, some by St. Cloud—all hurry to Paris. A few of us belonging to the King of Navarre, hastening forwards, like good servants, overtook the Cardinals Bourbon, Guise, de Lorraine, with Birague, Morvilliers, and Bellievre, all mounted upon Italian coursers, or great Spanish horses, holding the pommel with both hands, evidently more afraid of their steeds than of the enemy. It escaped one passing by to say—*voilà pour cinq mille escus de marchandise.*"

Turenne and Thoré escaped unharmed. Turenne came boldly into the Queen's apartments on the first rumour of a disclosure; there he found Navarre, who, coming up, whispered in his ear, "*Notre homme dit tout;*" on which he immediately advised Thoré to depart without loss of time. Turenne next sought Monsieur in the King's apartments, he found him laughing with Mad. de Sauves—*comme s'il n'y eut eu rien;* he quitted her, and coming up to Turenne whispered, "*Je n'ay rien dit de vous,* except that you are ready to follow me anywhere, but send your uncle Thoré away." Turenne, however, thought it prudent to quit the field. The Prince de

[1] But it was because she knew how to make a fence with their different tempers—manage their ambitions, their hopes, and their fears—work with the knife of their divisions, and thus employ in her own behalf the forces she ought to have feared. One might say then of the French that any one, to save his life, was ready to be the executioner of his companions.—D'Aubigné, Histoire Universelle, c. 89.

Condé, also some little time afterwards, escaped into Germany.

La Molle and Coconnas were first examined. Little could be drawn from La Molle to suit the Queen's purpose; he would only confess to a project of the Princes to escape and retire to Sedan—but the profligate Italian was more communicative. In hopes of saving his life, he disclosed the whole, and, as it appears, much more than the whole truth. He deposed to the projected flight; to their intention to return with Count Ludovic at the head of a powerful army; to a general confederation throughout the provinces, and to alliances with England and Germany; in short, "*que leur intention étoit de faire perdre le royaume.*" He accused the Montmorencis of being at the bottom of the conspiracy, and of urging and persuading the Duke to take a part in it—an accusation which, as far at least as the Maréchal was concerned, is known to have been utterly false. Upon these disclosures, though they fell far short of what Catherine would have desired, the Duke d'Anjou and the King of Navarre were separately examined. The deposition of the Duke is an example of the most selfish and cowardly meanness. He conducted himself, in the basest manner, making the most degrading submissions to the Queen, and endeavouring to secure his own pardon, by the sacrifice of his confederates, and by revealing facts and mentioning names, with the most profligate indifference to the safety of every one but himself. The conduct of Henry of Navarre, on the contrary, is marked by a singular union of spirit, discretion, and good faith.

His first deposition is justly called by Le Laboureur "*une veritable manifeste de toute sa conduite à la Cour de France; et un reproche à la Reine des mauvaises offices qu'elle lui rendoit.*" In it he steadily denies any

treasonable intentions, but boldly avows his project to escape, justifying himself by retorting upon the Queen-Mother all the treatment he had received at her hands since, a child of seven years of age, he first entered her Court.[1] He mentions the regret he felt when his mother, anxious to make him acquainted with his future subjects took him to Nerac, and separated him from the King of France and his brother, the King of Poland—*desquels, outre que nos ages estoient quasi egaux, je recevois tant d'honneur, que le lieu du monde où je me plaisois le mieux estoit d'être en leur compagnie.*[2] He then speaks of the causes of the Third Troubles, and describes with singular boldness, the long course of perfidy and violence which led his mother to seek refuge in La Rochelle. "One came from the Prince de Condé to tell my mother that your Majesty, being now the stronger, there was not any reason to doubt that a resolution had been taken, first, to cut off those capable of bearing arms, and then to exterminate the women and children at your leisure—which relation so moved her to pity (apprehending likewise a similar fate for herself), that she went to La Rochelle, whence, my uncle having collected an army, she sent me to join him. But all those who came on your part to treat of peace, can, if they will, bear witness to my desire to have been with your Majesties all the time."

He then speaks of his marriage, and the satisfaction with which he entertained the thoughts of it; his desire to return among his old friends at Court, which, though delayed by a tertian fever, was proved in this, that, on receiving intelligence of the death of the Queen, his mother,

[1] Le Laboureur, add. Castlenau.

[2] From whom I received so much honour, that the place in the world where I liked best to be was in their company.

which would have furnished a sufficient excuse for returning home, had he been so inclined; he had still continued his journey, "*avec la meilleure troupe de mes serviteurs que j'avois pu assembler; et ne fus content que je ne fusse arrivé près de vos Majestés—où tôt après ces nôces arrivoit la St. Barthélemy, où furent massacrés tous ceux qui m'avoient accompagné.* The most part of whom had never even quitted their houses during the troubles. —My distress may be imagined at witnessing the death of those who had come to Paris upon my simple word; and without other security than those letters which the King had done me the honour to write to me. *Or ce désplaisir me fût tel que j'eusse voulu les racheter de ma vie; puisqu'ils perdoient la leur à mon occasion; les voyant mesme tuer au chevet de mon lit.*" He adds, that in the midst of the general distress, Thoré, exasperated at the death of his cousin (Coligny) came to him, and painted in lively colours the indignities to which they were both exposed, and the little security there was for any of their lives, seeing what honour and *bonne chère* that you, Madam, and the Kings your sons, thought proper to shew to the house of Guise, who triumphed in my degradation. Still it never entered into my thoughts to be anything but a faithful and affectionate servant to his Majesty, as I hoped to have proved at the siege of La Rochelle. But there, he says, he was informed that it was the intention of the King of Poland to make a second St. Bartholomew in which M. le Duc and himself were to be included; his assassination being only delayed in the hopes that his wife might bear him a son, who should succeed to his dominions. He then enumerates the various slights he had since received; the fresh causes of suspicion that had arisen against the King of Poland and the Duke de Guise; the insulting *surveillance* to which he and the

Duke d'Alençon had been subjected. "*Et voyant les grandes méfiances, que vos Majestés avoient de nous s'accroistre tous les jours, et recevans beaucoup d'avertissemens tous nouveaux, que l'on vouloit méfaire; cela fût cause que M. le Duc se resolut, pour s'oster de ce danger, et pour l'asseurance de sa vie, de s'en-aller où je lui promis de l'accompagner; et de là m'en aller en mon pays; tant pour ma sureté, que pour donner ordre en Bearn et Navarre; où pour mon absence je suis nullement obéi . . . Voilà, Madame, tout ce que je sçais—et vous supplie très humblement, de considerer si je n'avois pas juste et apparent occasion de m'absenter; et qu'il plaise au Roi et à vous, me vouloir dorésnavant faire tant de bien et d'honneur, que de me traiter comme estant ce que je vous suis, &c.* (*Signé*) "HENRI."

Through the whole of these two depositions the most extreme care is taken to inculpate no one. The only names mentioned, as implicated in his designs, are those of Thoré and Turenne, who were already in a place of safety. In his second deposition he further declares, that not one of the gentlemen belonging to him had ever spoken with him upon the subject of his escape, nor shared in the slightest degree his confidence. "*Voilà!*" cries Le Laboureur, "*une déclaration qui sent bien le Roi.*"

"No use was made of this paper," he continues, "upon the trial, nor should I admit it here, except that I may increase the honour this great Prince has obtained by all the perils and dangers he has overcome. More especially in steering amid the perils of such a Court, and maintaining his dignity upon an occasion like this, when no means were spared to transform into a simple attempt at escape into a horrible conspiracy."[1]

[1] Le Laboureur add. Mém. de Castlenau.

Catherine never forgave the plain terms in which she was here treated by one whom she had imagined entirely in her power. From this moment she became Henry's most inveterate enemy, and persecuted him with unsparing hostility, placing both the life and crown of her son in jeopardy; and staking the very existence of France itself, in the vain attempt to deprive Navarre of the succession.[1]

These confessions and depositions falling far short of what was wanted, the unfortunate La Molle was put to the torture, *la gehenne* as it was then called—with the hope of obtaining further confessions from his weakness. His interrogatory is a miserable specimen of cruelty and credulity on one side, and of suffering and cowardice upon the other. He was questioned much as to a certain waxen figure covered with enchanted characters, which they vainly endeavoured to make him confess was intended for the King, with design to consume life by sympathy;[2] and which it was said had been made for him by one Cosmo Ruggiero, an Italian charlatan and astrologer: one among those vile quacks with which society then swarmed, who obtained great riches and influence, by ministering to the most wicked and impious desires of their employers.

[1] All the inferior conspirators were afterwards examined, with the intention of fixing upon the Prince and upon Montmorenci a design against the life of the King. Grandrye, one of the confederates, in the hope of saving himself, made this curious proposal: that having, when in the Grisons, busied himself with distilling and transmuting metals—*en sçait le secret et la recepte*—which he is ready to communicate to the King, and by this means gain for him 2,000,000 of gold a year—*en mettant cent mille escus d'argent.*"

[2] The King was dying by inches. Catherine, universally suspected of having a hand in his illness, and it was her most earnest desire to fix the accusation elsewhere. That she was the secret murderer of her son was long believed—even Louis XIII. had been so instructed. When a youth, being warned by the example of Charles not to take too violent exercise, nor blow incessantly upon his hunting horn, "Bon, bon," said the King, "sachez Charles IX. n'est mort que pour avoir diné chez Gondi, la creature de Catherine de Medicis, immédiatement après une querelle qu'il avoit eu avec sa mère."—Lacretelle.

He is described "as a dark man, with regular features, who played upon all sorts of instruments; *qui a quelquefois chausses rondes, et quelquefois de taffetas; et toujours de noir habillé, et est, le dit Italien, puissant homme.*"

This man, deeply implicated in the affair, endured the question, ordinary and extraordinary, upon eighty different heads, with extraordinary fortitude, without confessing anything either as regarded the conspiracy or "the charmed medals he had made; one of which was to destroy the King, and the others for the Duke d'Alençon and La Molle to wear in their hats in order to preserve their friendship inviolate."[1] He was afterwards sent to the galleys, where he turned the vessel in which he laboured at the oar into an academy of astrology and mathematics, and was treated *en illustre forçat* with every sort of respect. Catherine soon after withdrew him from the hands of justice — he received a rich abbey from Henry III., and lived to busy himself in the affairs of the Maréchal d'Ancre. Such was the fate of the astrologer and magician. The wretched La Molle met with no such indulgence. When seized by the executioner, he at first asserted, that do what they would, he could say no more than he had said; but having endured the torture, he promised to tell all he knew. Being allowed to come to the fire, he said, *que s'il devoit endurer mille morts*, he knew nothing more—crying out, *pauvre La Molle n'y a-t-il point moyens d'avoir grace*—I only ask to be put into a convent, where I may pray God for the rest of my life—*disant, Messieurs, M. le Duc, mon maître, m'ayant obligé cent mille fois, me commanda sur ma vie, et sur ce que j'avois de plus cher en ce monde, que je ne disse rièn de ce qu'il vouloit faire.*[2]—Nothing

[1] Examinations.—See Ob. Mém. de Bouillon.

[2] Saying, "Gentlemen, M. le Duc, my master, having obliged me a

new appeared to inculpate the Maréchal de Montmorenci, and La Molle constantly denied that there was any design upon the life of the King. Interrogated with respect to the waxen image, he cried, "*Ah, mon Dieu! si j'ay fait image de cire pour le Roy, je veux mourir.*"[1] Interrogated as to the gold medals, says he knows nothing about them; again interrogated as to the image of wax which Cosmo had made for him, says it was for his mistress, whom he wished to marry; interrogated what the illness of the King was, answered, "*Faites moi mourir si la pauvre La Molle y a jamais pensé*"—Entreats they will call Cosmo who will confirm what he says .... Interrogated what Monsieur intended to do after he had escaped, says he knows nothing more—intreats them to torture him no more—that he has told the truth of his conscience—*et en pleurant s'est mit à genoux, disant, sur la damnation de mon âme je n'en sçait autre chose*[2] —says, that if the King will grant him his life, he will be the death of that wicked Thoré, the cause of all. Then they dressed him, and after making his prayers, he was bound and carried by the executioner back to his chamber *dans la Tournelle.*

Such were the shocking spectacles exhibited in the Halls of Justice, not much more than two centuries ago. This dreadful abuse was, however, already calling upon the attention of thinking men. In the histories of the times, the question of the utility of torture is frequently discussed, and the decision is invariably given against the custom—"*Je croy avoir appris,*" says the author from whom

hundred thousand times, charged me by my life, and all I held most dear in this world to say nothing of what he intended."

[1] Ah, good God! may I die if I made any image of wax for the King.

[2] Throws himself upon his knees and weeping, says, upon the salvation of his soul, he knows nothing more.

this account of the interrogations is taken,[1] that under such circumstances, "*n'y a guère d'innocents qui n'avouent d'être criminels dans l'espérance de leur salut, et qu' il n'y a guère de criminels qui ne souffrent toute sorte de gehennes, si leur vie depend de leur confession.*" [2]

The son of Tavannes, in his commentaries, comes to much the same conclusion, adding, "that those who possessed certain secrets to weaken the effect of the torture, escaped very easily." He mentions among these secrets, *breuvages de savon*,"[3] to allay the sense of pain. We must suppose that Ruggiero was in possession of such secrets.[4]

Even Catherine could not venture upon evidence such as this to sacrifice a son—a son-in-law, or the head of a house powerful as was that of Montmorenci—the Princes were detained, therefore, as a species of state prisoners—the Maréchals remaining in the Bastille. It was desirable, however, to give importance to the matter in the eye of the vulgar, by an execution or two; and La Molle and Coconnas, the last well deserving his fate—were selected as the victims. Though beloved by two of the fairest and highest of the Court—Marguerite de Valois and the Duchess of Nevers—it was impossible to save them; and they were beheaded soon after their examina-

[1] I have omitted the more painful part of this interrogation, which is from Le Laboureur, who has extracted an account of this trial from the original pieces, which are to be found preserved in *L'Histoire de l'Etat de France, sous Charles IX.*, where they occupy 100 pages.—Ob. Mém. Bouillon, 48, 272.

[2] There are few of the innocent who will not confess themselves criminal in the hope of escaping, and that there are few criminals who will not suffer all sorts of torture if their life depends upon their confession.

[3] Drinks made of soap.

[4] History holds out strange examples of the abominations to which custom may reconcile men, and this was long one. We ought to be careful even now how we suffer habit to weaken our sense of what is barbarous or unjust in our own customs or manners. It is but lately that certain portions of our own penal laws have been discarded under a sense of the same horror with which we now look back upon these obsolete enormities.

tion, lamenting their disgrace in bitter terms, and their hard destiny in thus suffering the punishment merited by their master alone. Coconnas struck his feet passionately on the ground, and turning to the by-standers, "*Messieurs* said he, "*vous voyez que c'est—les petits sont pris, et les grands demeurent qui ont fait la faute.*"[1] They died intreating their debts might be paid, and requesting the prayers of all present.

The two Princesses were overwhelmed with grief at the loss of their favourites—their method of proving their attachment may complete the picture of manners afforded by this story. They obtained possession of the miserable heads of their lovers, and having loaded them with kisses, and bathed them with their tears, embalmed them, it is said, *with their own hands*, and long preserved them with the greatest tenderness.

"Thus terminated," says Le Laboureur, "a tragedy played upon the theatre of France for reasons of state. The crime deserved no such punishment; but the Queen was in dread of the malcontents; and desired to render them universally odious, so as to prepare the way for the return of her cherished son, the King of Poland, to France. No doubt the Maréchal de Montmorenci," he adds, "would have shared the fate of the inferior agents; but to say nothing of the defective evidence, Damville, Méru, and Thoré, his brothers, were at liberty, and in arms ready to revenge his death."[2]

The irritation and anxiety occasioned by this affair and its consequences, sufficed to exhaust the little strength yet lingering in the frame of the miserable King.

The discovery and defeat of this part of the plan had not prevented the rising which had been determined

[1] Gentlemen, you see how it is; great ones who were to blame are the little ones are caught, and the left.

[2] Le Laboureur.

upon among the Hugonots. Upon the *Mardi-gras*, as was agreed, the revolt took place, and the kingdom was plunged into the fifth war, for which even D'Aubigné can find little excuse. Merle and Lusignan were surprised by La Noue, Talmont and several small places in Saintonge by the Seigneur de la Case—Loriol and others in Dauphiné by Montbrun—in Normandy Colombières, confiding in the support he was to receive in the person of the Duke d'Alençon, seized St. Lo; and Montgommeri landing from Jersey, took Carenton and Valognes.

In the course of a month, however, the Queen-Mother had three armies in the field—Matignon marched with one into Normandy; the Duke de Montpensier led the second into Poictou; with the third, the Prince Dauphin approached the south, where Damville, still acting for the King as Lieutenant-governor of Languedoc, was secretly abetting the Calvinist revolt. Nothing can be more uninteresting than to trace a war in detail, made up of the alternate seizure and surrender of insignificant places, distinguished by no leading events, adorned by no shining actions, marked by no plan, and terminating in no results. The contest had changed its character. No eminent chief now organized his party to maintain important principles, and conscientiously to restore the sword to its scabbard when such principles were acknowledged. The frame of society was broken to pieces—every man suspected and attacked his fellow—each small town fought against its neighbour—petty captains, at the head of insignificant bands of followers, made war upon each other—union, system, sense of duty, loyalty, obedience, patriotism—all had perished upon the fatal day.

The only events of the least importance during this campaign, were the capture of Montgommeri, and the destruction of Lusignan—that exquisite specimen of the

architecture of the middle ages—that enchanted castle of the fairy Melusina, the memory of which is preserved in the pages of Sir Walter Scott. The Duke de Montpensier, the most brutal of soldiers, took the castle, and levelled it pitilessly to the ground.[1]

Catherine received the news of Montgommeri's capture with excessive exultation. She hated the brave and uncompromising partisan, and affected to cover her hatred by recalling that unfortunate accident which had deprived her by his hand of her husband. She came in the highest spirits to announce this good news to the King; but Charles listened with indifference. Extended wretchedly upon his bed, a prey to the most cruel agitations both of body and mind—the blood streaming from every pore and orifice—his limbs distorted by spasms—his soul distracted with remorse—he lay bewailing his unhappy fate—"*Ah, ma mie!*" he cried, to his faithful Hugonot nurse who watched by his bed-side, "*que j'ai suivie un méchant conseil! Mon Dieu, pardonnez moi! fais moi grace! Je ne sçais où j'en suis. Que deviendra tout ceci? Que faire? Je le sens bien, je suis perdu.*"[2]

When the Queen, gay and exulting, entered his room, he turned his fainting head away—weary of enmity and sick of vengeance. It is said by Mezeray, that, after the siege of La Rochelle, he had shewn an earnest desire to take the reins of government into his own hands, and labour to heal the wounds of his distracted kingdom. That he had already relieved his people of many taxes—had diminished his companies of guards—had resolved to dismiss his evil counsellors—break up the secret cabinet—and confide the management of affairs to the proper

[1] See Brantôme.

[2] Ah, *ma mie*—what wicked counsels I have followed—my God, forgive me! have mercy on me! I do not know where I am. What will become of it all?—what must I do? I feel it—I am lost.

officers—but such resolutions came too late. Sickness overtook him upon the first suspicion of such designs, and even had he escaped that, his mind received so severe a shock from the events of the 24th of August, that it seems never to have recovered its equilibrium, and symptoms of that frightful malady which had visited his unfortunate ancestor, Charles VI., were at times thought to be discernible.

His last hours were tormented by the incessant importunities of the Queen, to obtain her own nomination to the Regency during the ensuing interregnum. He long resisted, but as languor of mind and body increased, he seems to have yielded to an influence to which he had been so long accustomed, and a few days before he died he declared her Regent, and signified his determination to the Princes of the blood.

The day he died he yielded to that old attachment which he had lately repressed, and called for Henry of Navarre, still a prisoner, to visit his bed-side; there giving vent to the feelings of tenderness he had so long disguised, he displayed the affection and confidence with which he had all along regarded him.

The scene shall be given from Victor Cayet.[1] "The King Charles, feeling himself near his end, after having long lain still and without speaking, suddenly turned round as if he had just awakened, 'Call my brother,' says he. The Queen-Mother being present, sent immediately for Monseigneur le Duc d'Alençon. The King seeing him, turned away, and said again, 'Fetch my brother.' 'Sir,' said the Queen-Mother, 'I do not know what you ask,—here is your brother.' The King was angry, and said, 'Fetch my brother, the King of Navarre—*he is my*

[1] Chronologie Novennaire, 56, 129. Victor Cayet was the friend and tutor of Henry of Navarre.

brother.' The Queen-Mother, seeing this great desire, to content him sent to fetch that Prince; but, for reasons best known to herself, commanded Nançay, captain of the guards, to bring him under the vaults of the castle.

"When they told the King of Navarre that some one wished to speak to him on the part of the King, he has often said, that he felt his soul seized with a sudden apprehension of death; so that he refused at first to go. But Charles insisting upon his coming, the Queen-Mother sent to assure him no harm was intended. On which assurance he relied not much, but being encouraged by the Viscount d'Auchy, who had attended him during his detention, he at length consented to appear. As he entered the vaults, he found them lined with soldiers, armed, and holding their halberts and arquebusses in their hands, through the midst of whom he was to pass; upon this he hesitated, and wished to go back, but the Viscount and the captain of the guards repeating their assurances, and seeing the soldiers salute him, he passed on, and, coming up a private staircase, entered the King's apartment.

"As soon as Charles saw him, he turned towards him, holding out his arms. The King of Navarre, greatly moved, weeping and sighing, threw himself on his knees by the bed-side, when the King embraced him closely, and kissing him, said, "*Mon frère, vous perdrez un bon maître et un bon ami. Je sçay que vous n'êtes point du trouble qui m'est survenu. Si j'eusse voulu croire ce que l'on me vouloit dire, vous ne fussiez plus en vie—mais je vous ai toujours aimé, je me fie en vous seul de ma femme, et de ma fille. Je les vous recommande—ne vous fiez en N—— mais Dieu vous gardera.*"[1] The Queen-

[1] My brother, you will lose a good master and a good friend. I know you have no hand in the troubles that have fallen upon me.

Mother here interrupted the King Charles, saying, 'Sir, do not say so.' 'Madame,' he replied, 'I ought to say it, *je dois le dire. Croyez moi mon, frère, aimez moi, assistez à ma femme et à ma fille, et priez Dieu pour moi. Adieu, mon frère, adieu.*' The King of Navarre quitted him no more till the agony began, when he retired." Charles IX. expired on the evening of Pentecost, March 30th, 1574.

Thus ended this unhappy reign; and thus, at twenty-five years of age, an existence was terminated, which had promised better things. These pages will probably leave upon the reader a very different impression of the character of Charles from what has been commonly received, he was perhaps the least culpable, and certainly the most unfortunate of a wretched family sprung from a profligate father and the worst of mothers. A child that mothers slave, a youth her dupe, a man her victim —he offers a dreadful example of the miserable destiny that awaits the children of the wicked. If it be true, as most historians surmise, that he was visited at times by the heaviest of human afflictions, partial insanity, Charles must be regarded in the midst of his load of crimes, as an object less of abhorrence than of compassion. The cause of his death remains, as has been said, a mystery. The symptoms of his last illness will appear at this time of day very remarkable; but he is not the only one of his times who is thus described as dying bathed in his own blood. The symptom was not an uncommon one; whether in all cases it should be considered the effect of poison may be doubted: but it is remarkable that, in the account of an experiment made,

If I had been willing to believe them, you would have been no longer among the living, but I have always loved you, and I entrust my wife and daughter to you alone. Distrust N———, but God will preserve you.

by Ambrose Paré, as to the effect of corrosive sublimate, which he tried upon a criminal, he mentions as one of its results, that blood poured from the nose, ears, and other orifices of the unhappy victim's body.

The form and person of Charles have been already described,—his rough temper, his unsoftened manners, his wild and unpolished demeanour—his love of the muses, has likewise been alluded to. He was fond of and excelled in music; and a few lines, addressed to Ronsard, are so pleasing a specimen of the refinement of his feelings, and of his skill in poetry, that, in pity to the memory of a lost and wretched man, they shall close his mournful story. I have copied them in the modern French spelling.

L'art de faire de vers, dût on s'en indigner,
Doit être à plus haut prix que celui de régner ;
Tout deux également nous portons des couronnes,
Mais roi je les reçois, poète tu les donnes ;
Ton ésprit enflammé d'un céleste ardeur
Eclate par soimême, et moi par ma grandeur.
Si du côté des dieux je cherche l'avantage,
Ronsard est leur mignon, et je suis leur image,
Ta lyre qui ravit par de si doux accords,
T'assurait les esprits, dont je n'ai que les corps,
Elle t'en rend le maître et te sait introduire,
Où le plus fier tyran ne peut avoir d'empire.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

[It had been my intention to have terminated this part of my relation, by a description of the domestic habits and manners of the members of the rival religions at the period at which I have arrived; but having already exceeded the limits I proposed to myself, it must be deferred till the opening of the next part, should that part ever see the light.]

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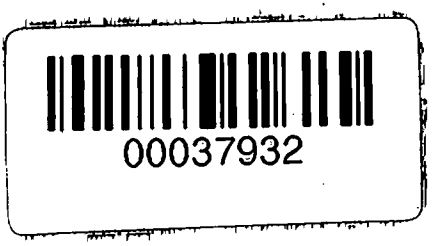
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